April 22, 1972

THE NEW YORKER

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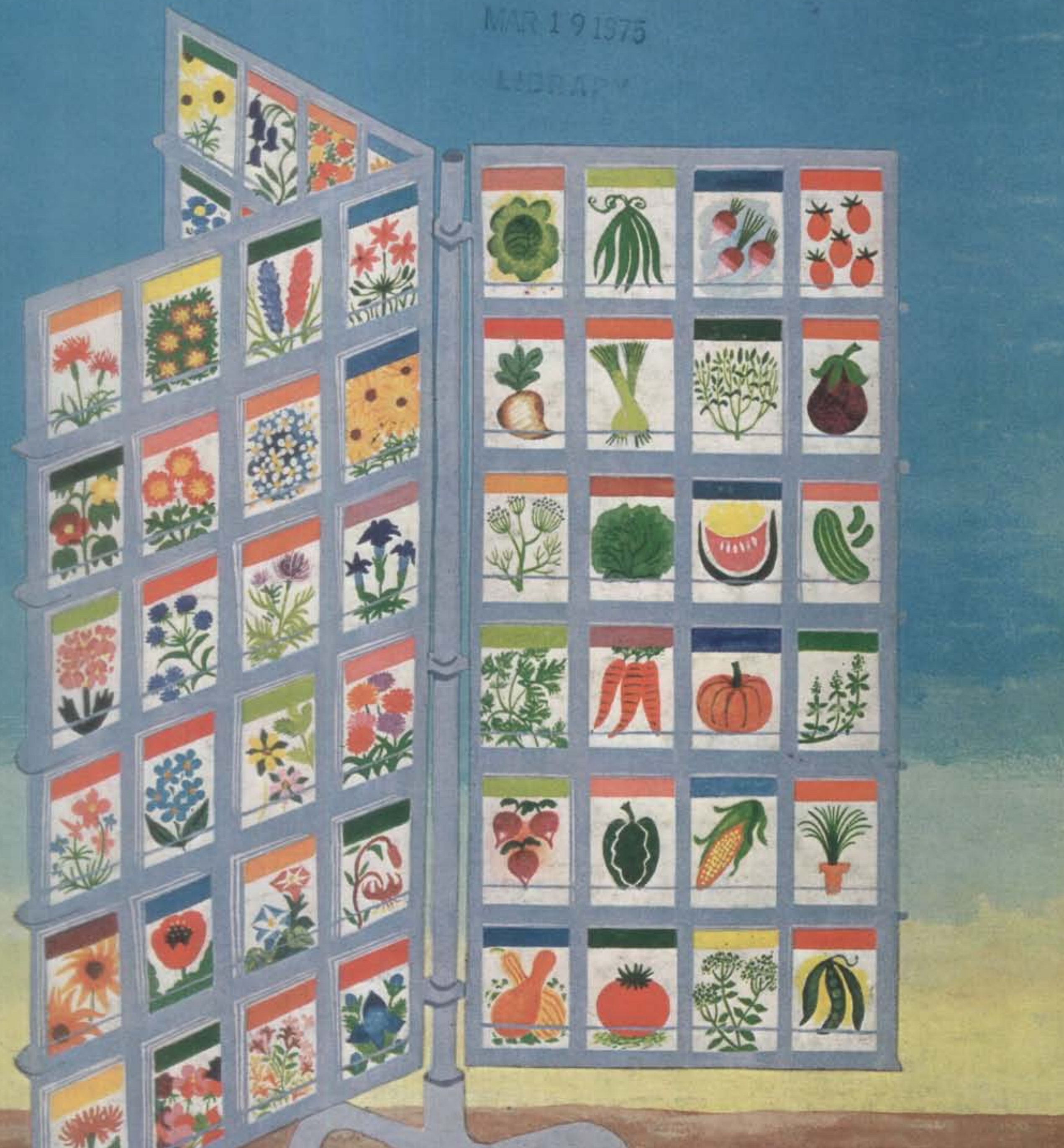

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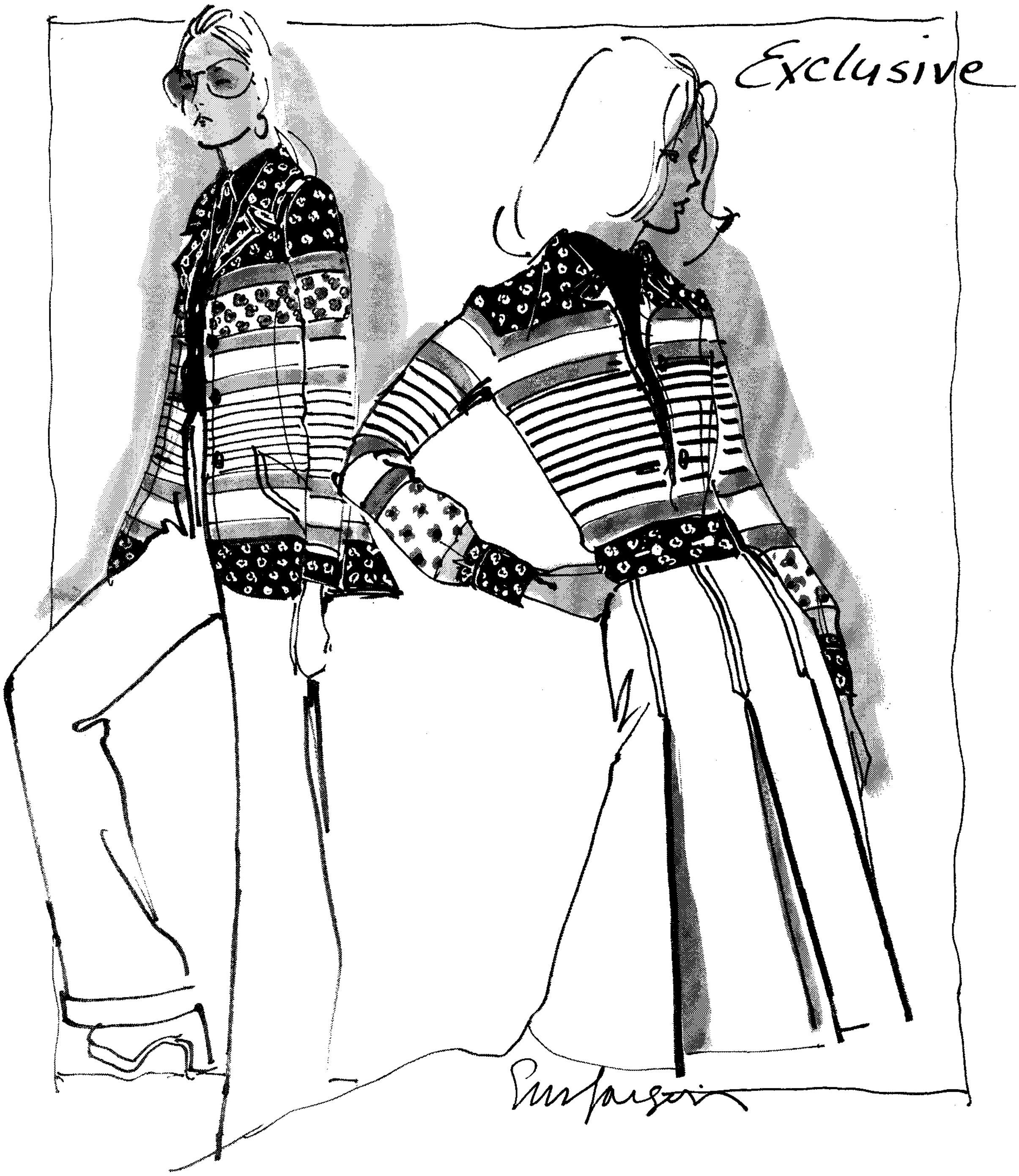

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—An all-black musical show, full of blistering recitatives and a couple of touching laments. The handiwork of Melvin Van Peebles, made flesh and blood by a superlative cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Alice in Wonderland—A limited return engagement of André Gregory's startling and outrageous production, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The Caterpillar scene is very funny, and the Mad Tea Party is very mad. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

All the Girls Came Out to Play—A comedy by Richard T. Johnson and Daniel Hollywood, with Dennis Cole. Directed by John Gerstad. Previews Wednesday, April 19. Opens officially on Thursday, April 20. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. Reopens on Friday, April 21, at 7. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

Black Visions—Four fascinating one-acters by three black playwrights—Sonia Sanchez, Neil Harris, and Richard Wesley. J. A. Preston, Gloria Foster, Morgan Freeman, and Beverly Todd are among the good actors in a generally good company. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Captain Brassbound's Conversion—Ingrid Bergman and Pernell Roberts in a two-week engagement of Shaw's comedy. Stephen Porter directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sunday, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 29.)

The Country Girl—Robust acting by Maureen Stapleton, Jason Robards, and George Grizzard in a revival of Clifford Odets' not-quite soap opera about the rehabilitation of an alcoholic actor. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—Vinnette Carroll's Urban Arts Corps production of a musical entertainment by Micki Grant. The cast, directed by Miss Carroll, includes Alex Bradford, Hope Clarke, Bobby Hill, Arnold Wilkerson, and Miss Grant. Preview Wednesday matinée, April 19, opens officially that evening. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Funny clowns and pretty girls in an admirable revival of the musical about a Rome unknown to Gibbon or, indeed, to Romans. With Phil Silvers and Larry Blyden. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

God Says There Is No Peter Ott—A play by Bill Hare, with Rue McClanahan and Tom Ligon. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, April 23, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Wednesday, April 19, at 2.)

Homecookin', Andrew, and **Oursides**—Three one-act plays by Clay Goss. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Wednesday through Monday, April 19-24, at 8:30. Free.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—Agreeable young people singing agreeable songs. The Tom O'Horgan production is crummy-colossal. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kaddish—A gloomy, non-dramatic adaptation of Allen Ginsberg's poem. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Little Black Book—Richard Benjamin and Delphine Seyrig are the entire cast of this American version, by Jerome Kilty, of Jean-Claude Carrière's French comedy. Directed by Miloš Forman. Previews through Monday, April 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 25. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lost in the Stars—Brock Peters in a revival of the Maxwell Anderson-Kurt Weill musical based on Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Be-

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DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Robert Weber, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Chon Day, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Charles Barsotti, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Farris, George Price, Everett Opie, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Richard Oldden, Charles Rodrigues, Stan Hunt*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

loved Country." Gene Frankel is the director. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Love Me, Love My Children—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Metamorphosis—A play adapted by Charles Dizenzo from two short stories by Franz Kafka. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Tuesdays at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

Misalliance—A moronic revival of Shaw's comedy. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7161. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 30.)

Night Watch—A thriller with a splendid trick ending but with many a carelessly scattered red herring along the way. Joan Hackett is the seemingly nerve-wracked heroine. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Persia, a Desert Cheapie—An outlandish, intrusive, and thoroughly tiresome put-on by the Playhouse of the Ridiculous. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Neil Simon's latest laff riot, directed by Mike Nichols, to the great advantage of every verbal and visual gag, and marvellously acted by Peter Falk and Lee Grant. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Promenade, All!—A mild little comedy by David V. Robison, about six generations of a button-manufacturing family. Doesn't sound too hilarious, but Hume Cronyn, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Richard Backus make it so. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Arthur Miller's **THE CRUCIBLE** will be the final production of the season. Previews through Wednesday, April 26, except Thursday, April 20; special matinée Wednesday, April 19. Opens officially on Thursday, April 27, at 7, and will run through Saturday, June 3. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Ring Round the Bathtub—A comedy by Jane Trahey, with Elizabeth Ashley, Richard Mulligan, and Ruth McDevitt. Harold Stone is the director. Previews Monday and Tuesday, April 24-25. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 26. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Shadow of a Gunman—A revival of Sean O'Casey's fine first play about the Irish troubles in 1920 as they affect a young poet in a Dublin tenement. Under Philip Minor's admirable direction, the performance is always clear and sometimes eloquent. With Paddy Croft and Bernard Frawley. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there are two excellent performances by Helena Carroll and William Hickey. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-3240. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Sticks and Bones—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A lifeless adaptation, in musical-comedy form, of the great movie "Some Like It Hot." Robert Morse works hard at being funny, and often is. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tough to Get Help!—Jack Cassidy and Lillian Hayman in a comedy by Steve Gordon. Carl Reiner directed. Previews through Saturday matinée, April 29, and opens officially that evening. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Twigs—A very funny and touching account of the lives of three sisters and their ramshackle Irish mother. Sada Thompson plays all four roles. The gifted playwright is George Furth. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Lots of good-looking young people dancing and singing and paying mercifully little attention to the original Shakespearean plot. With Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. John Guare wrote the book with Mel Shapiro, who directed, and the songs are by Mr. Guare (lyrics) and Galt MacDermot (music). (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Vivat! Vivat Regina!—A great period of history encapsulated and diminished in Robert Bolt's once-over-lightly account of the contest between Elizabeth of England and Mary Queen of Scots. With Claire Bloom and Eileen Atkins, directed by Peter Dews. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished actress, in a revival of her one-woman show made up of prose, poetry, and song by black authors. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—APPLAUSE: A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." Now with Anne Baxter. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Gloria Swanson, Dirk Benedict, and Pamela Bellwood. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOLLIES:** A show with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LENNY:** An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. The brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,765 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,982 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,162 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **HAIR:** 1,668 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NO, NO, NANETTE:** Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash musical. The cast includes Ruby Keeler and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and, except April 28, at 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** Paul Rogers and Brian Murray in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 3—Monday, April 24, at 7:30, and Tuesday, April 25, at 8: "La Bayadère," "Triad" (première), and "Divertissements." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 2 and 8: "The Dream," "Triad," and "La Bayadère." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, at 8, and Saturday, April 29, at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

week engagement—Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "Cry," and "Revelations." ... ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Streams," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2: "Dance for Six," "Blues Suite," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Mary Lou's Mass." ... ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Myth," "Cry," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 7:30: "Blues Suite," "Streams," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 8: "Toccata," "A Song for You" (première), "Metallics," "The Lark Ascending" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Time Out of Mind," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "Toccata," "A Song for You," "Metallics," "The Lark Ascending," and "Revelations."... ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "Toccata," "Journey," "Icarus," "The Lark Ascending," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2: "Blues Suite," "The Lark Ascending," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8: "Toccata," "A Song for You," "Cry," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 2: "Time Out of Mind," "Myth," "Cry," and "Mary Lou's Mass."... ¶ Sunday, April 30, at 7:30: "The Lark Ascending," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Martha Graham—The second in a subscription series of studio performances of works by Miss Graham and other choreographers performed by an ad-hoc company of leading dancers. (Martha Graham Center, 316 E. 63rd St. Wednesday through Friday, April 26-28, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30, at 3 and 8:30. For tickets, call 832-8509.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A sort of latter-day Noah's Ark. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays at 12:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Because of basketball and hockey playoffs, the performances on Thursday and Friday, April 20-21, and Sunday, April 23, will be cancelled, and the performances on Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, may be cancelled. Closes Monday, May 29. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Magic Show—The annual "Salute to Magic" put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Billy Preston's original bag was gospel, and—having added a rock beat and so forth—he now has three or four bags full. He will be singing and handling keyboards through Monday, April 24. On Wednesday, April 26, a new show starts, with singer-guitarist Ellen McIlwain, singer Billy Joel, and a group named Revival. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Blue notes and black-eyed peas. Pianist Ray Bryant is leading a trio. The food has sufficient soul. Music from nine-thirty to three, except Mondays, when there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A dining and drinking establishment with aged-in-the-wood vibrations. Through Saturday, April 22, guitarist Charlie Brown will be in charge of a threesome. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass violist substitute for the regulars. Closed Sundays.

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Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—Leading the way in its part of town, this restaurant has soft lights, a respectable menu, and a self-confident appearance. But keep the acoustics in mind: For listening, it's best to sit at the bar; in the dining area, you may not hear much. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from ten to four, bassist Earl May heads a jazz quartet that sticks pretty much to the present. On Sundays, from eight to two, guitarist Roland Prince leads a duo. On Mondays, from eight to two, pianist Larry Willis plays in happy combination with a bassist. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Eddie Heywood has returned to the pianoforte and is doing his usual crowd-pleasers, characterized by that rockaby left hand. He plays from eight until one every night but Sunday, when (from seven to midnight) Dick Hyman succeeds to the Steinway.

Fiddlestix, 1487 First Ave., at 77th St. (RE 4-9777)—An unpretentious spot that springs into live action only on Sundays and Mondays. Saxophonist Bobby Jones is leading a high-flying group Sundays from six-thirty to ten-thirty and Mondays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Guest artists turn up from time to time. Italian food.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—This major coffeehouse ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Weather Report, an original and pretty stimulating jazz group, plays through Saturday, April 22. Goosecreek, a nine-piece, over-the-mountains-and-through-the-valleys bunch, opens Wednesday, April 26. On Tuesdays, visiting performers drop in.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Small and shadowy and all that, but No. 1 for all that, at least in the jazz-guitar field. Through Sunday, April 23, Bill Mathews, a skilled classicist, will alternate with Bucky Pizzarelli, a genial jazzman who is more apt to simmer than to cook. On Wednesday, April 26, that remarkable duo, guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter, will return, and New York should be the better for it. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Cornettist Ruby Braff is leading a smoothly running quartet in this old downtown jazz haven. Fridays and Saturdays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band takes over. Some Italian dishes.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—At the keyboard: Wednesday, April 19, John Foster; Thursday through Sunday, April 20-23, Don Friedman; Monday and Tuesday, April 24-25, Lance Hayward; Wednesday, April 26, John Foster; Thursday through Sunday, April 27-30, Nat Jones. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. The popcorn pops before your eyes.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. The musicians are Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—The upstairs portion of this steak-and-lobster palace is furnished in carpentry-shop contemporary, and the place offers some correspondingly contemporary sounds. Jake and the Family Jewels will be doing two acts a night (at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty) Wednesdays through Sundays, April 19-23 and April 26-30. Drinks and snacks.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Fridays through Sundays, Rita Da Costa sings with a trio. Music from nine until closing. Sundays get folkish, with performers dropping in from four to eight. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

Philharmonic Café, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-7000)—Suitable for after-concert dining and drinking but also convenient for passersby. Gene Bertoncini, a persuasive jazz guitarist, does a solo from nine-thirty until midnight. Closed Sundays.

Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Once more into the jazz-and-soul-food bag, the ingredients of which fit together pretty well in this informal club. Through Sunday, April 23, a South African guitar-and-drum duo known as Malombo will be on the stand. Friday through Sunday, April 28-30, a crew called Black Is Beautiful will perform. Music from nine until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Just the spot for looking over old four-leaf clovers. The banjo band twangs, ancient movies flicker, and patrons drink beer while staring at taxidermic polar bears. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Leon Thomas, whose Africa-oriented vocals can take some pretty exotic turnings, sings through Sunday, April 23. Jeremy Steig, an accomplished flutist, brings in a quartet on Tuesday, April 25. Let it be said that the atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, as are the environs. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Some big guns are expected to turn out for a Jazz Interactions special here on Sunday, April 23, from seven until late at night. It will take place both upstairs and downstairs, and among those scheduled to perform are Art Blakey, Zoot Sims, Ray Nance, Howard McGhee, Herbie Mann, Joe Newman, Chico Hamilton, Bobby Jones, Irene Reid, Charlie Rouse, Leon Thomas, Junior Mance, Harold Mabern, Marian McPartland, and Elvin Jones. On more ordinary nights, Bill Evans, a glassily confident pianist, leads a trio upstairs. On Mondays, new talent is auditioned. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Through Sunday, April 23, Elvin Jones, a formidable (and *formidable*) drummer, will direct his quartet in this venerable if poorly ventilated jazz cellar. From five until eight that same Sunday, before the

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regular session, percussionist Keno Duke will present a six-man band called the Jazz Contemporaries. Mondays, bassist Charles Mingus leads a twenty-piece ensemble.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, April 23, trumpeter-fiddler Ray Nance and reedster Kenny Davern will sit in. People may dance to the jazz. The rest of the week, a banjo band entertains in this squarish establishment, whose days (and nights) are unremittingly of yore.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to records, but three times a night the Pastor Brothers do pop songs for listening. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Some old-timey mementos—principally fading photographs—along with Tiffany-type lamps and fancy woodwork are enough to let patrons know that somebody once had an epoch in mind. Upstairs is for light snacks. Downstairs is for dancing to discs.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—ascends the stand. Mr. D's current house guest is singer Toni Arden. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Comedian Rip Taylor will be succeeded on Monday, April 24, by Irwin Corey, a spokesman for whom the non sequitur was devised. Alice Whitfield, the singer of the evening, stays put. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then (amid the wits copycatting their betters in night life, and the sopranos ditto ditto) one comes upon a fledgling humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's pot luck for the customers, but then what isn't nowadays? Dinner. No Sundays.

Plaza 9, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3933)—The revue called "Look Me Up," which sets to at eight and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five and eight on Sundays, hinges on the they-don't-write-songs-like-that-anymore premise. Don Liberto is the one familiar figure in this God-bless-the-twenties reprise. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The guitar duo of George Barnes and Art Ryerson, assisted by singer Peter Dean, will be on deck through Saturday, April 22. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus*. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **royal box**, Caterina Valente does her last star turn of songs on Saturday, April 22. On Tuesday, April 25, the Lettermen, a cheery choral crew, but of ironclad whimsicality, move in. A Ray Bloch orchestra and Arturo Arturos's band play for dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—It's Boys Town of Spain (senior division, though) when Los Chavales de España, those inveterate romancers, deploy onstage. Dancing begins at five-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, at seven-thirty Saturdays, and at four Sundays. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round, assigned—beginning late and ending late—to other flamencans, who work things out in a real spur-of-the-moment madrileño fashion. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, April 19, is the final night for soprano Karen Wyman and comedian Don Rickles. Beginning Thursday, April 20, the young ladies known as the Three Degrees will do the singing, and Marvin Braverman will supply the humor. No nights off. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas move out at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt**, a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, a Peter Duchin band plays for dancing from eight-thirty to two-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. (The band is an absentee-landlord proposition.) The manner is *haute cuisine* and *haute couture*. . . . ¶ In the **café**, Phil Wayne's threesome, whose dance tunes are gentle on the mind and the ear, is around Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until curfew. Herb Winner's threesome prevails the rest of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The grand old **persian room** is host to comics Stiller & Meara and soprano Lola Falana at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper on Friday and Saturday. Burt Farber and Mark Monte, who go with the lease, are in charge of most ebullient orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Not a trace of the Edwardian Room appears in its transformation into the blooming **green tulip**, a restaurant patrolled on foot by Sig and Gary, two characters both folksy and rocksy. Additionally, every night but Monday, there is discothèque dancing after ten. . . . ¶ In the **palm court**, which remains palmy and courtly, Sandu Marcu is on the business end of a violin from four-thirty to seven-thirty; Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti, those old Viennese cronies, do fiddle-and-piano duets from eight to one. No Sunday evenings.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The Four Freshmen will end their dinner-and-supper song recitals on Saturday, April 22. Sarah Vaughan will start singing on Monday, April 24. The enterprise is in session every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

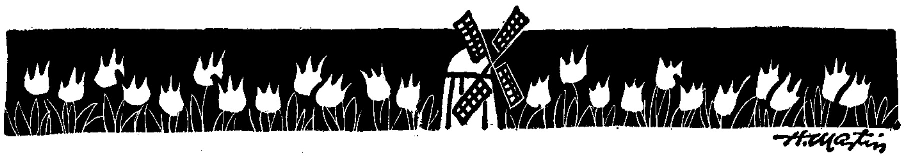
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the well-nourished **maisonette**, Danish singer Nina Van Pallandt turns up at dinner and supper through Saturday, April 22. On Monday, April 24, Lou Rawls will become the resonance. George Cort's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite** is a quiet glade stirred only by the fiddle of Jani Sarkozi. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ And in the **st. regis room**, Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne are on double guitar as soon as the clock strikes nine-thirty. No Sundays or Mondays.

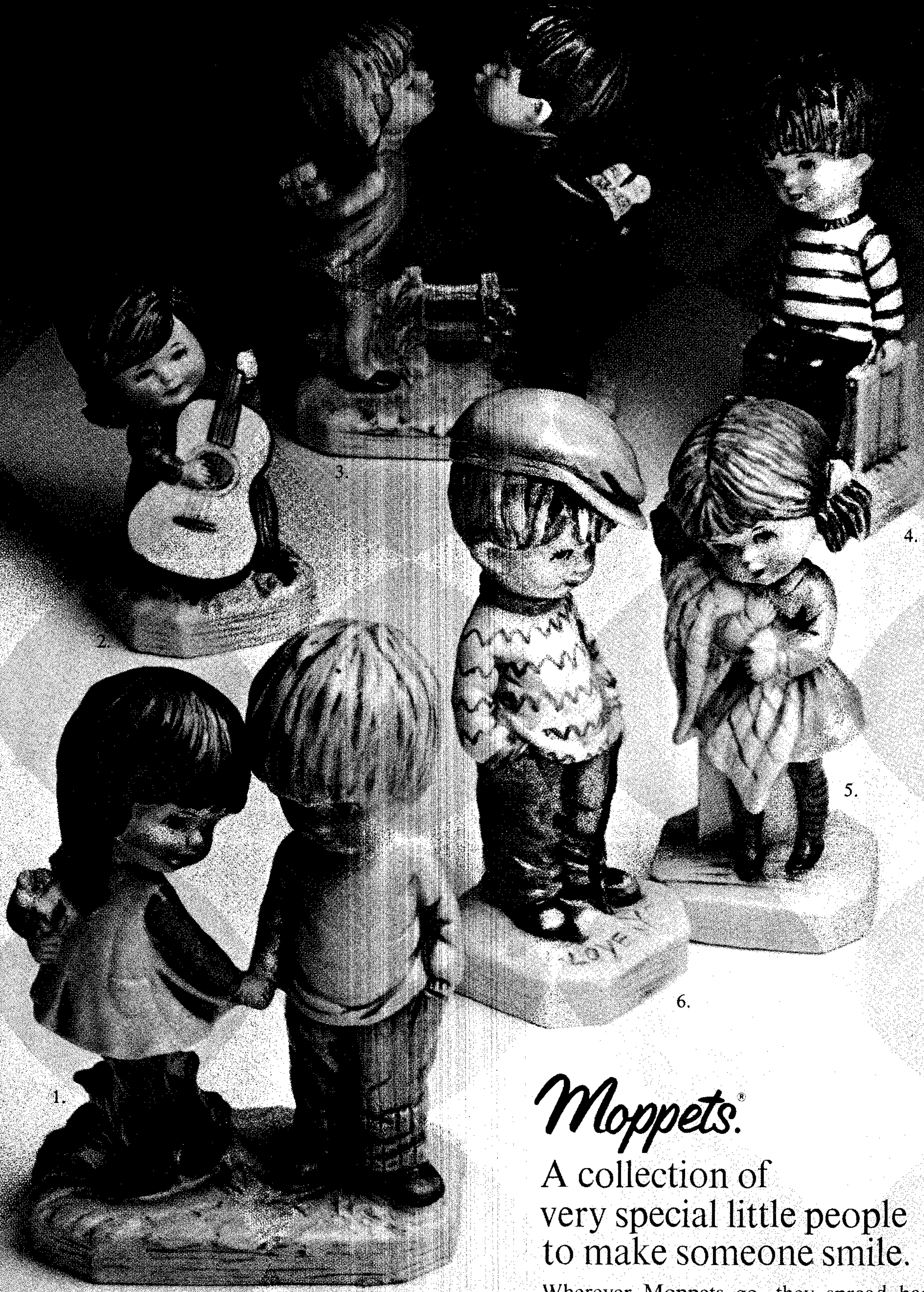
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Diana Ross will be singing her lively say at dinner and supper in the **empire room** as far as Saturday, April 22. On Tuesday, April 25, Lana Cantrell, a *cantatrice* of vim and vigor, will ascend the throne. The dance music issues from Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Felipe Yanez trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

café carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **duncan's**, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): A brick-walled clubhouse in which Bill Halsey's piano can turn almost any kind of tune into a little show-stopper. In company with bassist Leonard Gaskin, he plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. . . . **dionysos**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Such a Western World touch as a rock band is not necessary, but it has been added. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **adonis**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they start at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sunday. . . . **mykonos**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous foursome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **la chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The forum for Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, is the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—a parlor not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **chez vito**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee by the hour, from a collection of avid violinists, and operetta, too, most likely at the next table, from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her most hearty companions; i.e., a lot of good-natured decibels for your money. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during





Thoughts expressed by above Moppets: (1) "There's nothing we can't solve together." (2) "I miss you." (3) "Our love is growing all the time." (4) "I thought about you and it made my whole day." (5) "Everybody needs a little security." (6) "I love you."

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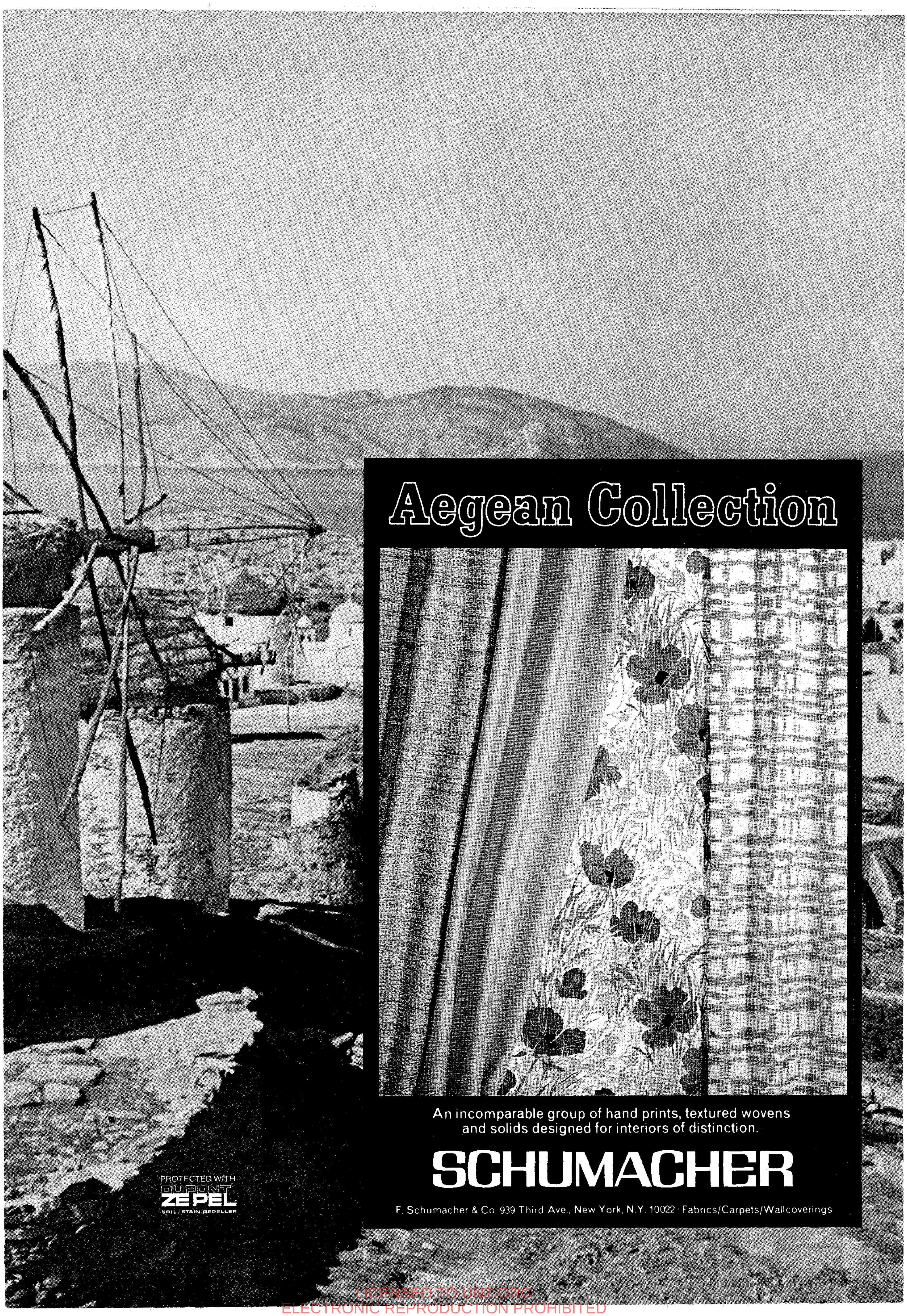

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, who knows all there is to know about such a menu. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Down under is a Roman grotto, just as decorative. Here a threesome makes dance music, seven-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays, and Signor Palermo drops by from time to time. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A refectory way up top in the leisure class. George Feyer, a feudal lord of the Hapsburg empire, conducts his piano recitations Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, one of the last of the truly romantic pianists, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old homestead, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone understudies him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Ronny Whyte and his piano are in evidence from nine to one-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A mod home indeed for a mythological beast, and a pleasing home indeed for diners who wish to proceed at a petty pace—a pace that today is itself practically mythological. Piano, constructivist and contemplative, from seven-thirty to eleven by the young Juilliard graduate student Ray Onley. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Where do the surviving pianists of the late, late night-life shows now congregate? Well, two of them (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays, and Murray Grand, the five other days) congregate in this aged Village bar; and so do a sprinkling of other reminders of these shows, often to sit in at the upright. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Norman Rollings, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): This bookstall, a sister to the one detailed above, is fair of face, being all of a summery green and white. The John Adamo trio plays from nine until two through the week, ten until three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOGWOOD ROOM,** 50 E. 58th St. (PL 9-1710): Wayne Sanders (long a part of Goldie's New York) does piano, five-thirty to one, Mondays through Fridays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and Joe Candullo's set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A movable feast in this old architectural ornament is produced by a Lester Lanin duo that plays during cocktails on the Terrace, from seven to nine in the King's Inn, and from nine to eleven in the Gold Room. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from four-thirty to ten-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties. Mr. H. takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six to one, though not on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Marty Berns keeps an even keel while at the keyboard in this diminutive, candle-lit retreat. He plays from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BENNY ANDREWS—A huge (ten feet by twenty-eight feet) mural in oil, depicting the struggle of minorities in the United States, plus forty sketches for the large work; starting Tuesday, April 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

VICTOR ATKINS / I. LEON GOLOMB—Geometrical paintings. / Free-standing figurative paintings. (Gallery at 210, 210 Fifth Ave., at 26th St. Through Saturday, April 29. Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

HELENE AYLON—One room-filling painting on metal, also paintings on Plexiglas; through May 3. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

LELAND BELL—Nudes, self-portraits, and still-lifes by this veteran figurative painter; starting Saturday, April 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

HANS BELLMER—Eighty drawings and prints from 1942 to 1967 by a German Surrealist; through Saturday, April 29. (Lerner-Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS BISSIER—Oil temperas, watercolors, drawings, and monotypes by the well-known artist of the small scale; through Saturday, April 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HYMAN BLOOM—Drawings and some paintings by a Boston artist whose subjects include rabbis, man's mortality, and the spirit world; through Saturday, April 22. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Works by a leading Action painter; through Saturday, April 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS (1883-1970)—A memorial exhibition of this twentieth-century "naïve" painter of landscapes, nudes, and circus figures; through May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARY BRIZZI / RICARDO GARABITO—Abstract paintings. / Figurative paintings. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Through April 30. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD (1893-1967)—About eighty drawings and doodles; through June 30. (Raydon, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A show of twenty-six hand-woven Aubusson tapestries of his designs which will run concurrently with his exhibit (starting Thursday) at the Whitney Museum; through May 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

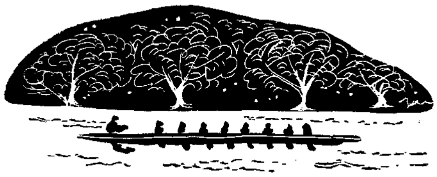
GIORGIO CAVALLON—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist; starting Saturday, April 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC CHAGALL—Paintings and gouaches from 1969 to the present; starting Tuesday, April 25. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CONLON—Abstract forms on white grounds; through Saturday, April 22. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

SALVADOR DALI—About thirty paintings, plus four large holograms that create a three-dimensional effect through the play of light; through May 13. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Paintings by a widely known abstractionist who emphasizes texture; through Saturday, April 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)



JEAN DUBUFFET—Large paintings on canvas and boards in the raw style this artist calls "Hourloupe;" through Saturday, April 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK DUVENECK (1849-1919)—A comprehensive exhibit of paintings covering the entire career of this American Impressionist, also watercolors and drawings; through Saturday, April 22. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

LEONARD DWORKIN—Kinetic light works; through May 14. (Flatsfixed, 453 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Large color-area paintings; through Wednesday, April 26. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes by a British painter; through Saturday, April 22. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LEON GOLDIN—Abstract New York cityscapes in oil and gouache; through May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—More of this artist's studies of cloud formations; through May 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT HARVEY—Figurative paintings with the effect of blown-up photographs; through May 5. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOKANSON—Massive wood sculptures; through May 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Emblematic paintings that make use of the motif of the circle; through Saturday, April 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN HUGO—Tiny gouaches and small oils of scenes of France; through Saturday, April 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GYORGY KEPES—New paintings by a well-known Constructivist; starting Saturday, April 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS KLEIN—Still-lifes, interiors, and figures; through Saturday, April 22. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

KUNIÉ—Compositions based on photographic closeups of nature; through Friday, April 21. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway.)

JACK LEVINE—Twenty paintings and drawings done in the past three years by this artist of social comment; through May 6. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS LOUIS—"Stripe" paintings; starting Saturday, April 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; starting Tuesday, April 25. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOHN McCRACKEN—Paintings by a Minimalist sculptor; through Wednesday, April 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHOZO NAGANO—Large shaped canvases composed on the theme of "crystallization;" starting Tuesday, April 25. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

MINORU NIIZUMA—Abstract sculptures in black and white marble on wooden pedestals; through Saturday, April 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DAVID NOVROS—Abstract paintings composed of two or three sections; through Saturday, April 29. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—Constructions of assembled exotic materials; through Saturday, April 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Nine canvases by this figurative painter; through May 6. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Figures, interiors, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARNULF RAINER—Expressionistic paintings and drawings by a Viennese, some scrawled over self-portraits; through Friday, April 28. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

ROBERT RYMAN—A show of works from the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties which is

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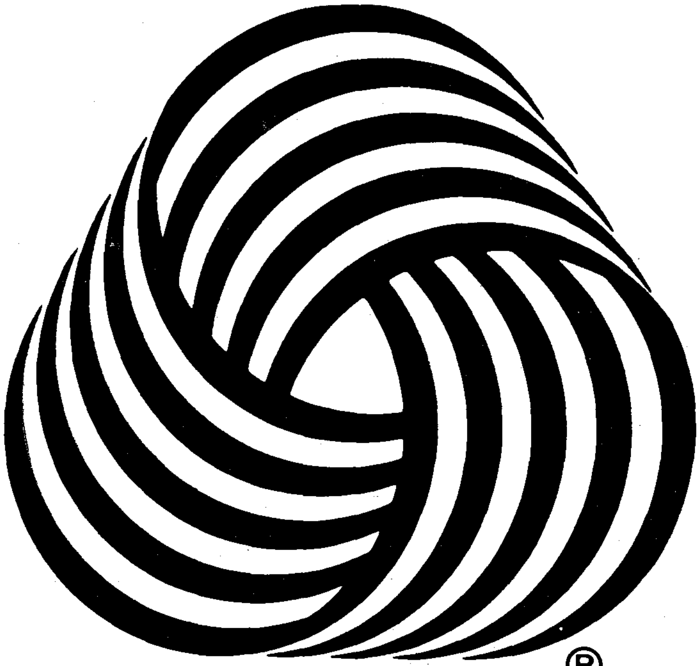

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

running concurrently with his exhibit at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, April 22. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Shannon—Paintings of groups of figures depicting contemporary life by a Washington, D.C., artist; through May 11. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Raphael Soyer—More than a hundred lithographs and etchings done during the past fifty-six years; through May 6. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

Richard Stankiewicz—The first show since 1965 of works by this pioneer American junk sculptor; through Saturday, April 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Tworkov—Geometrically organized paintings by a former Abstract Expressionist; through May 11. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Victor Vasarely—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of paintings done in the past two years by this outstanding Optical artist; through May 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

June Wayne—Lithographs; through Saturday, April 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jerry Zeniuk / Mary Heilmann—Encaustic paintings that seem all black. / Heavily textured abstractions, often with pieces of textile added. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Through Wednesday, April 26. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The hundred-and-fifth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through Sunday, April 23. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Ben Bishop, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Golda Lewis, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, April 22. . . . **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Oil paintings by leading American landscapists; through Saturday, April 29. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A version, including some of the same artists, of the "Degenerate Art" exhibit held in Germany under Hitler; through May 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BONINO**, 7 W. 57th St.: More than a hundred and thirty religious carvings in wood from northern Brazil, dating from the eighteenth century to fifty years ago; through May 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Seventy paintings dating from 1510 to 1840; through May 5. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibition of prints from the Hollanders Workshop which is running simultaneously with the print show at Finch College Museum of Art; through Saturday, April 29. . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and comics by artists ranging from Thomas Rowlandson to today's underground comics—among them are Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Milt Caniff, Rube Goldberg, George Herriman, Walt Kuhn, and Thomas Nast; through Saturday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Landscape sculptures in a variety of materials by Darryl Abraham, Robert Pickering, and Michael Brenneman; through Saturday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by leading artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Bauermeister, Bonnard, Kokoschka, Moore, Pissarro, and Tanguy; through May 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Six landscape painters associated with the gallery; through May 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A hundred and fifty prints and photos reflecting the cultural ties of France and America from 1600 to 1900; through Saturday, April 22. (Sundays through Thursdays, 1 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings by Sharon Brant and John Clem Clarke, and conceptual art by Mike Malloy; through Saturday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Woodcuts, etchings, and screen prints by forty artists from thirteen Latin American countries and Puerto Rico, selected from the second Bienalle of Latin American Prints held in San Juan this year; starting Saturday, April 22. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Kandinsky, Laurens, Mondrian, and Rodin; through Saturday, April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: A hundred paintings, drawings, and watercolors by artists of the Barbizon School and their followers; starting Saturday, April 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Tankas, bronzes, and tantric ritual objects from Nepal and Tibet; through Saturday, April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Sculptures and related drawings by Dorothy Dehner, Morris Graves, Richard Lippold, and Thomas Stearns (to name several); through Saturday, April 22.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred examples of Chinese calligraphy, including inscribed bronze and wood objects, seals, paintings, and fans and scrolls, from ancient times through the nineteenth century; through May 7. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five photographs of China during the last thirty-five years by Robert Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Marc Riboud, and René Burri; through April 30. . . . ¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-nine bronze sculptures by Matisse (his entire *œuvre* in this medium), also nineteen drawings, four lithographs, and one ceramic relating to certain sculptures; through May 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About forty paintings, collages, and drawings by Robert Ryman, a Minimalist who stresses the physical qualities and visual effects of paint; through April 30. A complement to this show is his exhibit at the Weber Gallery, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ An exhibition comparing drawings by Rodin with forgeries of this artist's works—a hundred originals and twenty-eight forgeries; through May 7. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty-three paintings and twenty-four drawings created over a period of fifty years by Eastman Johnson (1824-1906), one of America's outstanding genre painters; through May 14. . . . ¶ About seventy paintings, sculptures, and "environments," constituting a retrospective of the work of James Rosenquist, a leading figure of the Pop movement; through May 29. . . . ¶ Paintings, ink drawings, gouaches, and wire and bronze sculptures by Alexander Calder, related to the artist's miniature "Circus," which is at the Whitney; starting Thursday, April 20. A complement to this show will be his exhibit at the Hutton Gallery, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ A spring festival of more or less theatrical aspect is taking place in the museum theatre evenings at 8:30; tickets are issued on a first-come, first-served basis. Wednesday, April 19: "Behaviour Tableaux," a nonverbal sculpture-theatre work by Scott Burton. . . . Friday, April 21: Yvonne Rainer and group. . . . Saturday, April 22: Theatre pieces by Mabou Mines. . . . Monday, April 24: James Cunningham and the Acme Dance Company. . . . Wednesday, April 26: New songs (by Virgil Thomson, Charles Mingus, and others) to poems by Frank O'Hara, performed by Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Mr. Mingus, and others. . . . Thursday, April 27: David Antin, Ted Berrigan, and Gerard Malanga reading their own poems. . . . Saturday, April 29: "The Natural History of the American Dancer: Lesser-Known Species," choreographed by Barbara Lloyd.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit representing a hundred years of American illustration. Included (for $1 admission) are eighty original paintings by Norman Rockwell. Through May 14. (Mondays and

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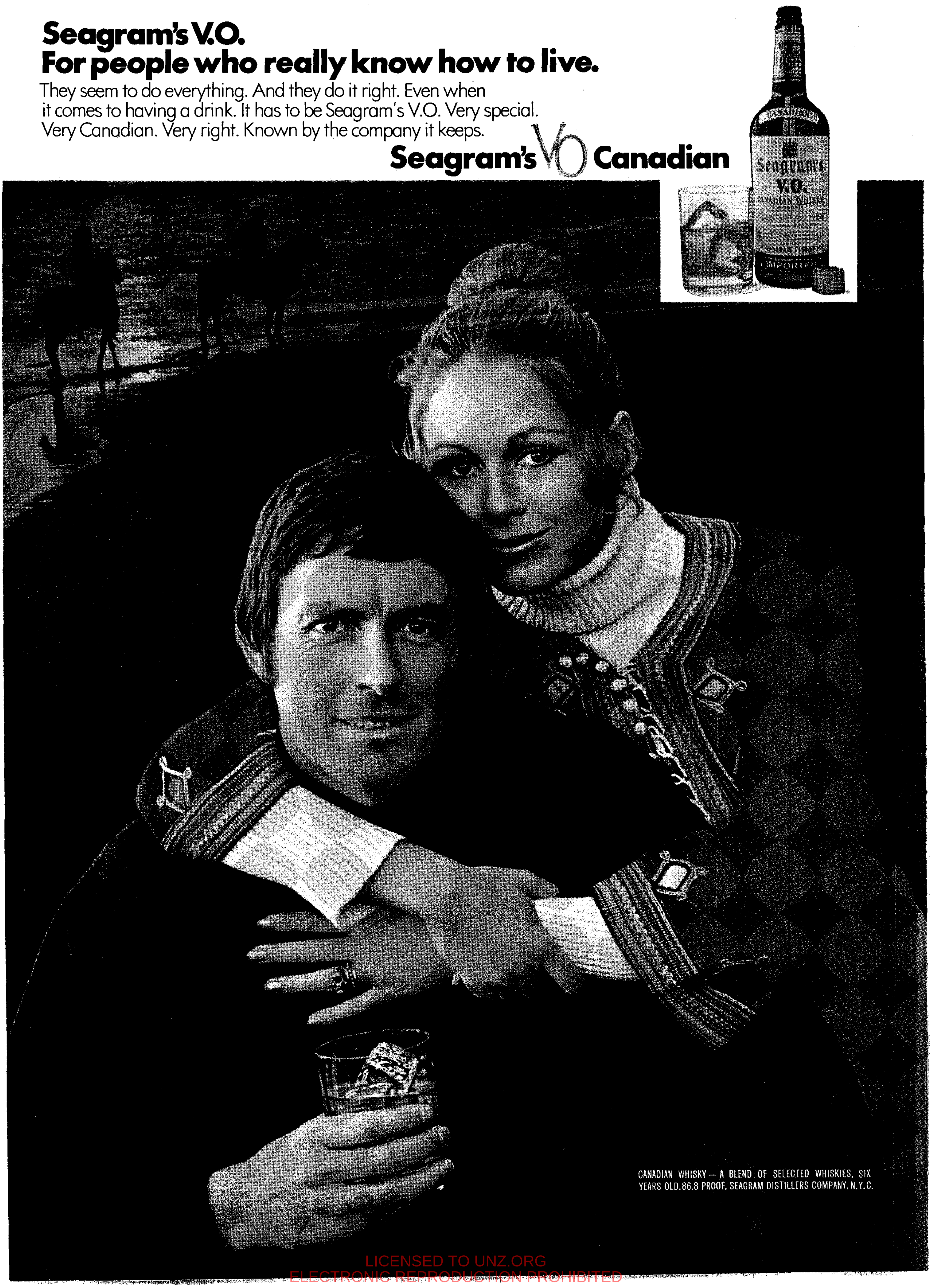

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W., at 79th St.—An exhibit depicting the research conducted on Great Gull Island, New York, where the study of nesting birds revealed the effects of environmental pollution; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An impressive collection of rugs and other weavings done in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in Persia, Turkey, the Caucasus, and the Balkans; through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Dragons in Chinese art since the sixteenth century B.C. in ceramic, bronze, painting, lacquerware, jade, and textile; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Prints from the Hollanders Workshop by, among others, de Kooning, Nevelson, Motherwell, and Raphael Soyer; through April 30. A complement to this show is the print exhibit at Gimpel Gallery, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Modern American posters; through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifty English drawings and watercolors from the mid-sixteenth century to the beginning of Victorian and Pre-Raphaelite art; through July 28. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A private collection of folk art, ranging from paintings to whirligigs; through May 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—About a hundred and ten paintings, drawings, and watercolors constituting a retrospective of the works of the Irish landscape and genre painter, Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957), younger brother of the poet; through June 18. . . . ¶ Collages and assemblages on the theme of the Madonna and Child, and flower pieces by Joe Brainard; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Books and manuscripts published in 1922, a year that opened with the publication of "Ulysses" and closed with "The Waste Land," the working drafts of the latter being a part of the display. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

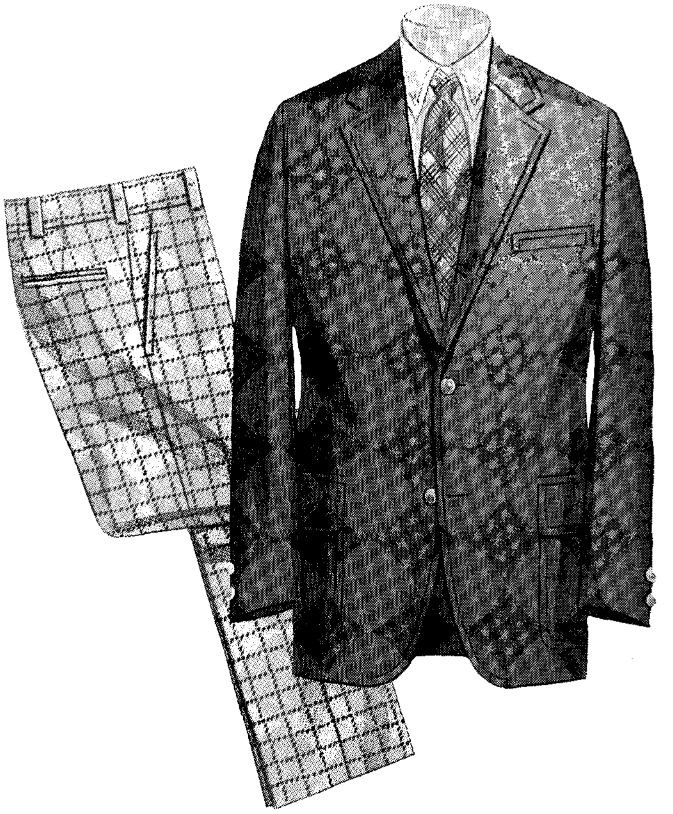
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Der Freischütz," with Pilar Lorengar, Edith Mathis, Sándor Kónya, Gerd Feldhoff, John Macurdy, and Michael Ebert; conducted by Leopold Ludwig. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 7: "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Giorgio Tozzi, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy; Leopold Ludwig. . . . ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Otello," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, James McCracken, Peter Glossop, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2: "Don Carlo," with Montserrat Caballé, Grace Bumbry, Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Sherrill Milnes, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: A benefit farewell program of arias and ensembles honoring Sir Rudolf Bing on his last night as general manager. Among the performers will be Montserrat Caballé, Franco Corelli, Rosalind Elias, Jerome Hines, Dorothy Kirsten, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, Robert Merrill, Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Regina Resnik, Joan Sutherland, Renata Tebaldi, and Richard Tucker.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Norma French, Barbara Shuttleworth, Carlos Montane, and Louis



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WASHINGTON, D.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Quilico; conducted by Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 20, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Kay Creed, Jerry Jennings, and John Darrenkamp; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, April 21, at 8: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Michael Devlin. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 2: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Mary Cross Lueders, Harry Theyard, and Chester Ludgin, and "Pagliacci," with Nancy Shade, Herman Malamood, William Chapman, and Gary Glaze; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 1: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Michael Devlin; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 23, at 7: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Johanna Meier, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; Ross Reimueller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Nancy Shade, Carlos Montane, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 8: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Barbara Shuttleworth, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 8: "The Turn of the Screw," with Johanna Meier, Ellen Faull, Syble Young, and Grayson Hirst; Charles Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28, at 8: "The Makropoulos Affair," with Maralin Niska, Syble Young, John Stamford, and Edward Pierson; Walter Susskind. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 2: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Nancy Shade, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marianna Ciraulo, Deborah Kieffer, Herman Malamood, and Seymour Schwartzman; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of the première of Virgil Thomson's opera "Lord Byron," with a libretto by Jack Larson. Staged by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Gerhard Samuel. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, April 20, and Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Thursday, April 20, at 8:30; Friday, April 21, at 2; and Monday, April 24, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet); and Thursday, April 27, and Saturday, April 29, at 8:30, and Monday, May 1, at 7:30 (all with Gary Graffman, piano).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Georg Solti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and Stuart Burrows, tenor; and Saturday, April 22, at 8, no soloists.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Meyerbeer's "L'Africana" in concert form, with Antonietta Stella and Anne Elgar, sopranos; Richard Tucker, tenor; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; Will Roy, bass; Malcolm Smith, bass-baritone; the Schola Cantorum; and the Master Chorales. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8.)

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Louise Parker, mezzo-soprano; Richard Shadley, tenor; Douglas Hill, baritone; and the Yale University Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 2:30, and Tuesday, April 25, at 8.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Ensemble of New York in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Richard Frisch, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 3.)

Empire Sinfonietta—Oscar Shumsky conducting the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 26, at 8.)

Mannes Chorus and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, Lexington Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing an all-Purcell program, with soloists and an orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Concordia Choir—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 8.)

Hampton Institute Choir—Roland M. Carter directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 8.)

Third International University Choral Festival—At Philharmonic Hall—A series of concerts involving six hundred and forty students from sixteen universities in sixteen countries. Sunday, April 23: Choruses from the Federal Republic of Germany, Brazil, Japan, and Poland. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25: Choruses from Hungary, Argentina, India, and Great Britain. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26: Choruses from France, Uganda, Netherlands, and the Republic of Korea. . . . ¶ Friday, April 28: Choruses from New Zealand, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, and the United States. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 30: A gala concert in which all of the choruses will join forces under the direction of Robert Shaw. (Evenings at 8:30.)

New York University Choral Arts Society—E. Jon de Revere directing. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Philippe Entremont—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8.)

Robert Davidovici—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30.)

Alarius Ensemble of Brussels—A program of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 20, at 8:30.)

Andrée Juliette Brun—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 22, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Harp Ensemble—The second of two chamber-music programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Israela Margalit—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, April 23, at 2:15.)

Ivan Rebroff—Bass. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—In the second in a series of three concerts presenting the Mozart cycle of string quintets (with John Graham, viola) and the "King of Prussia" quartets. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 29, at 8.)

Note—Richard and John Contiguglia will give a recital of four-hand piano music at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, May 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

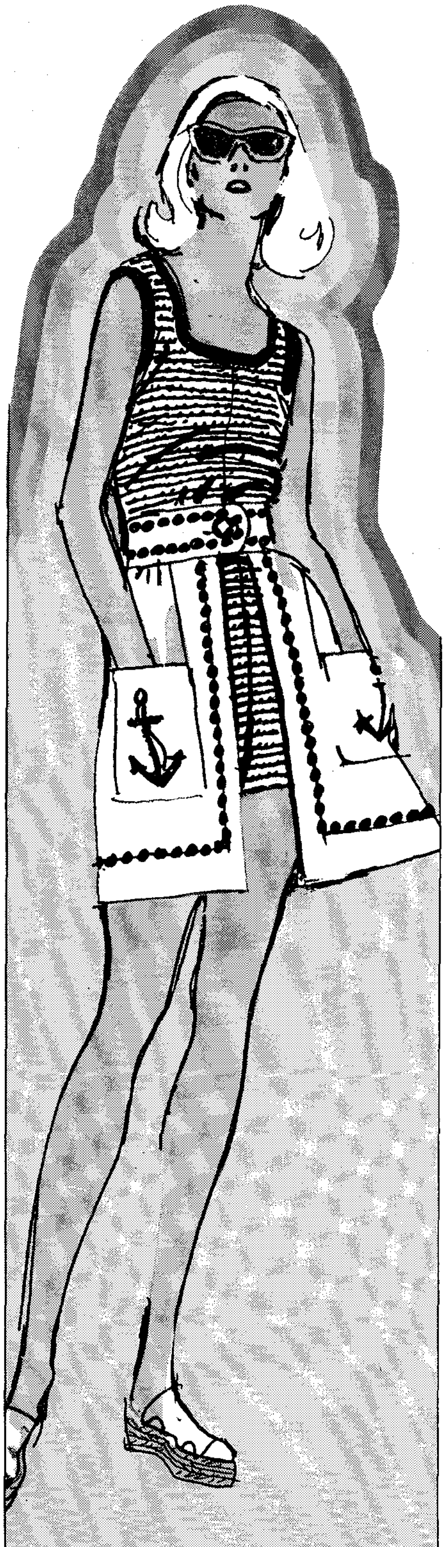
MISCELLANY

Darius Milhaud Eightieth-Birthday Concert—A program of his music, performed by, among others, Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Gail August, dancer; Joel Sachs, conductor; the Lenox Quartet; and the Barnard-Columbia Chorus. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, April 19, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 19, at 5:45: New York University Jazz Ensembles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 26, at 5:45: Leon Bibb.

Black on Black—"Now!," the third in a series of four concerts by the Rhythm Associates, this one with the support of Natural Essence.



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(Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8.)

Donny Hathaway, the Persuasions, and the Damali Dancers—McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, April 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 280-5022.

Doc Severinsen's Orchestra—With Today's Children. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 21, at 8.)

Jamaican Folksingers—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 21, at 8:40.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—With Billie and DeDe Pierce. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 23, at 3.)

Seventh Century—Town Hall. Tuesday, April 25, at 8.

Rod McKuen—Carnegie Hall. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday and Thursday, April 19-20, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25-26, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, April 28, at 7:30, and Saturday, April 29, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Chicago, Friday, April 21, at 2:05; Saturday, April 22, at 1:15; and Sunday, April 23, at 2:05.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 21, at 8, and, if necessary, Wednesday, April 26, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ American Basketball Association championship playoffs, Eastern Division: Nets vs. Virginia. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 292-4500. Monday, April 24, at 8:15, and Wednesday, April 26, at 8:15.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Philadelphia. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, April 29.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup semifinal playoffs: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 20, at 7:35; Sunday, April 23, at 7:05; and, if necessary, Thursday, April 27.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 22.) . . . ¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 13. The Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 22, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, April 29. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1, from Saturday, April 22, through Monday, May 20.

Soccer: Closed-Circuit TV—England vs. West Germany, from Wembley, and Italy vs. Belgium, from Milan. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, April 29, at 11 A.M.)

Table Tennis—The touring Chinese table-tennis team vs. a United States team. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 292-4500. Thursday, April 20, at 2:30.)

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 28-29.)

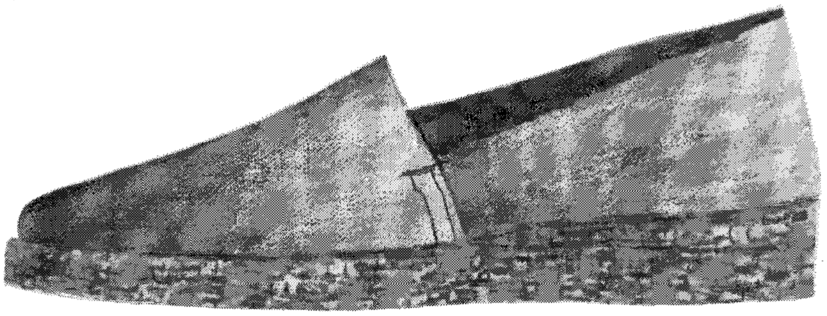
Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 24. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, April 22, at 12:10 and 2:30.) . . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, April 22-23, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, April 29, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Peter and the Wolf," Saturday and Sunday,

April in Paris Espadrilles. $10.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 22-23, at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, April 29, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.). . . **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, April 22, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted.). . . **BLUE PEACOCK PLAYERS:** "Genji and the White Jewels." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Sundays at 2.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 22, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Bravo, the Clown," Sunday, April 23, and Saturday, April 29, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **KING'S PLAYERS:** "The Adventures of Peter Pan." (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Saturdays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, April 23, at 2.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 260-4863. Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Hot Feet." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturdays at 3.)

MOVIES—Four Charlie Chaplin shorts—"The Rink," "The Cure," "Floorwalker," and "Easy Street." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, April 22, at 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Journey to Other Worlds." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM STUDIO, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition of prints and poems by Japanese children; through May 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 to 2; Thursdays, 10 to 5; and Sundays, 11 to 5.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include monkeys, deer, and rabbits. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this minute menagerie, the little ones will find a bevy of small animals, among them lambs, kids, and a calf. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

LECTURES—Ashley Montagu presenting the last two in a series of lectures: "The New Litany of 'Original Sin': Lorenz, Ardrey, and Others," Thursday, April 20, at 6. . . . ¶ "The Future of Humanity," Thursday, April 27, at 6. (*New School, 66 W. 12th St. For information about tickets, call 675-2700.*)

POETRY READINGS—Howard Nemerov reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—The April Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, April 26, from 12 to 4.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—A hundred dealers airing their goods. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 19, at 8, and Thursday, April 20, at 2: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures; from the Middendorf Collection and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 21-22, at 10:15 and 2: A benefit auction of American furniture and decorations, from the estate of Flora E. Whiting. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 22, at 10:15: African and Oceanic primitive art, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 10:15 and 2: American books, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 25, at 2: English silver, from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 26-27, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as van Gogh, Cézanne, Monet, and Picasso; from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 20. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 27, at 2: Russian works of art, including pieces by Carl Fabergé; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 22. . . . **NOTE:** On Saturday, April 29, at 9:30, there will be an auction of two hundred antique and classic automobiles on the grounds of Cabrini College in Radnor, Pa. Included will be a 1930 Packard Boat-tail speedster, a 1910 Hispano Suiza Phaeton, a 1928 Locomobile touring car, and a 1940 Cadillac Fleetwood. An admission charge will be made. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, from noon to 6.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 19 at 2: "The Third Part of the Night" (1971), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Zubawski. . . . ¶ April 19 at 5:30: "The Thin and the Others" (1967), in Polish, directed by Henryk Kluba. . . . ¶ April 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Ceremony" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima. . . . ¶ April 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Cruel Stories of Youth" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 22 at noon: "The Great Adventure" (1954), directed by Arne Sucksdorff. . . . ¶ April 22 at 3 and 5:30: "Boy" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 23 at 12:30: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains. . . . ¶ April 23 at 3 and 5:30: "Death by Hanging" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 24 at noon: "Mao Tse-tung and the Cultural Revolution" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 24 at 5:30 and April 25 at 2: "Salt for Svantetia" (1930), a Russian film, directed by Mikhail Kalatozov; no English titles. . . . ¶ April 25 at 5:30: "The Pacific War" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 26 at 2: "Youth in the Ice" (1962) and "The Forgotten Army" (1963), in Japanese, both directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 26 at 5:30: "A Tomb for Youth" (1964) and "Mao Tse-tung and the Cultural Revolution" (1969), in Japanese, both directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 27 at 2 and 8: "The Sun's Burial" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. . . . ¶ April 27 at 5:30: "The Forgotten Army" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Oshima. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through April 20: "Murder, My Sweet" (1944), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Claire Trevor and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ April 21-23: "While the City Sleeps" (1956), directed by Fritz Lang, with Dana Andrews and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ April 26-27: "To the Ends of the Earth" (1948), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Dick Powell and Signe Hasso. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.). . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except April 26 and 27) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—April 19: Films by artists. . . . ¶ April 20-25: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," directed by Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ From April 27: "Sacred Art of Tibet," directed by Larry Jordan. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

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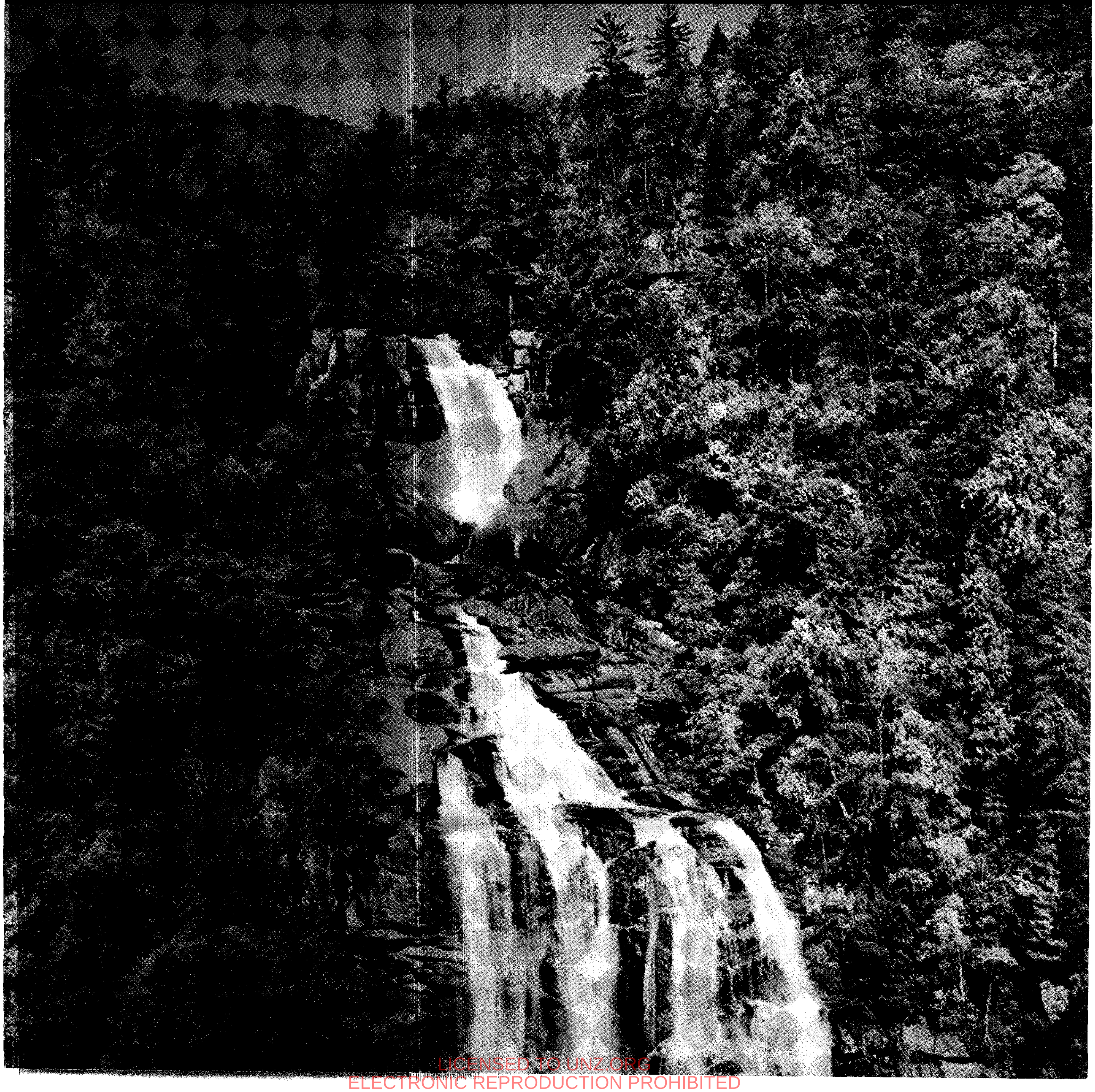
North Carolina

Outdoor drama



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 25: "El Topo."
From April 26: "Minnie and Moskowitz."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through April 22: "Copacabana" and "In the Good Old Summer Time."
April 23-25: "An American in Paris" and "I Dream Too Much."
From April 26: "The Big Broadcast" and "Mississippi."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
April 19: "La Strada," "The Conformist," and "Belle de Jour."
April 20-23: "The Balcony," "La Dolce Vita," and "Bed and Board."
April 24-26: "The Threepenny Opera," "Tom Jones," and "The Knack."
From April 27: "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," "Elvis: That's the Way It Is," and "Groupies."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The French Connection."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 25: "At the Circus" and "The Big Store."
From April 26: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Last Picture Show."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Slaughterhouse-Five."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through April 25: "Silent Running."
From April 26: "Ten Days' Wonder."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Culpepper Cattle Co."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Loot."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Concert for Bangladesh."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through April 20: "The Carey Treatment."
From April 21: "Puppet on a Chain."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Policeman."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Gumshoe."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Tomorrow."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Godfather."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 25: "Klute" and "Summer of '42."
From April 26: "Personals."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through April 25: "Ryan's Daughter."
From April 26: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 25: "Silent Running."
From April 26: "Ten Days' Wonder."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Pocket Money."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Godfather."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 25: "The Hospital."
From April 26: "Minnie and Moskowitz."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Cool Breeze."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through April 20: "The Carey Treatment."
From April 21: "Puppet on a Chain."

WEST SIDE

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Through April 20: "The Loves of Isadora" and "Privilege."
April 21-24: "Fellini Satyricon" and "King of Hearts."
April 25-27: "The Andromeda Strain" and "Colossus: The Forbin Project."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The French Connection."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Last Picture Show."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Arch."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 25 (tentative): "The Hot Rock."
From April 26: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 23: "The Idiot" and "The Puritan."
From April 24: "Salome," "Lot in Sodom," "Dementia," and three other films.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 25: "The Abductors."
From April 26: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"The Gold Rush" and "Chaplinesque." (No performances on Sunday, April 23.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"What's Up, Doc?"

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cabaret."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Pocket Money."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Last Picture Show."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Connection."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"City Lights."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Uncle Antoine."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 25: "The Hospital."
From April 26: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 25: "Blindman" and "The Sicilian Clan."
From April 26: "Is There Sex After Death?"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 25: "THX 1138" and "The Omega Man."
From April 26: "Minnie and Moskowitz."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 23: "Tokyo Story."
From April 24: "Tokyo Story" and "A Full Life."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 25: "Diamonds Are Forever" and "The Thomas Crown Affair."
From April 26: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Midnight Cowboy."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 20: "Arsenal" and "The Life of O'Haru."
April 21-23: "Earth" and "The Idiot."
April 24-25: "The End of St. Petersburg" and "The End of Summer."
April 26-27: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorky" and "The Lower Depths."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 25: "Women in Revolt" and "Trash."
From April 26: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Abductors—With Cheri Caffaro, directed by Don Schain. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 25.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away on the piano. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23-25.)

The Andromeda Strain (1971)—Biological invasion from outer space. Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, having chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style, has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Garrick; April 25-27.)

The Arch—A Chinese film. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Arsenal (1929)—Alexander Dovzhenko was the poet of the great Russian revolutionary film movement—not a mushy-headed poet but a poet whose startling imagery had a heat and pitch that Eisenstein and Pudovkin never approached. This classic film is an original and experimental celebration of social revolution. (Thalia; through April 20.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Kips Bay; through April 25.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (St. Marks Cinema; April 20-23.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (St. Marks Cinema; April 20-23.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; April 19.)

The Big Broadcast (1932)—With Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, and many others, directed by Frank Tuttle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 26.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Kips Bay; through April 25.)

Blindman—With Tony Anthony and Ringo Starr, directed by Ferdinando Baldi. (Regency; through April 25.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Ziegfeld.)

The Carey Treatment—Amiably idiotic private-eye story, directed by Blake Edwards, about a pathologist (James Coburn) who signally neglects his job to save the honor of an eminent young Chinese surgeon colleague falsely accused of murdering a fifteen-year-old girl by doing an amateur abortion. There is a ravishingly silly subplot about a beautiful hospital dietitian (Jennifer O'Neill) who first attracts the terse-spoken pathologist by the smell of the vanilla that, she says dewily, she spilled down her front when she was trying to improve the egg pudding. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through April 20.)

Chaplinesque—A documentary on Charlie Chaplin. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, April 23.)

The Childhood of Maxim Gorky (1938)—First and most famous part of Mark Donskoi's masterwork about Gorky. He made this part in 1938, and it stands very well on its own, though it gains a lot by being seen with the

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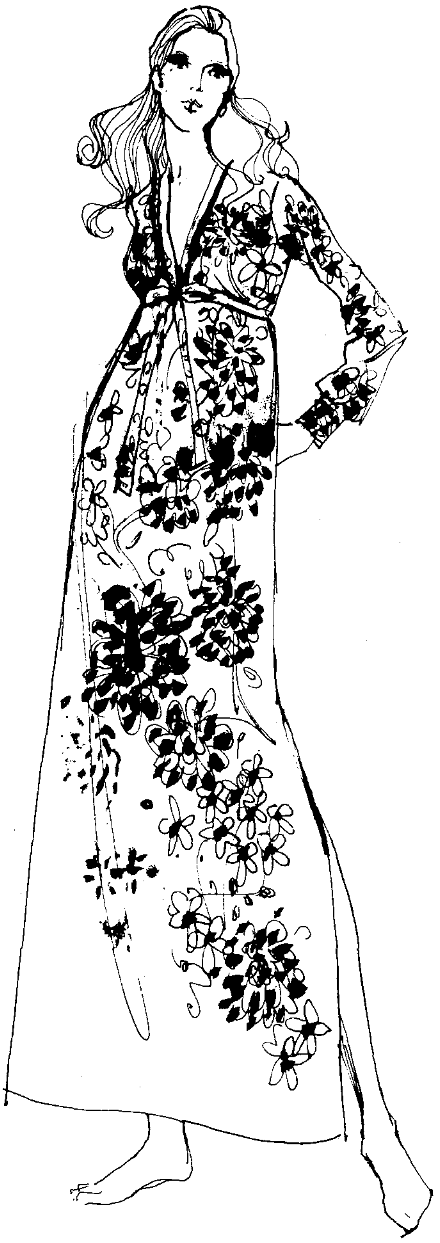

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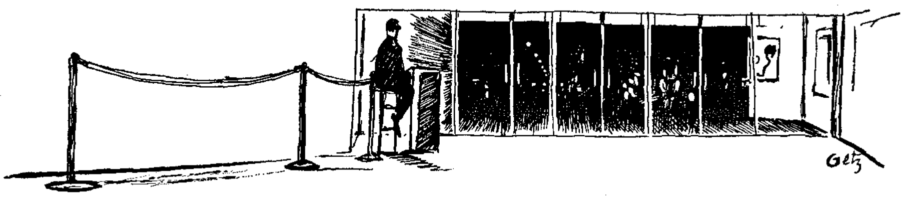

two other parts, like the films in Satyajit Ray's Apu trilogy. The robustness, the sense of domestic life, the feeling for lives mixing and moving on are intensely Slavic. In Russian. (Thalia; April 26-27.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful; the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Lincoln Art.)

A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Cinema I.)

Colossus: The Forbin Project (1970)—A rather parochial science-fiction story about a world crisis over a private contest between two powerful computers, one American (called Colossus), one Russian. The Russian one is academically behind. This is a very patriotic film. (Garrick; April 25-27.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden last August. (Coronet.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; April 19.)

Cool Breeze—A black version of the familiar white man's thriller about a jewel robbery that comes undone through the frailties of the thieves. (But key figures in the setup—including the producer, Gene Corman, and the writer-director, Barry Pollack—are white men, as ever.) The prevailing note is bitten with irony, and the best performances are the sad ones, not the many griping ones that have to cope with speeches about identity. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Copacabana (1947)—With Carmen Miranda and Groucho Marx, directed by Alfred E. Green. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 22.)

The Culpepper Cattle Co.—With Gary Grimes, directed by Dick Richards. (Fine Arts.)

Dementia (1955)—Of and for schizophrenics. Directed by John Parker. (Elgin; starting April 24.)

Diamonds Are Forever—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Symphony; through April 25.)

La Dolce Vita (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly, his cast is splendid. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; April 20-23.)

Earth (1930)—The specific subject is collectivization, but Dovzhenko's masterwork is a passionate lyric on the continuity of man, death, and nature. The theme is perhaps most startlingly expressed in a sequence about a man who has just celebrated the arrival of a tractor. He starts to dance—for sheer love of life—on his way home, and as he dances in the middle of the moonlit road he is suddenly struck by a bullet. (Voted as among the ten greatest films of all time by an international group of critics.) (Thalia; April 21-23.)

Elvis: That's the Way It Is—Elvis in Las Vegas. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 27.)

The End of St. Petersburg (1927)—The Russian Revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the Revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (Thalia; April 24-25.)

The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Thalia; April 24-25.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Garrick; April 21-24.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Gramercy, Juliet 2, Waverly, and Little Carnegie.)

A Full Life (1962)—Directed by Susumu Hani. In Japanese. (New Yorker; starting April 24.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Plaza.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Tower East, Orpheum, and Loews Ciné.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Bijou Cinema. No performances on Sunday, April 23.)

Groupies (1970)—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 27.)

Gumshoe—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad of an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-send-up, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably rather prefers his other life as a comic in workingmen's clubs. Billie Whitelaw is his sister-in-law, married to Finney's brother (Frank Finlay), who is gunrunning to South Africa and Rhodesia. Good and sweetly ammunitionless repartee. (Columbia II.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (86th St. East and Cinema Studio; through April 25.)

The Hot Rock—A cheerful caper movie, set around New York City. The dialogue is

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often painfully hip-cute, but the actors manage to be funny anyway. Ron Leibman plays a demonic getaway driver, George Segal is a panicky lock picker, Paul Sand is a spaced-out bomb wizard, and Robert Redford is the straight-man leader of the gang. Peter Yates directed, from William Goldman's screenplay. (Greenwich; through April 25, tentative.)

The Idiot (1947)—The young Gérard Philipe is an extraordinarily sensitive Prince Myshkin, and Edwige Feuillère, that remarkable mistress of the language of gesture, is a spectacular Nastasya in this emotional, surprisingly effective version of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Elgin; through April 23.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Caserès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Thalia; April 21-23.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons and Henry Fonda in a musical, dreaming all too much and delivering not a great deal. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 23-25.)

In the Good Old Summer Time (1949)—Judy Garland and Van Johnson in Technicolor and a mood of determined funniness; a remake of "The Shop Around the Corner," which had James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan, and not up to it. Judy Garland is Van Johnson's pen pal, and they spend a lot of time joke-bickering before they realize they are in love. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through April 22.)

Is There Sex After Death?—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Regency; starting April 26.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Garrick; April 21-24.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (72nd St. Playhouse; through April 25.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (St. Marks Cinema; April 24-26.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (34th St. East, Columbia I, 8th St. Playhouse, and Playboy.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society: the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Thalia; through April 20.)

Loot—From the late Joe Orton's dark-tinctured farce involving the Catholic Church and a trippingly pretty nurse (Lee Remick here), directed by Silvio Narizzano. The tone is very pert and know-all, partly because of the over-breezy direction but perhaps also because Orton belonged essentially to the theatre. Yet there are some funny one-liners. (Baronet.)

Lot in Sodom (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Elgin; starting April 24.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Garrick; through April 20.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese tenement in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The setting is a lodging house; the inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Thalia; April 26-27.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Directed by Pierre Adidge. Noisy but jolly film about the American tour of Joe Cocker, the English rock star, accompanied by hordes of family, friends, and a dog. Lots of split-screen stuff and some amiable *cinéma vérité* of the dog eating hamburger on a jet. (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 27.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Symphony; starting April 26.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't take root. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Art, 86th St. East, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 26.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields is Commodore Jackson, an unemployable-looking boss of a riverboat, tie and collar wrenched by sex-crazed girls but the lettering "CAPTAIN" firmly on his cap. Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, Gail Patrick. The grumpy commodore cheerfully exploits Bing Crosby, whom he calls "the singing killer." Score by Rodgers and Hart. Don't miss. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 26.)

My Uncle Antoine—With Jacques Gagnon, directed by Claude Jutra. In French. (Paris.)

Nicholas and Alexandra—As obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might reward the producer with a command performance. Viewers are put in the position of celebrity-lovers eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars. Nicholas and Alexandra were two dunces sitting on a volcano, and the solemnly square movie is more interested in the dunces than in the volcano. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, but without the sweeping command of large-scale visual imagery he has had in the past. (Criterion.)

The Omega Man—Sci-fi. Charlton Heston is the last man alive. If this were the last film alive we wouldn't advise it. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 25.)

Personals—Directed by Armand Weston and Howard Winters. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting April 26.)

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—For children, but even more for us. The Royal Ballet's halcyon transposition of Miss Potter's stories into dance. We are in Cumberland. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like glass that support flotillas of squirrels on homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Guild.)

Pocket Money—With Paul Newman and Lee Marvin, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (U. A. East and Festival.)

The Policeman—In Hebrew. (Cinema II.)

Privilege (1967)—A bad dream of England in the near future, ruled by a pop-singer Savior who is the puppet of a scared, near-Fascist government and a weak Church. The best of the film is Peter Watkins' eye for the human detail of sycophancy and suppressed hysteria. Beautifully photographed by Peter Suschitsky. (Garrick; through April 20.)

Puppet on a Chain—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting April 21.)

The Puritan (1938)—The very young Jean-Louis Barrault in a film by Jeff Musso, from a Liam O'Flaherty story, that outraged the censors of the time. Barrault plays a reporter, both maddened and pious, who commits a murder out of prudishness and then writes a story about it that suggests the calamity was due to holy wrath about sin. The film is concerned with self-deception; the knife blade of puritanism switches back on itself. Pungent movie, to be seen. In French. (Elgin; through April 23.)

Ryan's Daughter (1970)—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Juliet 1; through April 25.)

Salome (1922)—One of the true curiosities of film history. Rudolph Valentino's wife, the designer Natacha Rambova (she designed her own name, also), loved Aubrey Beardsley's drawings. She arranged to make this film with Alla Nazimova in the lead and Charles Bryant directing, and she did the décor and costumes based on Beardsley's drawings. The bizarre results are undramatic and boring, and yet often fascinating. Nazimova, one of the greatest actresses of her time, shows almost nothing of her talent here. She has a surprisingly boyish figure in the outré garments, and throughout much of the film her hair seems to be covered with ball fringe. The movie looks better in stills than when one actually sees it, but a folly like this should probably be experienced. (Elgin; starting April 24.)

The Sicilian Clan (1970)—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Regency; through April 25.)

Silent Running—A cheery robot film with the soul of an editorial, about a scientist (Bruce Dern) hipped on defoliation. He cruises around space in one of three conservationist spaceships that act as the last greenhouses of the Earthmen within. The robots aboard are sweet-natured, and they play a fine game of poker, but the film is a bit less entertaining and majestic that it promises to be. Directed by Douglas Trumbull, who worked on Kubrick's "2001." (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; through April 25.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Sutton.)

The Sorrow and the Pity—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. *Four and a half* hours. (Beekman.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; April 19.)

Summer of '42 (1971)—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (72nd St. Playhouse; through April 25.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from

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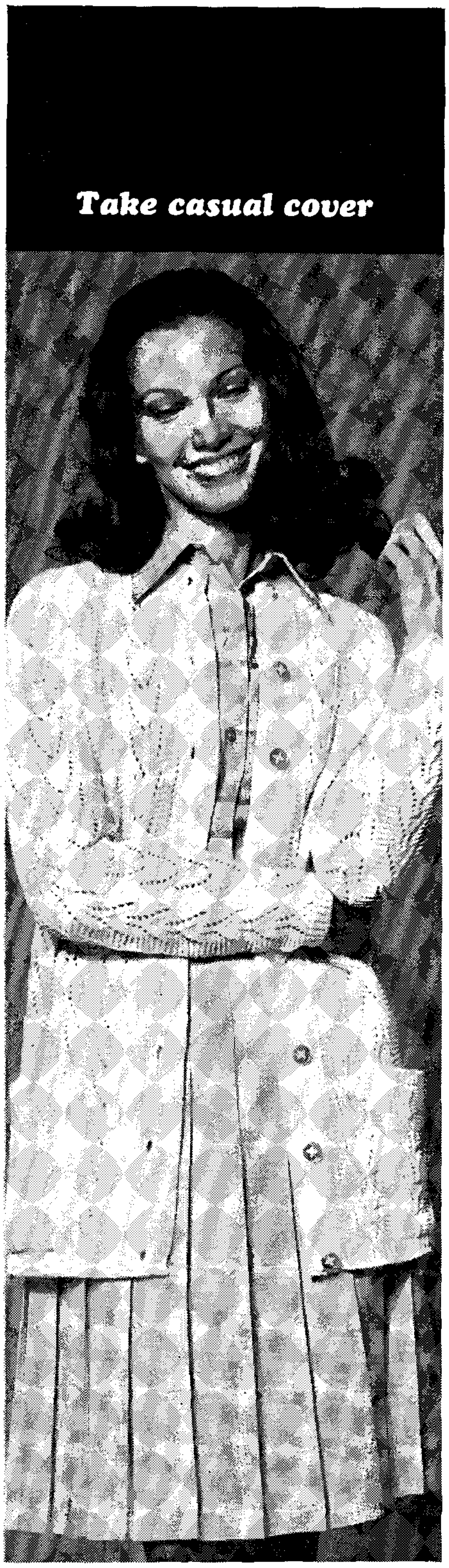

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a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Symphony; starting April 26.)

Ten Days' Wonder—With Orson Welles and Anthony Perkins, directed by Claude Chabrol. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting April 26.)

The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Symphony; through April 25.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (St. Marks Cinema; April 24-26.)

THX 1138 (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 25.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (New Yorker.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (St. Marks Cinema; April 24-26.)

Tomorrow—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (68th St. Playhouse.)

El Topo—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—as head comics. (Art; through April 25.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Olympia; through April 25.)

What's Up, Doc?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Cary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Music Hall.)

Women in Revolt—Three transvestites (Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, Jackie Curtis) in a porno-burlesque of women's liberation. It sounds like fun, but it isn't. The subject is really the junk fantasies of Andy Warhol's "super-stars," and Warhol keeps the camera glued to the pimples on the performers' rumps and thighs. (Olympia; through April 25.)

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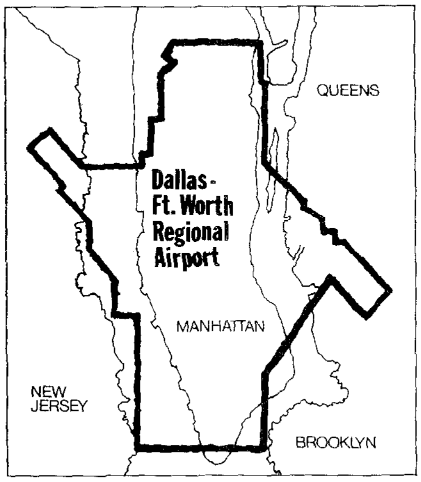

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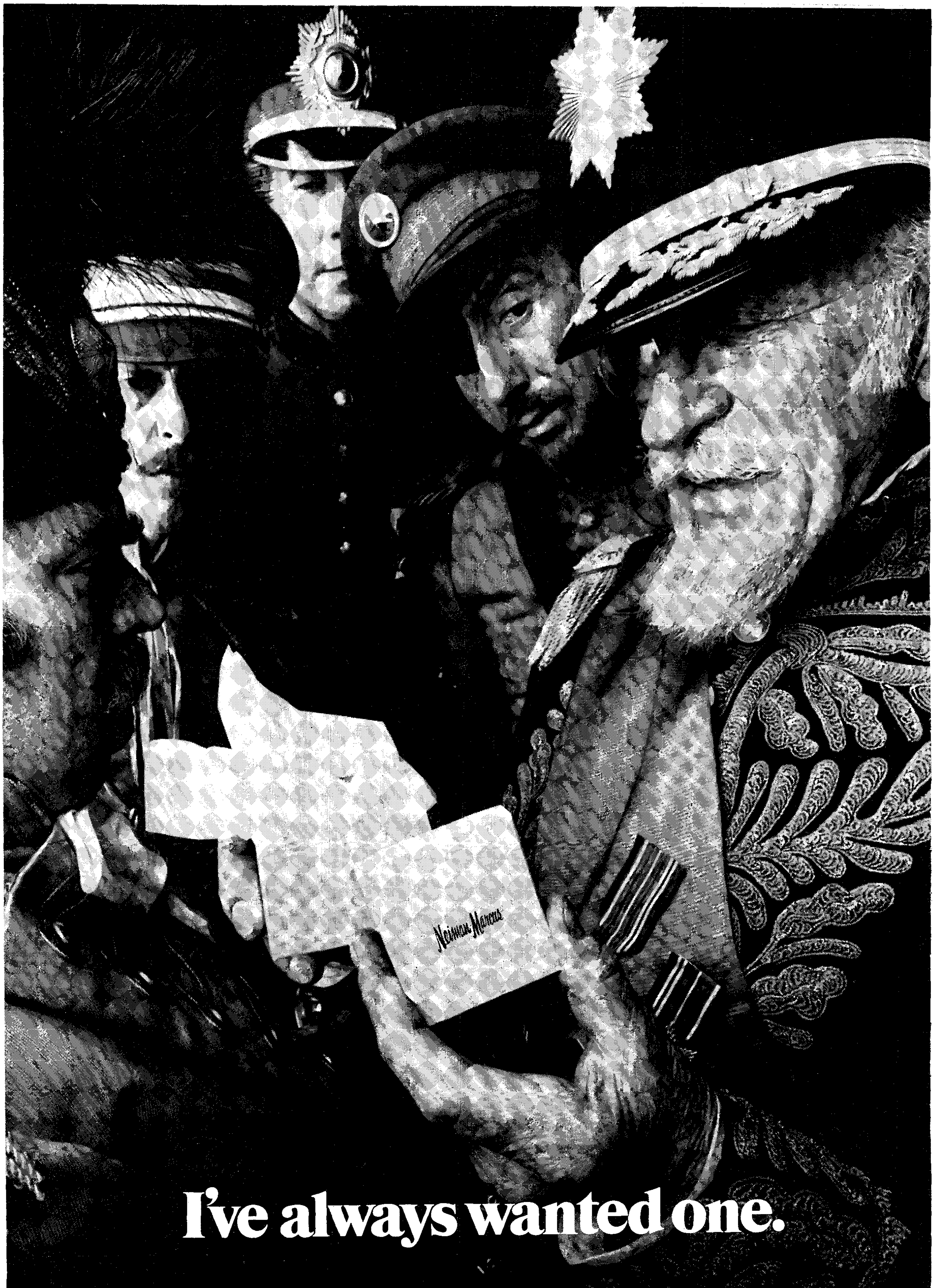
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR current bombing campaign in Indo-China is something new in the history of warfare. The Nazis' and Fascist Italians' bombing in support of Franco's forces in the Spanish Civil War—the campaign that lifted the curtain on the age of modern aerial warfare—is the only other instance of a great power's supporting one side in a civil war almost exclusively through bombing. But the present American campaign is really in a class by itself, if only because of its magnitude: our air force over Indo-China is the most powerful ever assembled in a single theatre of war, and the Indo-China theatre is a small one. Moreover, this latest form of intervention in the Indo-China war represents a culmination of our century's tendency toward mechanized killing. In this campaign, the growing American official indifference to human life has come close to perfection, outstripping our performance during the massacres in Bengal, when we were only mute observers and indirect supporters of the killing, rather than mute perpetrators. Nearly all the flaws have been eliminated from the warmaking process. The government has made the invaluable discovery that an air force will go on fighting long after ground troops have balked, especially when there is virtually no opposing air force in the sky. Changes in the way our political system works have removed the public and the Congress from participation. Initially, they, along with the ground troops, were given the role of supporting the war effort, but they were found to be defective elements in the war machine, and were shut out. Newsmen, too, have been shut out, in part because in the massive, indiscriminate bombing of large areas *no one* knows where the bombs are going or whom they are falling on—they simply drop out of sight. And even such meagre information as the officials do have they now withhold, under the pretense of maintaining security. Our new strategy has done away with one of the most fundamental restraints on warmaking. It used to be that those who would kill also had to be ready to die. Even large armies facing small armies knew this and felt it, and, by extension, the societies they belonged to knew it and felt it. There was a feeling of equality in the face of death in wartime which touched both sides and formed the basis for whatever codes of honor have appeared in war. Sometimes, indeed, it formed the basis for paradoxical expressions of brotherhood between opposing armies, such as have regularly appeared in the history of war. The nearness and sureness of death gave war its solemnity, its feeling of great weight for an army or a people. It could not be undertaken casually—not for very long, anyway. But the present policy aims precisely at making the waging of war casual and acceptable. It confronts the innocent and the supposed foe alike with an army of machines, and rests on the assumption that although we don't like to die we don't mind killing. The war that this country's government is waging now is war trivialized. Never has a nation unleashed so much violence with so little risk to itself. It is the government's way of waging war without the support of its own people, and involves us all in the dishonor of killing in a cause we are no longer willing to die for.

Studies

ON a recent Tuesday evening, we spent an hour in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria listening to graduate students, lecturers, professors, and an assortment of scholars and specialists unwind from a day's work. It was the end of the second day of the twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Association for Asian Studies—with headquarters in Ann Arbor—and more than half of the two thousand conferees were relaxing at a reception after spending the day in such seminars as "The Emperor's New Clothes: Symposium on Interpreting the Meiji Restoration," "Continuity and Change in Princely India," "Lu Hsun: The Man, the Artist, and His Ambiguities," "Judicial Conscience in Modern Japan," "Wang Yang-Ming (1472-1529): In Commemoration of the 500th Anniversary of His Birth," and "Yogācāra Buddhism."

When we got there, at about five-thirty, the ballroom was teeming with white Americans (who were easily in the majority), a handful of black Americans, and a liberal sprinkling of Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Japanese, Indians, Burmese, and other Asians. At the center of the large stage that is a fixture of the ballroom was an elfin young Japanese lady—Fusako Yoshida, we learned—plucking classical Japanese music from a long stringed instrument, whose ends were resting on wooden horses covered with red cloth. There was nothing on the stage but Miss Yoshida and her instrument. She had on a sea-green kimono with a broad gold-colored obi; her hair was piled high in what looked like a spiral of buns; and her feet were shod in a pair of wooden clogs. Miss Yoshida was treated as a pleasant background to the evening, her music competing with the babble of chatter, though in her demureness, the delicacy of the sounds she brought from the instrument, and the economy of her physical stature she quite dominated the stage.

So as not to look too much a stranger in all this Far Eastern atmosphere, we went over to a bar, bought a bourbon-and-water, and, glass in hand, walked around, either listening to what people were saying or talking to them ourself. The first man we went up to was a short, middle-aged American who was sitting at a table in the vicinity of the stage, seemingly engrossed in the music. He was a Bostonian, he told us, who had studied at the University of Wisconsin and was now a professor in East-West relations at Cheyney State College, in Pennsylvania.

"What instrument is that?" we asked.

"A koto," he replied. "It belongs to a large family of traditional Japanese stringed instruments, one of which is the samisen—considerably smaller."

"Good music," we observed.

"Exquisite," he replied. "You know, I adore Orientals, feel very much at home in their company, and am just as fond of their culture. I even took up karate. Not to use it, mind you—or, at least, I hope I'll never have to—but to keep in touch with the Oriental spirit and sensibility."

We told the professor that the meeting seemed remarkably well attended and asked him what had brought so many people out.

"All sorts of things," he said. "There are some people here looking for jobs, some looking to change jobs, some looking for intellectual rejuvenation, some just looking for old friends, and some, like me, hoping to meet scholars whose work we've admired. You might even find people from the federal government here. Take the C.I.A.—they have an interest in what goes on here."

"*Scholarly?*" we asked.

"Sure, scholarly—why not? Some of my best friends are in the C.I.A."

At this point, seeking to broaden our acquaintance, we turned to a man standing nearby, who may or may not have overheard the conversation. We hadn't broadened things very much, it turned out, for there on the man's lapel badge, along with his name, was the designation "C.I.A." A tall, white-haired man in his early fifties, he was wearing a black suit and a narrow, red-and-gray striped tie, and under tortoiseshell glasses was the gentlest pair of eyes we had seen that day. We asked him what he did for the C.I.A., and he said he was a China-studies specialist, doing research and analysis in the Agency's geography department. He had been there since the end of the Second World War, after he came back from New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan, where he had served in the armed forces.

"What is the C.I.A.'s interest in this meeting?" we asked.

"This is where you find the best minds in Asian studies," he replied. "They are my brethren. From time to time, we have to get in touch with them to find out what the new frontiers in research are. In our business, accuracy is the name of the game. We can't afford not to keep up with what's going on."

We said "Fair enough," thanked him, and moved on.

Sauntering in the direction of Miss Yoshida, who, we had noticed, was taking a breather at a table near the stage, we passed two happy-go-lucky-looking young men in crumpled sports jackets, battered old suède boots, and collars open at the neck—a uniform identifying them as graduate students. "Why are all the attractive girls in South Asian studies?" one of the young men said. The other laughed before he answered, and we didn't wait to hear what he said.

Next, we overheard a fragment of another conversation, among a nearby foursome consisting of a Japanese, an Indian, and two white Americans. One of the Americans was saying, "Did you see all those professors running around with their bright graduate students in tow? I hear the job pickings are slim this year. In fact, they seem to be getting slimmer every year. A few years ago, there was a great demand for Asian scholars, but apparently that was in anticipation of the postwar baby boom, and the boom has trailed off now, leaving smaller classes and a surplus of Asian-studies teachers."

Miss Yoshida smiled modestly at us when we arrived at her table and introduced ourself. She seemed to be in her early thirties, and her mouth and eyes were lovely and expressive. She told us she was not in Asian Studies but was appearing at the reception under the auspices of the Japan Society. We asked what she had been playing, and she said, "A number of modern and traditional Japanese pieces." She handed us the program of a recital she had given at Carnegie Hall last November, along with Sumiko Murashima, a young Japanese soprano. Most of the pieces she was playing at the reception were on the program, she said.

We chatted next with a tall, bespectacled, clerical-looking man, who, indeed, turned out to be a Presbyterian minister, and also the Southeast Asia specialist at Illinois College, in Jacksonville. He had returned a while ago from Chiang Mai, Thailand, where, he said, he had done community-development work for more than twenty years. We asked him what had brought him back to the States after a lifetime in the East.

"Success," he said. "I worked myself out of a job."

"Is that success?" we asked.

"For me it is," he replied. "As a foreigner in community-development work, you are not doing very well if the local people can't get along without you after a reasonable time. You are expected to train them to the point where they will literally take over your job."

We headed for an exit, slowing down to follow a conversation between a couple walking alongside us—a smiling, open-faced Chinese girl and a short white American with a toothbrush mustache and a pair of granny glasses.

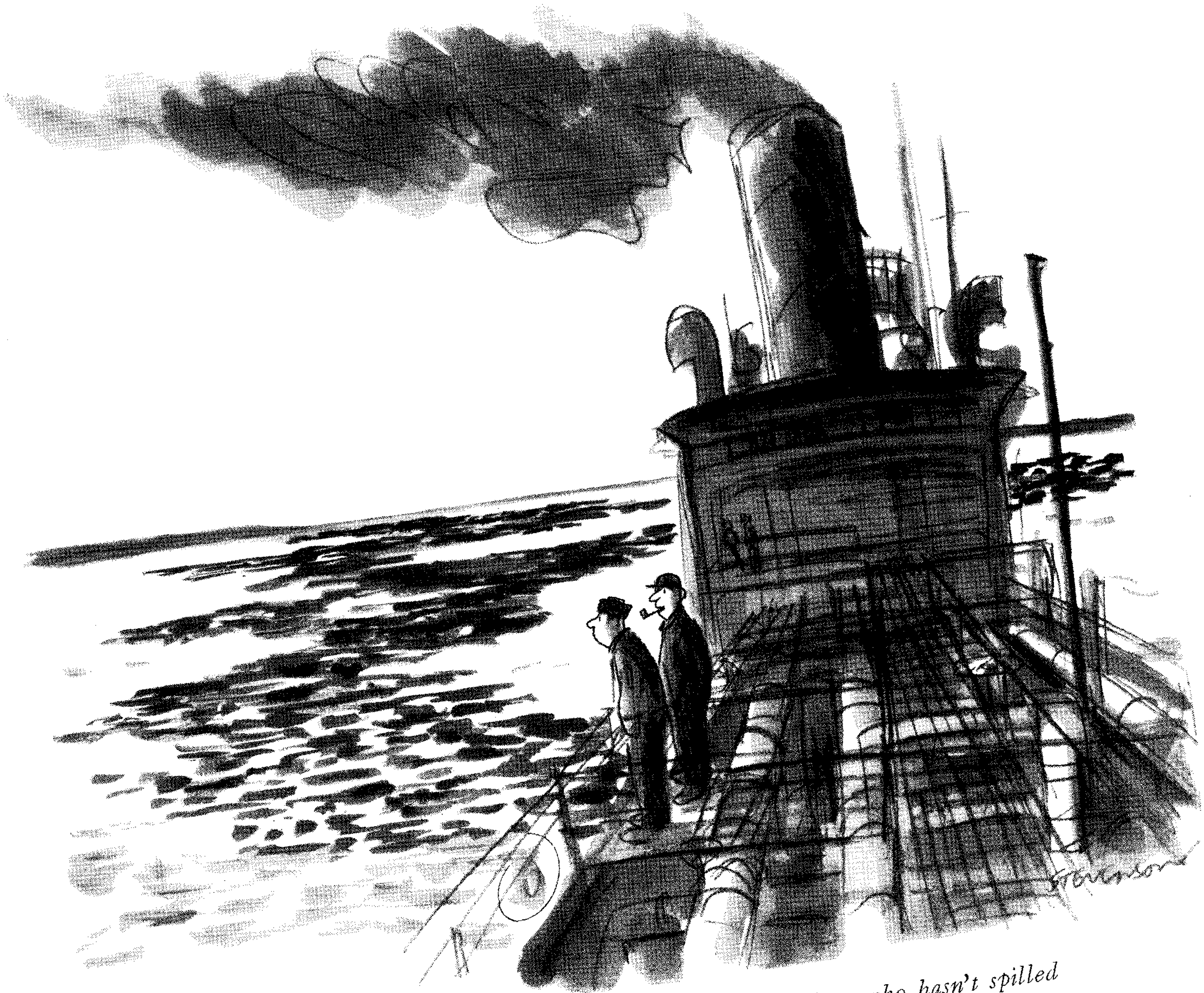
"I've about had it," the man said to the girl. "The first day was great, but around about now I just want to go home. I'm tired of running around talking to people."

"Ah," the girl said, smiling. "You miss your wife, perhaps?"

"No, I don't miss my wife," he replied. "As a matter of fact, my books are what I miss. I'm dying to get back to them."

Man Here Claims He's Happy

Monti Rock, the hairdresser, singer, and television personality, is thought of by his closest friends as the outstanding phony of our time. Monti agrees with this estimate of himself, and goes even further—he believes that he invented the nineteen-sixties. For our part, we think of Monti as a symbol of an indefinable something that was loose in the land in the mid-sixties, and as the purest living example of what Daniel Boorstin has called "the human pseudo-event": the man who is known for his well-knownness. Monti achieved well-knownness—in New York, at least—in about 1964, when he was a hairdresser at Saks. His creations were in all the fashion magazines in those days. His customers were rich and beautiful, and he himself was outrageously elegant, with his shoulder-length hair, his see-through voile shirts,



"Now, don't you fret, Winkler. There isn't one of us who hasn't spilled a few thousand gallons at one time or another."

his velvet and brocade suits, his jewelry, his mauve scarf, and his feather boa. Monti was conspicuously present at the best parties, and his name was mentioned frequently in the gossip and fashion columns. For a typical example, Charles McHarry reported one morning in his column in the *News*, "Monti Rock's argument with Countess Mirella Fontana shocked even the Long Island mod set. Among other unpleasantries, Monti tore off his earring and threw it at her." Despite such gratifying attention, Monti eventually decided that his vivaciousness required a broader scope than the hair world could provide, so he hired a press agent and announced that he was a singer. The times were such that he enjoyed extremely successful engagements at Basin Street East, Trude Heller's, and Cheetah, and at other clubs across the country. The reviewers agreed that Monti had something special, but they weren't sure just what it was. The mysterious nature of the star's talent did not prevent him from going on to make records and movies, or from becoming a regular guest on the network-television talk shows.

In the seventies, Monti has continued to work some clubs and has remained a talk-show favorite, but he has not really prospered. Though we were aware of the lull in his career, we were surprised to learn recently that he was leaving the city—his home town, his natural habitat, the media capital, the only place on earth that could have produced a Monti Rock—for Los Angeles. We went by to see Monti last week, at his apartment, on East Fifty-eighth Street, for a first-hand report on the move. We found the living legend, as he refers to himself, dressed casually in bluejeans and a V-neck sweater and wearing his hair in a short cut. He informed us that long hair had been finished for at least two years.

The apartment was in disarray, and Monti explained that he had just held a combination party and furniture sale. "I sold those tables over there, I sold the canvas chairs, I sold the piano. My eight-by-ten glossies are going for twenty cents apiece, autographed. With a Magic Marker. All I'm taking with me to California are my portraits of myself, and my ego, which is the biggest thing I have to offer."

We asked Monti why he was leaving town.

"Because I've decided that my future is in television, and all the television is on the Coast," he replied. "Even the 'Tonight Show' is moving out there. When I heard that Carson was going, that was it. I'm very excited about this move. I want to launch a new society in California. California needs somebody like me. New York has abused me. It has abused my stardom, my friendship, and my wonderful sense of humor. So I feel it's time for me to go to California, where they're wet and tired, and bring them good tidings. I think I can create fan*tas*tic stimulation on the Coast with my insanity and my chaos. I was put on this earth to create chaos, but it's got so very chaotic for me that my chaos is not working here. Also, there are too many people here. You see, there's always a busload of new people arriving here, trying to become stars. And I have to, like, hit them with my umbrella and everything. 'Get away from my *door*.' At the rate they are arriving here, I must split and give them room. There are too many people coming here with a new song to be sung, and I don't have the time to sing it. Now, if I was gonna do theatre and be on Broadway, this would be a great place to live. But I don't *wanna* do theatre. I think it's very confining to do the same lines every night. Like 'I *want* to stay heah.' 'I want to *stay* heah.' 'I want to stay *heah*.' I want to live my life on television."

Monti went on to say that some friends were giving him a farewell benefit party on April 28th at the Roosevelt Grill. "I'm already gassed out by the thought of this party," Monti said. "By the thought of leaving here with my diamonds and saying, 'All right, New York, I've given you the right to dress well, I've given you the right to copy me, and now you're sending me to Hollywood—your little Monti, from the Bronx—to represent you in the contest of stars, and to prepare a place for you, so you'll have a place to stay when you visit.' Everyone who makes a donation will get a receipt. I tell you, my performance at this party should be a classic. I'm gonna give one of those speeches that I've always been dying to give. I've always had a speech like, you know, when you win the Academy Award. There should be tears in my eyes. And someone should give me a dozen roses." Monti burst into up-tempo song, in a quivering voice: "Hoo-ray for *Hah*-llywood . . ."

We asked Monti to tell us about the sixties and about his hair career.

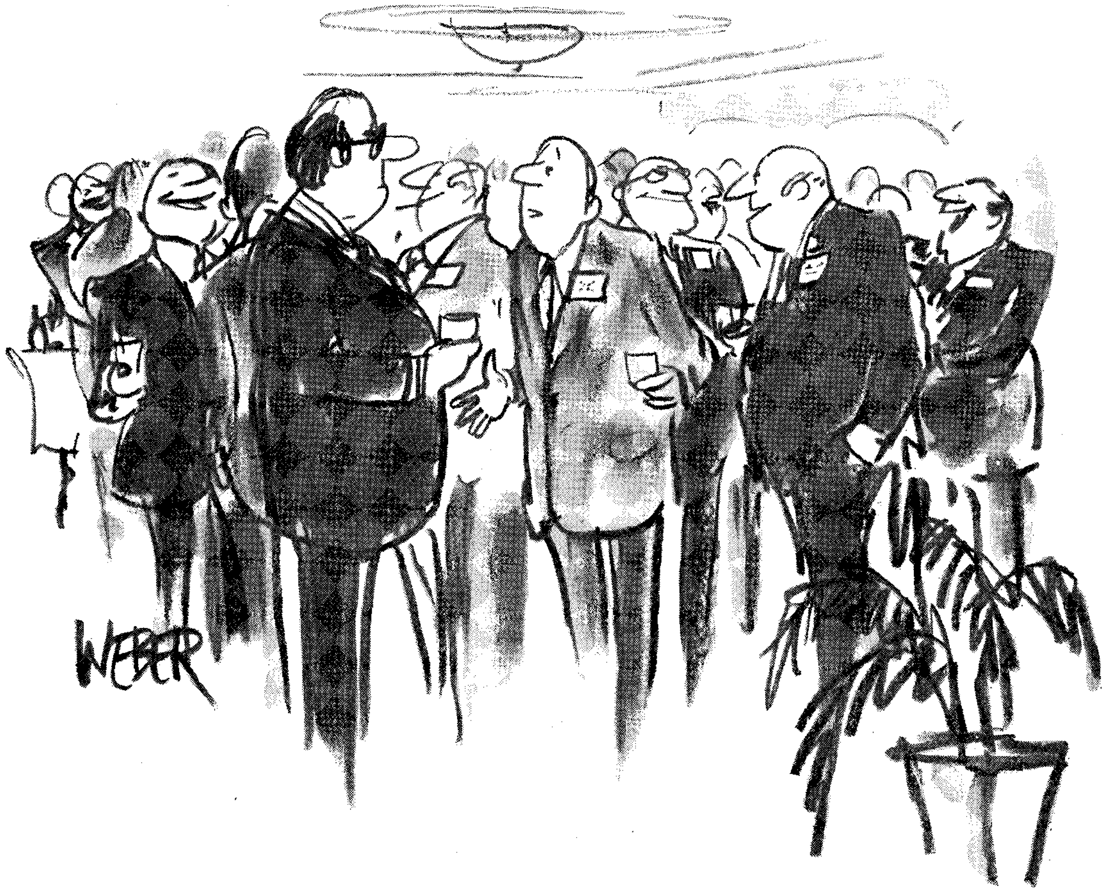
"The sixties were incredible years, because there were only seven hairdressers," Monti said. "Kenneth; Caruso; Michel Kazan; Mr. Enny; Alexandre, in Paris; the Carita sisters, in Paris; and the rebel with a comb, yours truly, Monti Rock. I was talented, I was daring, I was creative. I never wanted to be ordinary, no matter what I did. I had a beautiful apartment, I gave parties, I wore my hair in a bun, I did fabulous women. In those days, there was an art to hair. People wanted to look glamorous. But then the blower came out, and then Vidal Sassoon chopped everyone's hair off, and now the hairdressers themselves are selling wigs. They've destroyed the business. The sixties were an incredible era. It was *the* era. An era that cannot be replaced. It was *happening* here. It was a bunch of crap, but it was also fantastic. And I created it."

"You created it?" we said. "Didn't the Beatles have something to do with it—with the hair and the music?"

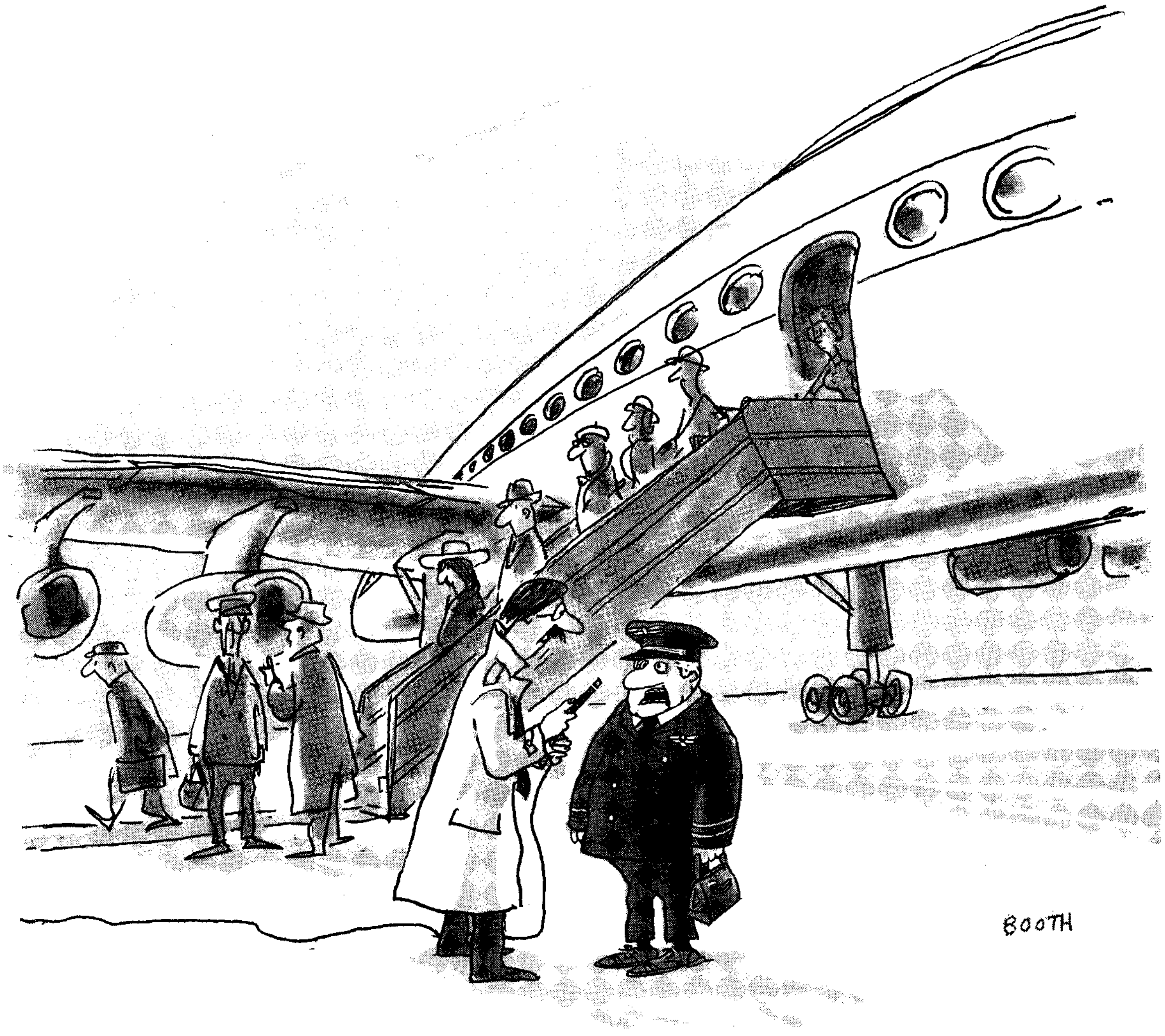
"The Beatles came after," Monti replied. "They were boys in little black suits and short hair. I had hair down to here. And I'm American. I didn't come across the ocean. I was already an established American freak. People were scared in those days. They put me down for how I dressed, and now they're all dressing like that and wearing their hair long. I was the first one to wear long hair. I was the first to wear jewelry. First to make an entrance into a room. I'm the originator of costume. I'm the originator of honesty. I'm the first honest phony. I'm the phony that created life for the rest of the people. I gave them a license to be freaks."

Changing the subject abruptly, Monti began a long, cheerful, profane discussion of some old friends, people who were members of what used to be called the jet set: "Miss Full of Crap of 1965 . . . Mr. Too Late of 1966 . . . Miss Nothing Nothing-Nothing of 1967 . . . Winner of the 1965 Fat Leg Award . . . Mr. and Mrs. Copycat of 1968 . . ."

We turned the conversation back to Monti himself, and he said, "Maybe this *is* a sick society, as some people say. I think I've proved it, because I've made it in this society. I'm a legend who has not done anything. What am I known for? I have not done *any*thing, but the public has bought me. They buy me for changing myself. I don't let myself get boring. I do my hair blond. I make incredible speeches about the war. I have definite opinions about life. I am totally involved with any movement that pertains to *me*. I'm not involved with any movement that pertains to society. *I'm* society. I'm an island unto myself. And



"Hi. I'm Herb Armstrong. Uncertainty is my thing."



“Some nut shot at the piano player, but that seemed to be unconnected with the hijacking.”

• •

all the television viewers at home are islands unto themselves. So they identify with the fact that I’m talking about *me*, myself, and I. ‘Dig yourself.’ I created that statement. Love yourself. If it’s only for a minute a day. Have that moment of silence. Bow unto oneself. So you can all just reflect on yourselves. That’s all I preach.”

We asked Monti how he would explain who he is to someone who had never heard of him.

“You mean briefly, like ‘I’m a lawyer’ or ‘I’m a dancer’?”

“Yes.”

“I would tell them, ‘I am a world-famous personality.’ ‘Personality’ covers many facets of a person. I don’t even consider myself an entertainer. I consider myself a personality.”

“But you sing,” we said.

“Because a personality *has* to sing,” Monti said. “You have to sing when you’re glamorous. You know, I’m a very glamorous guy. I’m not Liberace. Liberace is ridiculous. He doesn’t have a low voice. He smiles too much. I happen to be a great entertainer onstage, but I let my personality work for me. The big stars understand that, and like me. The smaller ones don’t. They’re used to the word ‘talent.’ They’re used to trying to sing good or something. But talent is very limited. It’s too studied. You can’t identify with it. It gets to be boring. It’s a little too heavy.”

“You’re not interested in someone who’s merely a good singer?” we asked.

“Frank Sinatra,” Monti said emphatically. “But Sinatra has talent *and* personality. He’s Number One, tops, all the way around. He’s the kingpin. Next is Barbra Streisand.”

“Who else?” we asked.

“Nobody,” Monti said. “Just those two. The rest of them are full of crap. They’re all copycats.”

We asked Monti if there weren’t any rock performers he admired.

“Not one,” he said. “They’re all plastic. They all get too high. They don’t dress right. They don’t look good. They look like pigs. They’re not on television as much as I am. They don’t smell good. They all wear fringes too late. Their hair long too late. They smoke too much pot. Too late, too late. They all hang out in a clique called the Too Late Clique. No, I don’t like them. They’re in bad taste.”

“What about their music?” we asked.

“Look, I could praise the Beatles. But I don’t want to, because they bore me. They annoy me, too. They make their money out of the United States and then they put us down. I don’t dig John Lennon, or his wife, either. These people are playing games. They talk revolution this and Socialism that, and they have millions of dollars. They have a Rolls waiting outside. And they’re gonna advise kids about stuff they don’t know anything about? You can play lots of games when you have millions of dollars.”

We said that we were a little surprised by Monti’s enthusiasm for Sinatra.

“You mean the decade thing, right?” Monti said. “Forties, fifties, sixties, and I’m a sixties person. Well, I don’t care about those categories. It happens that Sinatra is a great singer, a great actor, and a great man. Someone who’s a man and stands up for his rights. And Streisand is someone who’s made the business bow to her and has remained herself. They’re both fabulous. Now, it’s true that I’m a creature of the sixties. But I had to climb out of all that. I could’ve kept going to the right parties. Going to Acapulco. Going to East Hampton. And talking with that accent.” Monti pursed his lips. “Hillew, dahling. Dewing thit whool noomber. But that takes a lot of energy—going to people’s houses, going swimming, going to dinner parties. It takes a lot of *time* to be phony. It’s a career in itself. But I’m not chic anymore. I’m now a star of the masses. And I find that I’m happy and that my life is totally wonderful.”

A CITY OF CHURCHES

"YES," Mr. Phillips said, "ours is a city of churches all right."

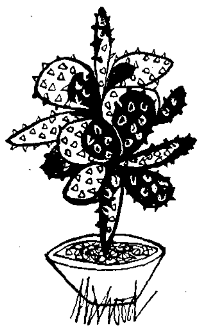
Cecelia nodded, following his pointing hand. Both sides of the street were solidly lined with churches, standing shoulder to shoulder in a variety of architectural styles. The Bethel Baptist stood next to the Holy Messiah Free Baptist, St. Paul's Episcopal next to Grace Evangelical Covenant. Then came the First Christian Science, the Church of God, All Souls, Our Lady of Victory, the Society of Friends, the Assembly of God, and the Church of the Holy Apostles. The spires and steeples of the traditional buildings were jammed in next to the broad imaginative flights of the "contemporary" designs.

"Everyone here takes a great interest in church matters," Mr. Phillips said.

Will I fit in, Cecelia wondered. She had come to Prester to open a branch office of a car-rental concern.

"I'm not especially religious," she said to Mr. Phillips, who was in the real-estate business.

"Not *now*," he answered. "Not *yet*. But we have many fine young people here. You'll get integrated into the community soon enough. The immediate problem is, where are you to live? Most people," he said, "live in the church of their choice. All of our churches have many extra rooms. I have a few belfry apartments that I can show you. What price range were you thinking of?"



They turned a corner and were confronted with more churches. They passed St. Luke's, the Church of the Epiphany, All Saints Ukrainian Orthodox, St. Clement's, Fountain Baptist, Union Congregational, St. Anargyri's, Temple Emanuel, the First Church of Christ Reformed. The mouths of all the churches were gaping open. Inside, lights could be seen dimly.

"I can go up to a hundred and ten," Cecelia said. "Do you have any buildings here that are *not* churches?"

"None," said Mr. Phillips. "Of course many of our fine church structures also do double duty as something else." He indicated a handsome Georgian façade. "That one," he said, "houses the United Methodist and the Board of Education. The one next to it, which is the Antioch Pentecostal, has the barbershop."

It was true. A red-and-white striped barber pole was attached inconspicuously to the front of the Antioch Pentecostal.

"Do many people rent cars here?" Cecelia asked. "Or would they, if there was a handy place to rent them?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Phillips. "Renting a car implies that you want to go somewhere. Most people are pretty content right here. We have a lot of activities. I don't think I'd pick the car-rental business if I was just starting out in Prester. But you'll do fine." He showed her a small, extremely modern building with a severe brick, steel, and glass front. "That's St. Barnabas. Nice bunch of people over there. Wonderful spaghetti suppers."

Cecelia could see a number of heads looking out of the windows. But when they saw that she was staring at them, the heads disappeared.

"Do you think it's healthy for so many churches to be gathered together in one place?" she asked her guide. "It doesn't seem . . . *balanced*, if you know what I mean."

"We are famous for our churches," Mr. Phillips replied. "They are harmless. Here we are now."

HE opened a door and they began climbing many flights of dusty stairs. At the end of the climb they entered a good-sized room, square, with windows on all four sides. There was a bed, a table and two chairs, lamps, a rug. Four very large brass bells hung in the exact center of the room.

"What a view!" Mr. Phillips exclaimed. "Come here and look."

"Do they actually ring these bells?" Cecelia asked.

"Three times a day," Mr. Phillips said, smiling. "Morning, noon, and night. Of course when they're rung you have to be pretty quick at getting out of the way. You get hit in the head by one of these babies and that's all she wrote."

"God Almighty," said Cecelia involuntarily. Then she said, "Nobody lives in the belfry apartments. That's why they're empty."

"You think so?" Mr. Phillips said.

"You can only rent them to new people in town," she said accusingly.

"I wouldn't do that," Mr. Phillips said. "It would go against the spirit of Christian fellowship."

"This town is a little creepy, you know that?"

"That may be, but it's not for you to say, is it? I mean, you're new here. You should walk cautiously, for a while. If you don't want an upper apartment I have a basement over at Central Presbyterian. You'd have to share it. There are two women in there now."

"I don't want to share," Cecelia said. "I want a place of my own."

"Why?" the real-estate man asked curiously. "For what purpose?"

"Purpose?" asked Cecelia. "There is no particular purpose. I just want—"

"That's not usual here. Most people live with other people. Husbands and wives. Sons with their mothers. People have roommates. That's the usual pattern."

"Still, I prefer a place of my own."

"It's very unusual."

"Do you have any such places? Besides bell towers, I mean?"

"I guess there are a few," Mr. Phillips said, with clear reluctance. "I can show you one or two, I suppose."

He paused for a moment.

"It's just that we have different values, maybe, from some of the surrounding communities," he explained. "We've been written up a lot. We had four minutes on the C.B.S. Evening News one time. Three or four years ago. 'A City of Churches,' it was called."

"Yes, a place of my own is essential," Cecelia said, "if I am to survive here."

"That's kind of a funny attitude to take," Mr. Phillips said. "What denomination are you?"

Cecelia was silent. The truth was, she wasn't anything.

"I said, what denomination are you?" Mr. Phillips repeated.

"I can will my dreams," Cecelia said. "I can dream whatever I want. If I want to dream that I'm having a good time, in Paris or some other city, all I have to do is go to sleep and I will dream that dream. I can dream whatever I want."

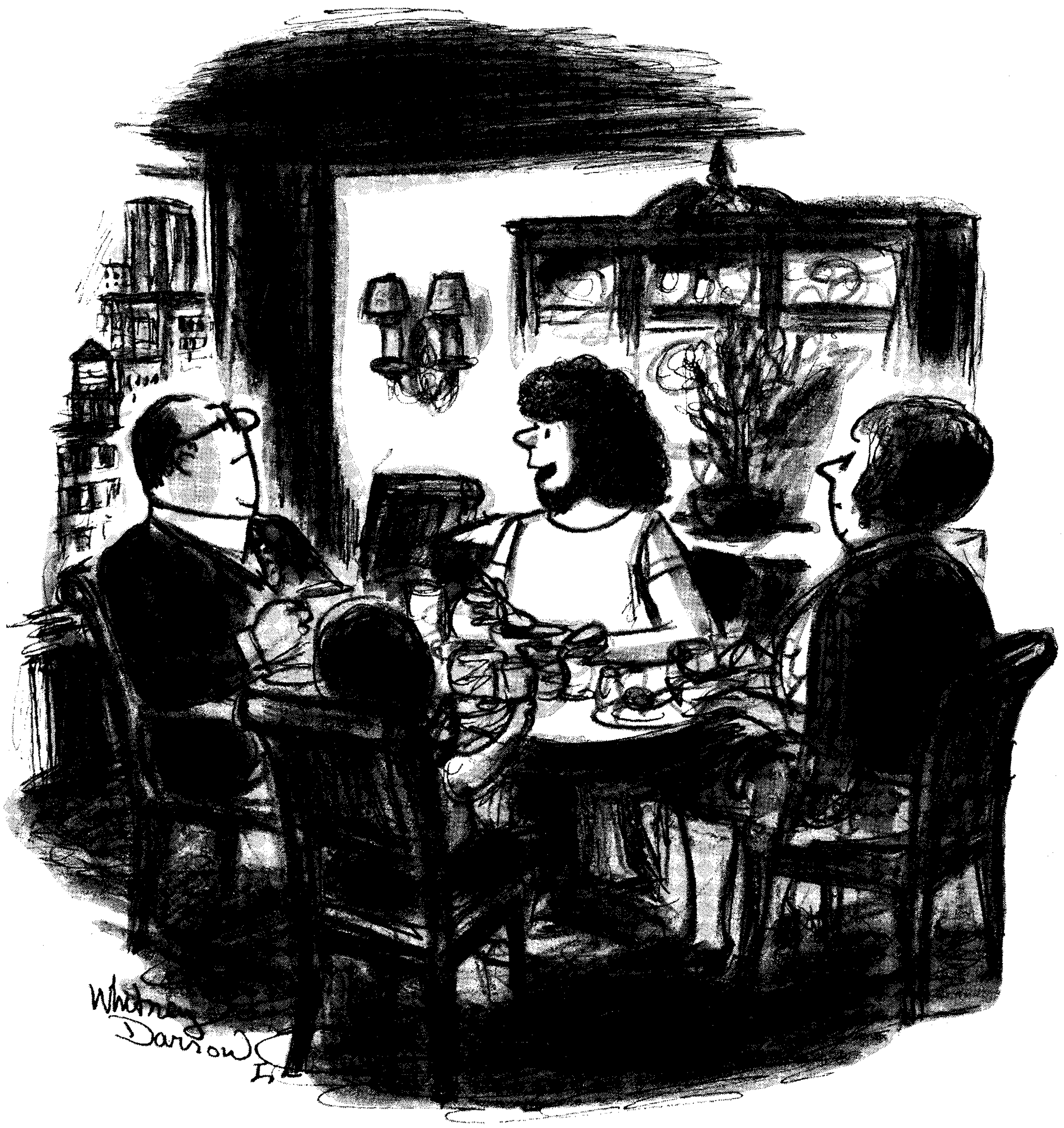
"What do you dream, then, mostly?" Mr. Phillips said, looking at her closely.

"Mostly sexual things," she said. She was not afraid of him.

"Prester is not that kind of a town," Mr. Phillips said, looking away.

THE doors of the churches were opening, on both sides of the street. Small groups of people came out and stood there, in front of the churches, gazing at Cecelia and Mr. Phillips.

A young man stepped forward and shouted, "*Everyone in this town al-*



"I've decided to run for City Council, Dad. Would you like to put up some bread?"

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ready has a car! There is no one in this town who doesn't have a car!"

"Is that true?" Cecelia asked Mr. Phillips.

"Yes," he said. "It's true. No one would rent a car here. Not in a hundred years."

"Then I won't stay," she said. "I'll go somewhere else."

"You must stay," he said. "There is already a car-rental office for you. In Mount Moriah Baptist, on the lobby floor. There is a counter and a telephone and a rack of car keys. And a calendar."

"I won't stay," she said. "Not if there's not any sound business reason for staying."

"We want you," said Mr. Phillips. "We want you standing behind the counter of the car-rental agency, during regular business hours. It will make the town complete."

"I won't," she said. "Not me."

"You must. It's essential."

"I'll dream," she said. "Things you won't like."

"We are discontented," said Mr. Phillips. "Terribly, terribly discontented. Something is wrong."

"I'll dream the Secret," she said. "You'll be sorry."

"We are like other towns, except that we are perfect," he said. "Our discontent can only be held in check by perfection. We need a car-rental girl. Someone must stand behind that counter."

"I'll dream the life you are most afraid of," Cecelia threatened.

"You are ours," he said, gripping her arm. "Our car-rental girl. Be nice. There is nothing you can do."

"Wait and see," Cecelia said.

—DONALD BARTHELME

STAYING IN BED

"WE have always been a very tired family," Finch said loftily to Henry, both aged twenty-eight, Finch lying back in a large bed with his cello on his ex-girl friend's pillow and Henry standing up by the gas fire. Finch was one of the most famous cellists in Europe, and Henry was known to a few as his accompanist. Finch pulled the bedclothes over his nose.

"You should get up more," said Henry. "I mean, you should get up at *all*. You've been there for over a month."

"I take furtive strolls to the fridge."

"You're too young to vegetate."

"I'm not young. I told you, tiredness runs in the family. Would you mind pulling down the blinds? The sun hurts my eyes." Finch turned on his side with an upheaval that he hoped to look final.

"What do you mean, tiredness runs in your family? When I've known you all since kindergarten and any one of you can wear me out?"

"My Aunt Belle was confined to her bed for many years," Finch said, blowing his nose in his health. He hummed something from a Beethoven cello sonata.

Henry hummed the piano part without thinking and then stopped himself because he had meant to argue. "Hell, old Belle was always beetling around," he said.

"You know I hate inner rhymes," Finch said faintly, eyes closed.

"Your Aunt Belle never stopped going until she fell off the mule. How old was she in Tibet? Eighty?"

"Only seventy-eight," Finch said. "Anyway, that isn't the point. She always felt secretly whacked. All her life. She really always wanted to stay in bed."

"She went to prison seven times to get the vote, and she went to Ethiopia and Nuristan and the back of beyond on a mule, and you tell me she was always whacked?"

"It wasn't obvious to the naked eye, but we could tell. The family." Finch covered his head with the bedclothes and fingered some double-stopping on the mattress. He heard Henry's voice through the blankets. It was like the sound of someone blowing through a piece of pipe. They had done that together as children in the North of England, experimenting with different lengths of pipe.

"You're practicing," Henry was saying.

"Who said?"

"I can tell because you're humming. You've no idea of the racket you make when we're recording. I don't understand how anyone so musical can hum so out of tune with himself. You don't seem to be listening to yourself."

"I'm probably listening to you," Finch said happily. He came out of the bedclothes and said, "While I'm laid up like this, why don't you do a few concerts on your own?"

"It's not right, lying in bed all the time at twenty-eight," said Henry. It's not like him, he thought, contemplating their long life together and their long history of loving each other's girls. He was married at the moment, Finch not. They had a great passion for women, a great passion for each other, a great passion for music and trains. They would go on long train journeys together. In America, where they often performed, the trains struck them as poignant chiefly because uncared for, but they had found a friend with a long New England face who was a fireman on the run to Boston, and his professionalism and high interest in the topic of transport were entirely cheering. The trains in India and in Morocco had impressed them on recital tours as some of the most distinctive they had ever seen. Finch especially had the English love for nineteenth-century public transport. Ships, trains, buses, trams. Those elegant and ingenious objects of use. He and Henry had been going all their grown-up lives to the British Transport Museum in Clapham, running their fingers over the polished wheels, regretting the end of brass fitments, and taking in the beauty of the fish-net luggage racks. Finch had grown up in Northumberland, twenty miles from Henry, near the Roman Wall. Work had brought them to London, which they regarded as Down South. Anywhere in England south of Durham was still Down South to them. What Southerners called the North—Yorkshire, Lancashire—they called the Midlands, meaning scorn.

"You're a Celt," Henry said, brusque to his friend. "You're a born gate-vaulter. You shouldn't lie about in bed. You're not ill."

"Of course I'm not ill. I'm just tired."

"You should go to an analyst."

"An *analyst*? You've been brainwashed."

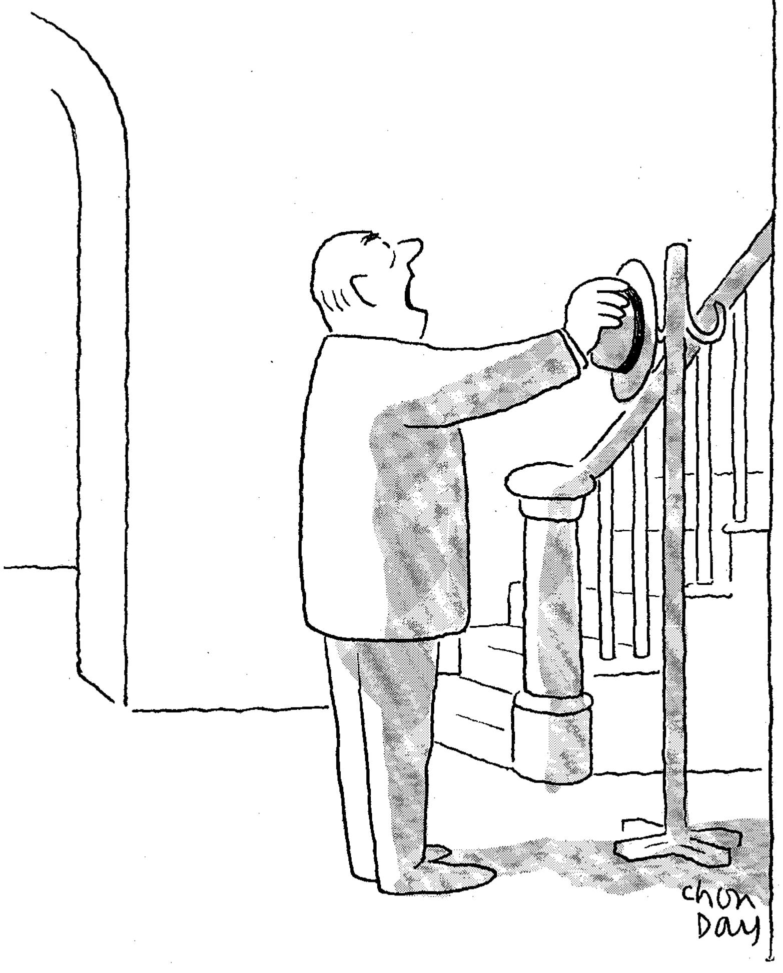
"It's unruly of you."

"To stay in bed?"

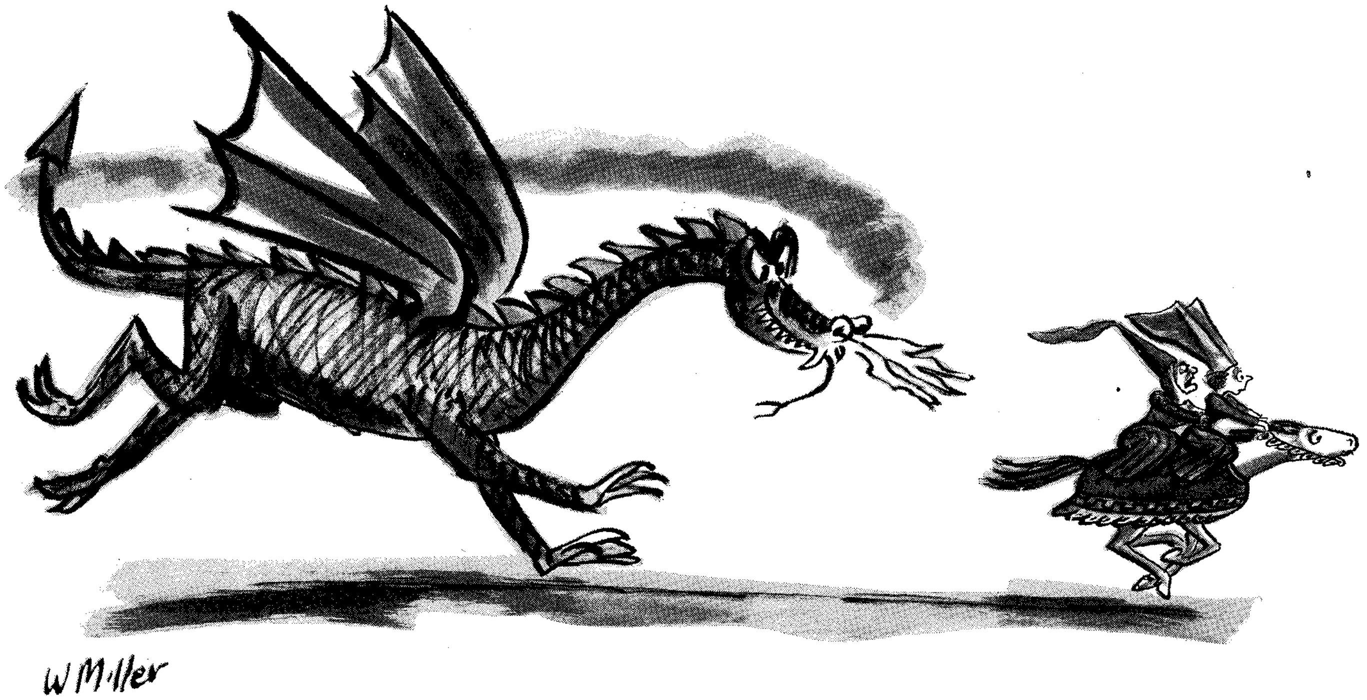
"The agents are going crackers about it."

"In the eyes of anyone who has noticed history, unruliness is a great virtue in mankind. Would you like this pear?" Finch lobbed it at Henry and then lay back.

Good throw if he's that tired, Henry thought, suspecting something but not finding it.



"Well, it isn't Prince Rainier!"



"It never fails, dearie. When you really need a knight, there's never one around."

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"I lugged that pear from the kitchen in the small hours," Finch said in a remote voice.

Henry wondered if his chum, the great young cellist, had taken untimely to bed because he was trying to keep out of Henry's marriage, or perhaps because he was nursing loneliness. He had no idea that Finch was trying to get him to stop being an accompanist and to work on his own.

"You don't exactly *lug* a pear," Henry said, eating it gratefully.

"You didn't say please," said Finch.

"It seemed a waste of time."

"No, it wasn't. Try it."

"Please," said Henry.

"Thank you," said Finch.

"Not at all," said Henry.

"Quite a bit," said Finch, suddenly perked up by throwing out the rhythm and hoping that Henry would follow him because he wanted to see how it worked in canon. "Please," he said.

"Thank you," said Henry, getting it.

"Not at all," said Finch.

"Quite a bit," said Henry perfectly.

"I think I may have a doze," Finch said, closing his eyes in thanks. "Ring the agent and do the Ohio concert on your own." He meant to look forbidding but found it difficult when eyes that should be glaring were shut. "You owe it to me and to Betty. Your wife."

There was a long silence. "What are you actually thinking about?" Henry said.

"About my father," said Finch. "And that I have had to get through a lot of long silences with both of you."

"If memory serves—" said Henry.

"It doesn't. It rules," said Finch. "Go and practice."

FINCH was a lanky man whose cello made him look even thinner. He had a peculiar droning voice that reminded people of summer days and of buzzing from high up. It was often imitated, even to his face, but he paid no heed whatever. He had a copious nature with a touch of riot in it. Henry liked his company because it was convivial; the staying in bed disconcerted him partly because they went on having a good time together however energetically Finch adopted inertia. Finch was a man with no zone of indifference and a lifelong distaste for milky kindnesses, which made his present wish to push Henry away and into a career of his own both powerful and covert. What he would do without Henry, lord knows. His mild-mannered and gifted friend had a contagious sense of what was interesting, amusing, noble, or important in life, though his bearing was lugubrious, like a plumber's. Finch had always found him altogether reviving. Before they had met, both aged six, Finch seemed to have lived alone for aeons. He was an only child who learned to read at three and quickly began giving characters to the numbers in arithmetic because he had no one to play with. He devised adventures for them. The number one was reckless, two was intelligent, three was inclined to wickedness, four was heroic.

As time went on, Finch found himself more and more attached to bed. He read a lot.

His daily woman said in the butcher's that he wasn't poorly, he was taking a holiday.

"Some people!" snorted the butcher.

"Well, I daresay it's work really," she said. "He's doing a lot of thinking in his head. If looks are anything to go by, he's thinking in his head all the time."

HENRY went to Ohio and gave the concert on his own. He telephoned Finch when he was back at his flat in London. Finch lived in Cheyne Row. Henry was about to move out of a place in Tite Street.

"You sound as if you're still in bed," Henry said.

"Why shouldn't I be?" said Finch.

"I've got the name of an analyst. A very nice man who's been struck off the register because he married a patient. And then she tried to kill herself but now she's all right. Fairly."

"You've got a nose for the washed-up, I'll say that for you. How do you know he's nice?"

"I've just had a drink with him."

"Well, I'm not going to him. There's nothing the matter with me."

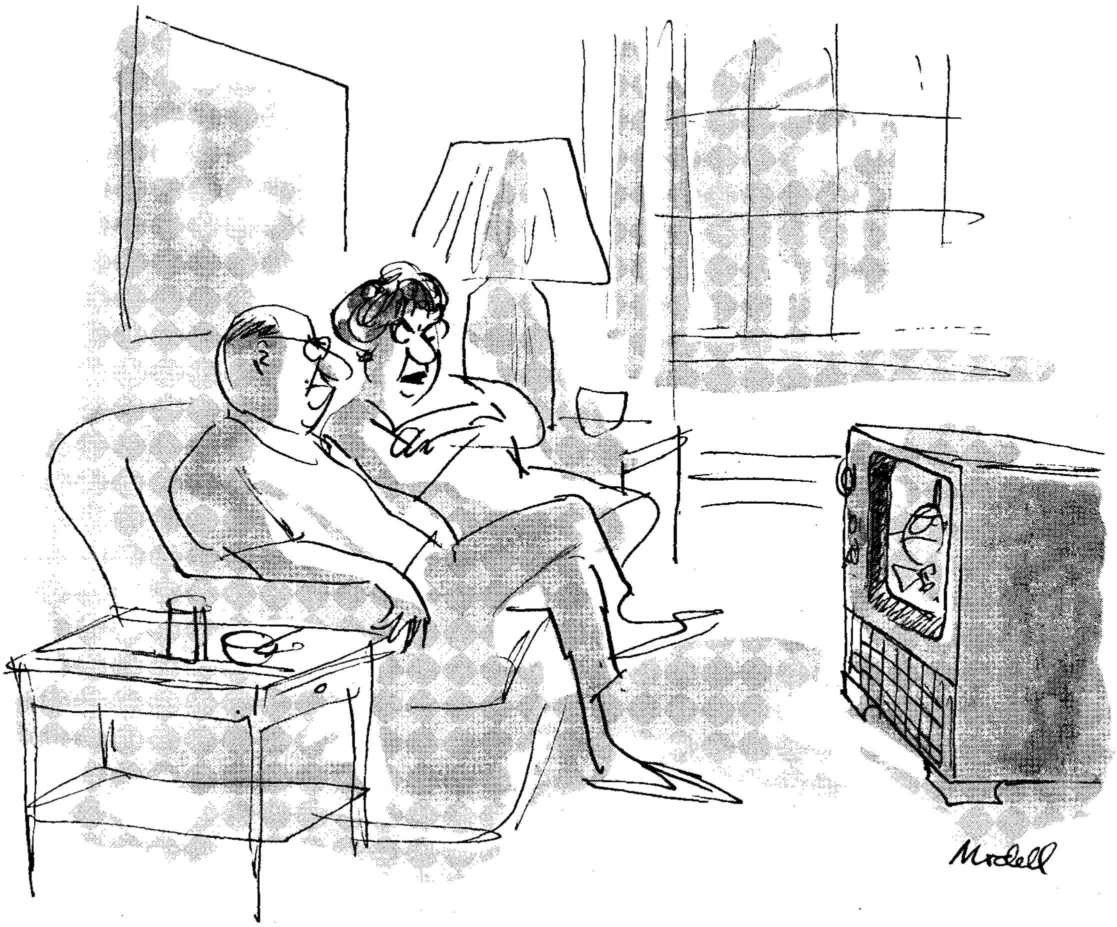
"You should be up."

"I like here."

"You'll run out of money."

"Not for a while."

"I've fixed for you to go and see



"I'll tell you one thing. When I sent my *twenty-five dollars in, I didn't bargain for 'The Last of the Mohicans.'"*

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him on Thursday. Or he'd even come to you."

"If he's offered to come to me, he can't be much good."

"I told you, he's been struck off the register. He's hard up."

"You do find them," said Finch.

"Then Thursday."

"No. I don't want another intimate. How many can a man have at a time? There's you and Betty. George, Peter, Anna. And there used to be Gloria, and I still have to think about her even if she isn't here. You don't not spend time on someone just because they aren't about any longer. That's six. I don't want some extra bogus friend."

"Gloria wasn't doing you any good."

"No, but I still miss her rather."

"So do I. I liked the way she muttered so you could hardly hear when she was being funny. Girls don't usually do that."

"Girls apart from Betty aren't usually funny."

"No," Henry said. He stalked about and thought. The receiver with Finch on the other end growled. He came back to it. "I've decided I'm not going to give another concert on my own until you start working again," he said.

Finch was so overcome by the brilliance of this counterstratagem that he yelled. Then he said, "In that case you can bloody well go and waste your own bloody time seeing your half-baked analyst for me. You can tell him anything he could possibly want to know about me."

"I'd have to make up your dreams."

"Feel free," said Finch. He sulked then for a moment. "Or you could ring me up, couldn't you? You could ask me what *I'd* dreamt."

"No decent analyst would agree to it."

"He sounds a rotten one, so there's no problem, is there?"

"He's not rotten."

"I quite like nursery rows sometimes." Finch leaned back on his pillows and tried one. "Yes, he is rotten."

"Isn't."

"Is."

"Isn't."

"Is."

"Who says?"

"Says me."

"Who are you?"

"Finch James Borthwick hyphen Grantley aged twenty-eight years two months three weeks. Anyway," Finch said in his ordinary voice and coming out of the interesting counterpoint, "if he's not rotten, he's certainly out of the usual run of analysts. Most unrotten doctors haven't been struck off the register. As a generality."

"You're barking."

"Yes, I know. It's exhausting me," Finch said, though sounding splendid. He went on, absorbed in the endeavor of thinking of a ploy, "I'm worn out with all this." He thought of the ploy. "Your harebrained idea of going to the chap instead of me—"

"It was your harebrained idea," Henry said with heat.

"You shouldn't be going to some analyst every day for someone else," Finch pushed on. "You should be playing the piano."

But Henry was hellbent on getting Finch up, hellbent enough to go to the analyst on his behalf. Day after day.

•

"What dream did you tell him?" Finch asked from bed after the first morning, trying not to sound too alert.

"The one you told me to tell him, of course."

"What did he make of it?"

"He doesn't seem to say much. I believe they never do. They mostly make you talk."

"It sounds an awful effort."

"He wanted to know what *my* motive was, and I said I didn't have many, and he said that wouldn't wash usually, but perhaps in this case."

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Another day: "What dream did you tell him? You didn't ring."

"I couldn't get through to you. I hadn't got the change to ring you from the tube, and I'd had to rush out of the house to get there because I woke up late."

"So what did you tell him?"

"One I'd had. I thought it would do. It was about our childhood, so you were in it. It was about the time you dropped the raw egg into your great-aunt's letter box."

"Wasn't that a good day!" Finch said, closing his eyes in commemoration and then opening them to look fierce at the effrontery of somebody's making up his dream. "But I don't *think* about being a child."

"The analyst said it was a very bad sign. The raw egg."

"I daresay, but it was a very good day." Finch ambled back to his point. "I don't *think* about being a child, so it's not a plausible dream. I hated being a child, apart from knowing you. I wouldn't dream of dreaming about it."

"They say we dream a lot of things we hate thinking about in the daytime."

"Well, I hate *dreaming* about them too, so I don't. Asses."

•

The visits progressed. Betty often came to see Finch while Henry was with the analyst. He liked her. Henry's cat wandered into the bedroom one morning; Betty and her six-year-old son had brought it with them. Finch thought, bestirred, that the cat was an advance guard for Henry and that Henry must be on his way back to see them, and he wanted to call out to the animal, but in his excitement he couldn't remember its name, so he lay back and assumed fatigue again. The child, who had been watching him gravely, said, "Why aren't you playing the cello any longer with my father? Are you going to die?"

"No, I'm just tired."

"I expect you've got a sore throat," the boy said. "Would you like some condensed milk? It's better than whiskey and honey and lemon."

"Your father and I used to eat a lot of condensed milk when we were children."

"He's told me."

"Do you want some?"

"It's a bit sweet for me. I suppose it's O.K. if you're old," said the boy.

"We were getting on for ten when we liked it," Finch said. He felt animated; and then he remembered his obligation to be bedridden; and then he wondered what Henry was saying to the analyst, and whether his friend's loyalty and humor were visible to the man, and what was to happen next to them all. He turned over onto his side.

"What is it?" Betty said.

"I was hating the analyst."

"When you haven't met him?"

"I was wondering what I landed Henry with."

"He wanted to do it."

"I was wondering if the analyst is taking it out of him."

The boy honorably brought him a tin of condensed milk and a tin opener from the kitchen. Finch opened the tin and looked at it. The child went out of the room again.

"I was thinking about the irrelevance to psychoanalysis of wit and accountability," said Finch.

The six-year-old came back, carting a telephone directory. "I remember a number that I think might interest you," he said encouragingly, starting at the beginning of the book and going down the columns to look for it.

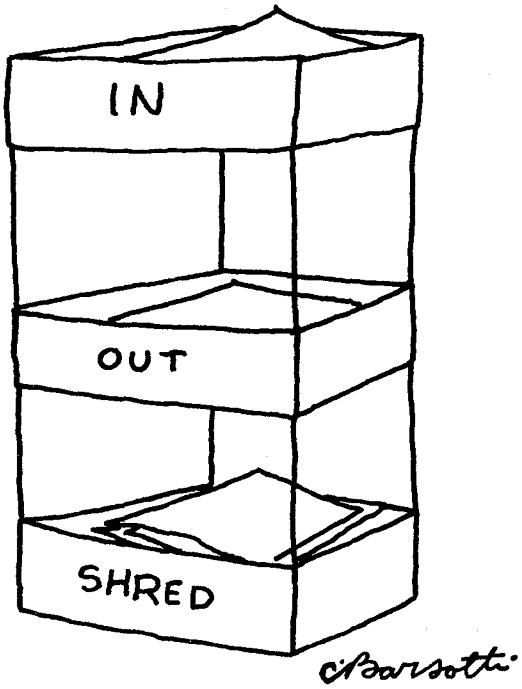
After a while, wishing to support the undertaking, Finch sat up on the side of his bed and played something buoyant on his cello. "It's not much without your father doing the piano part," he said.

"What part?" said the boy.

Finch got up, for the first time in company for many moons, and went to the piano in his drawing room next door. "I can't do it properly," he shouted. The pedals under his bare feet were interestingly strange to use and slightly painful. "Have you found the number?" he bawled to the child in the middle of a difficult run, alert at the same time to the fact that the business of Henry's going to the analyst for him was actually doing the opposite of freeing his friend.

"Probably nearly," the child shouted.

Finch finished the movement and then came back to the other room, thinking of how much time he had spent with Henry and Betty over the years. "There's a special word in Russian for someone who moves in on a household indefinitely and has the right to complain about the arrangements," he said, "and I'm it." He climbed back into bed, putting the cello on the right-hand pillow, which was more practical since the telephone was on the left-hand side, and read some music while the child went on going through the numbers in the telephone directory.



"Almost any number you liked would be nice," Finch said.

"No," the boy said, not lifting his head. "It was the same backwards as forwards, and it had a six in it. It was a special one."

HENRY came into Finch's flat one day and refused the usual catechism about what he had said to the analyst.

"You talk as if your dreams were, I don't know, pieces of new music," Henry said. "Sometimes you think you've done all right, but often you say they don't hold water or they won't stand up. A man's allowed to have second-rate dreams if he feels like it. The dream you were lamming into yesterday was a perfectly good dream, the doctor said. He said you mustn't victimize yourself."

"Victimize!" said Finch.

"He said a lot of tyrannical people are really masochists."

Finch groaned and tried to go to sleep.

"Now what?" said Henry. "The man's doing his best. He's very nice about you. He bought your last record."

"*Our* last record."

"He's going through a lot because of your not wanting to see him."

There was a long pause while Finch committed murder in his heart, and then sat up in bed with his cello and played arpeggios.

"That sounds like a nutmeg grater," Henry said.

"Yes. I haven't been practicing. I've been in *bed* all this time. I'd been trying to go to sleep. I know: instead of going to sleep, let's go to Tunisia."

"Why Tunisia?"

"There's a letter asking you to play at an out-of-doors arts festival in the desert somewhere. I'd come for my health."

FINCH walked about Tunisia in fur-lined bootees to emphasize his frailty. The bootees were unzipped to the anklebone because of the heat. The festival was a theatre-and-music fiesta devised for the villagers and attended

MISS ELLIE'S 78TH SPRING PARTY

Miss Ellie rattles the champagne glasses
like crystal ghosts that tinkle when they touch,
to hail the Main Line in for spring
at the last minute. There isn't much
time to call the company to come;
this year she has forgotten everything.

Picasso's dancers shiver in a frame
next to the window. Spring as well
seems to have forgotten itself.
Several curios upon the shelf,
a lion and a girl in porcelain,
tumbled when an icy draft rained in.

She wondered for a moment who would come
this year; though she'd forgotten, who'd recalled?
She forgot again what day it had become.
All the tenses moved two ways at once;
past and present standing back to back
moved through each other with no deference
to spring or Miss Ellie. She is young and old
alike and won't remember which is when.
The company will be arriving soon
and then
everyone has gone off in the cold.

Fire froze in the chimney. The first cork
exploded from the bottles, aimed to blast
a marble frieze of Pan upon the stair,
and everyone who ever was was there
to breathe the spirits moving from the glass.

—Daniel Mark Epstein

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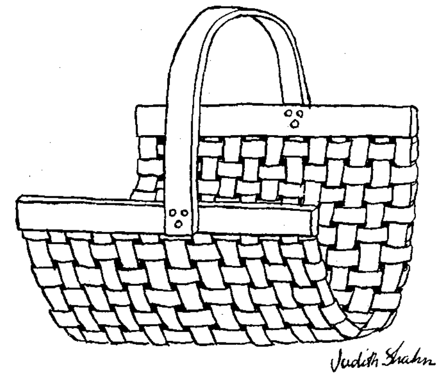
by the experimental cognoscenti of the world, many of them Jews. Henry played the piano out of a van on forays into the hinterland to introduce the Trans-National Drama Research Gymnasium. Surprised villagers, grateful at first for free entry to anything, crept away from improvised stage sketches in a prepared nonlanguage. The directors and actors had spent months in zoos recording the noises made by apes in emotional situations. Someone working on a theatrical seminar called "Computers—Whither?" was angry because the ape recordings had thieved some of his points about the place of computer speech in the new drama. At the same time, a filmmaker was directing an underground picture that owed a certain amount to "Four Feathers" and "Lawrence of Arabia." He was an agreeable man with a small private fortune and a look of poverty. Finch rather liked him. His name was Cecil Colling. Cecil had imported a tribe of Bedouins to the site to play the spectacular scenes. The men in the technical crew, unpaid, were earning their way by filming the fiesta for the B.B.C. The Bedouins, whom Cecil cared for and saw to be poor, were being paid in private out of Cecil's own pocket.

"The raid scenes are terrific," he would say after a day's shooting, flushed with love of his work. "The Bedouins are really getting the hang of it. So are the camels. When I fire one gunshot, they go. Two shots, they stop in a flash. You'd never find English animals as good as this. It's the speaking parts I'm having trouble with. Film's a visual medium; you can't get away from it."

Sometimes, when Henry was trying to write a letter of apology to the analyst for having quit, and wondering whether the man was all right—and when Finch was pondering the need to do the same thing—they would wander off together and watch Cecil coaching the people he referred to as "the speaking parts." It was against his convictions to call them "actors." The Bedouins and the camels, both groups equally bored, would gather round a portable gramophone of Henry's and nod to records of "On the Town" and Schoenberg's "Moses and Aaron," listening carefully while the sand blew into their faces.

An English statesman arrived for a feast he had arranged to give for the Jews who were there as guests and the Arabs who were their hosts. The meal was a gesture to compromise, lying in an Anglo-Indian recipe for curry and a strawberry blancmange. The statesman knew he was going wrong somewhere: a kindly man, stocky, given to blunders, with misleadingly piercing blue eyes and a stoop. "Is that so?" he would say when he hadn't actually grasped a point; or sometimes "Quite." But people felt generally the better for his "Quite" at conferences, and so did the guests at his baffling feast. His presence was not a bad one to bestow, and his words carried across dead air with a kind of comfort. He would say "Is that so?" at the compromise meal, and immeasurable non-English-speakers would feel in touch with him. Or "Quite," and they would know what he meant. He had brought along with him an underling ex-ambassador, now in the U.N. Department of the Foreign Office, who was possessed of a sense of the fatuous that had often threatened to wreck his career. The statesman made a speech at the dinner. Finch was sitting next to the underling. The speech was in support of Arab-Israeli understanding. "Let the lion (whichever is the lion—I don't know)," said the statesman in a tactful bellow, "lie down with the lamb (whichever is the lamb—I don't know)." The underling sealed the end of his job by laughing. Finch had picked up some Arabic and heard the interpreter translating the image into a metaphysical one about a camel (whichever is a camel) lying down with a camel (whichever is a camel).

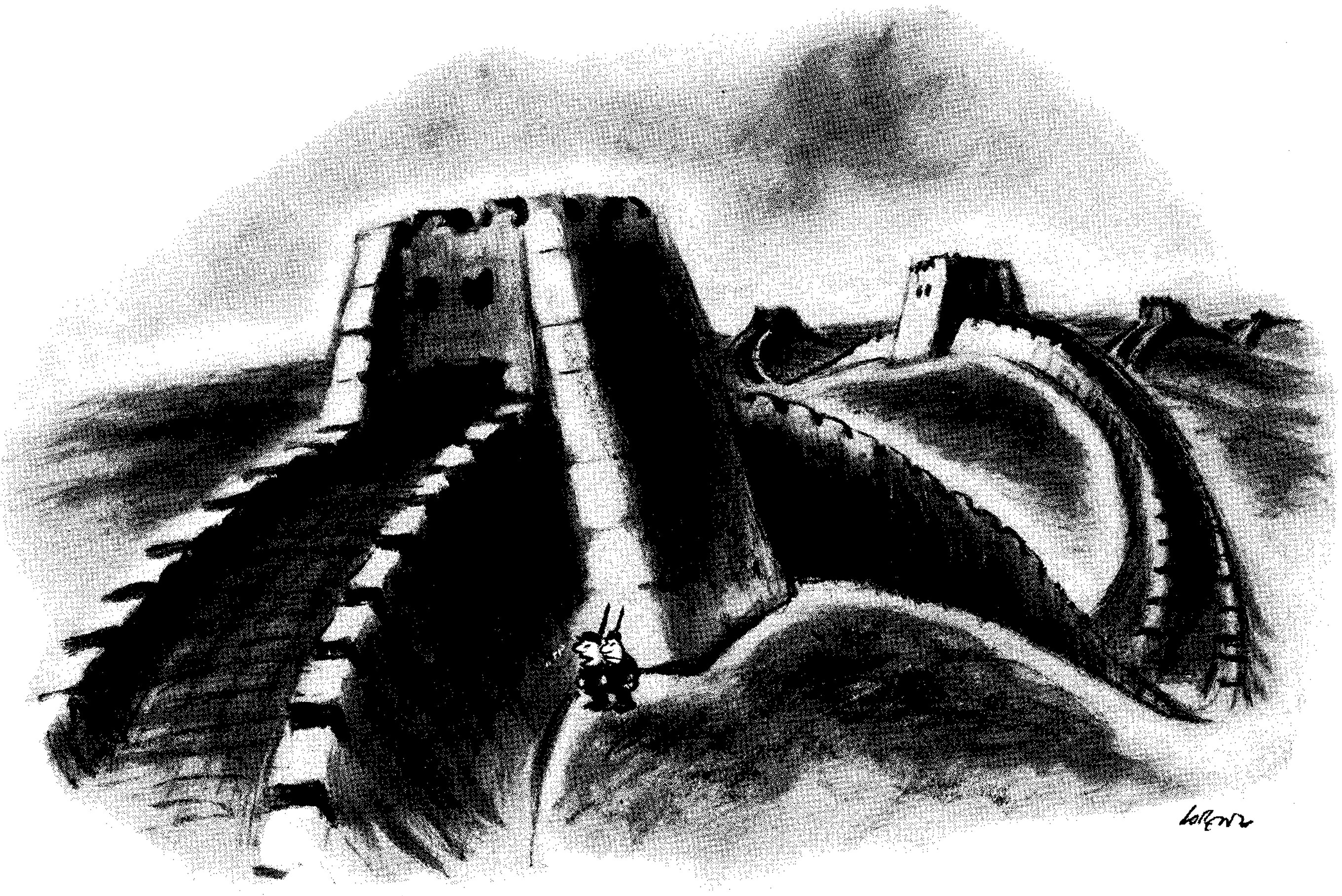


LOAFING about Tunisia in his unzipped bootees, Finch missed his cello, among other things. The courtly interpreter of the festival, a Tunisian, after giving him some hashish jam in a tent, said to him that he hoped he had peace of mind.

"Yes. I have a prior attachment," Finch said, to his surprise, but thinking not to be understood.

"Attachment to what, if I may ask?"

"To railway carriages. To bikes. To



"My English isn't so hot. As near as I can make out, it says 'Cronkite was here.'"

• •

"Sickert." At home in Northumberland long ago, there had been a painting by Sickert whose poignancy and brilliance had stopped him nightly on his way to bed. Finch lay back, lulled by hash, and thought of the Botticelli in the billiard room and the Angelica Kauffmann on the half-landing and the Landseer in the downstairs lavatory. Not a man to fall prey to fabricated regrets, he remembered clearly that the Angelica Kauffmann was a bad one, and pondered the question of people's nerve for the first-rate. Henry would never lack it.

In Tunisia, doing nothing, Finch mooched and grumbled and read, and what he was thinking about had room to expand. He found himself responding to some of the ideas that the Tunisians gently explored in their tents. Their attitude to life was not unlike Henry's, he thought. Finch had a temperamental dislike of the physical idols of Greek literature and of English public schools. He found only Ulysses deeply human, with his craftiness and patience, and Oedipus, who wished to find out the unaccommodable truth about himself, and Perseus, who kept his heart from turning to stone.

One night he wept with rage in the desert cold. That's what comes of not practicing, he said to himself furiously.

"What is it?" said Betty, who was with him and Henry.

"I don't like the times. Bad times," he said, without meaning to.

"Have you been having hash?"

"No."

"What's wrong with the times, apart from politics?"

"We've got no remorse. Only guilt, that's the trouble. It's better here. It's also better in bed. And I like it with you two. What can one do in a time when no one is ashamed of having done something, when people are only guilty, as a weapon?"

"If you despised the times as much as you pretend, you wouldn't be angry with them," Henry said. "You've got yourself out of bed. Now take off your bedroom slippers."

"They're boots."

"All right, they're in the historic line of Aunt Belle's cardigans in Tibet, but zip them up."

"Henry's found a cello for you," Betty said.

"I've given up the cello for the moment," said Finch.

"I can't imagine going on performing without you," Henry said after a wait. "I don't want to."

"Your nurse once said to you, 'Some can, some can't, some do, some don't, and you're a can and do.'"

"I don't remember that."

"It struck me."

UNWILLING to act in his proper person, Finch went back to London and started to live too high. Henry rose to fame on his own. Bank managers and accountants tried to depress Finch, but for all the limbo he was in his spirits were kept up by the strongest curiosity to see what would happen next. I am a pirate and an exhibitionist, he thought, but not a cynic. He remained the best of all friends to people. After Henry had outstripped him in celebrity, he grew riotous. Refusing to teach or to perform, he started to compose, which much pleased his daily, though no one else knew of it. By night he kept himself from the usual evenings with Henry and Betty, thinking to leave them some space for a time, and he would often take a sleeping pill at eight, before dinner, because sleep had grown difficult. On account of all the months in bed, no doubt, he decided. On top of even a glass of wine the effect of the sleeping pill was dramatic.

One evening, lonely, he was taken to meet a great harpsichordist of nearly ninety. She was known for her acerbity, her cucumber sandwiches, and her insistence on decorum. It was uncertain whether she was offering him tea or dinner or nothing, since the time she gave was a quarter to six and she would never have had anyone to drinks. Out of nerves and hero worship, he had three double Scotches before setting out and two more on the way, and then made himself self-destructively late by going into a greengrocer's to buy some mint to chew so as to disperse the Scotch. He arrived, having picked up his companion guests, in a vast flat in West Kensington. There were no carpets on the polished boards. Upright chairs were placed around the walls of the drawing room a large distance from one another. The great woman came in: standing four foot eight, using a gold-topped cane. She sat firmly on one of the upright chairs and spoke about the breeding predicament of her mare. No one knew that she had a mare.

"I was thinking of putting her to a very nice stallion I've seen in the district," she said. "She's getting on, and it would be pleasant to have a foal. She's nineteen. It isn't unknown to have a foal at nineteen."

"Really?" someone said.

"I'm afraid I lied about her age to the stud farm. Do you think it matters? I said she was sixteen." The old woman took a lace handkerchief out of the tapestry reticule hanging from her left wrist and rolled the handkerchief into a ball between her hands, which was a gesture everyone in the room knew from her concerts. "I daresay I shouldn't have done."

Finch lost his head and said to this woman whose fastidiousness he most revered, "You wouldn't lie about your own age, that's the thing."

She gave him a basilisk gaze and he tried to dispose of his long legs around the legs of the Sheraton chair.

Later on—days, he thought glumly—they moved into the dining room, which was an equally august and unmerciful place. By the time they got to the clear soup and sherry, he was out. When he woke up, his head on the rim of the plate, his hostess had left the table.

"We'd better go," someone said. "We'll take you home."

"I don't want to go home," he said. His rescuers, a couple, decided to take him to Henry's new flat in Shepherd's Market, which Finch had prevented himself from invading.

"*Num quid vis?*" he said to them in the taxi. " 'Is there anything you want?' It's what the Romans said when they assumed the answer was no. The answer is yes. A common leave-taking, they used to say at school. *Num* expects the answer no. *Nonne quid vis.* The Romans never said that, I think. People don't. *Nonne* expects the answer yes."

"We're dropping you at Shepherd's Market," the woman said loudly, as if to someone disabled. There's nothing wrong with me, Finch thought.

Henry and Betty took him in. He accepted them without noticing them or where he was, because of the naturalness of it on top of shock. He spoke to them and they to him of books and girls and other things. His bulk, thin but long, was hard for them to get up their spiral stairs, so they left him on the sofa below, on the floor that lay over an ironmonger's shop. At six o'clock the next morning he came stumbling up their stairs, threatening to crack the bannisters, having the strength and the weight of a buffalo. They heard him in the bathroom, running the water, then breaking a tumbler between long pauses.

After a great while, his footsteps lumbered in their direction. There was a knock on the door.

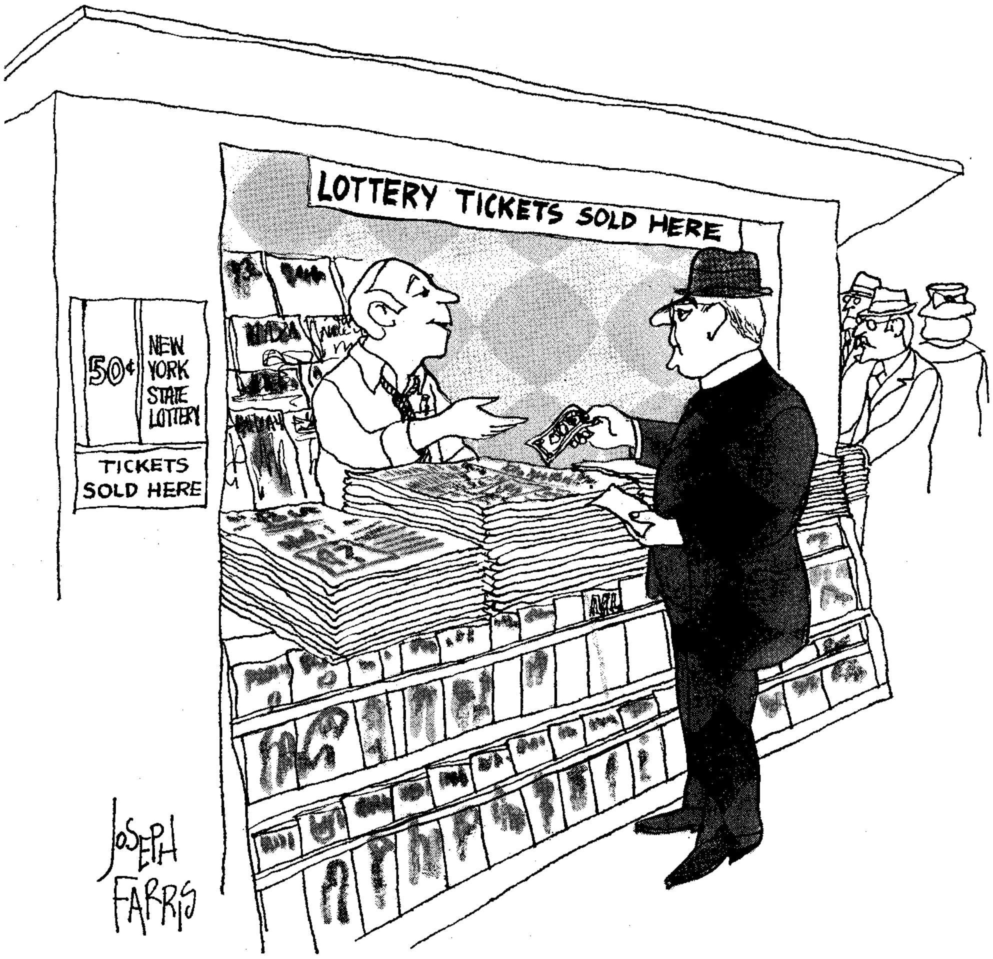
"Come in," Betty said.

"Who is it?" said Finch, without opening the door and still knocking. "Whoever it is, I've been looking in your books and you haven't got your *name* in your books. Every other time I've been in somebody's flat like this, I've known where I am by the books."

"Come in," Betty said again.

He opened the door. "Good lord," he said, hitting his head against the top of the doorframe. "Oh my friends, I am glad it's you. It might have been anyone."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT



"If you win the big one, Reverend, I hope you'll keep me in mind when it comes to sharing thy worldly goods."

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OUR FORGETFUL ENCYCLOPEDISTS

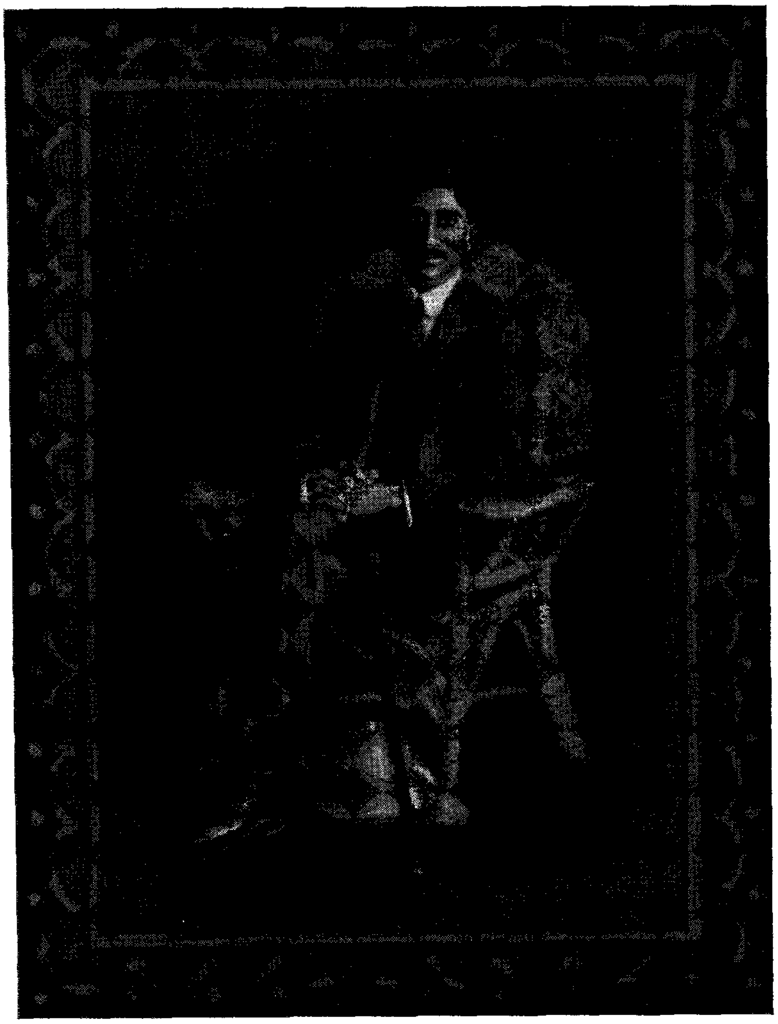
[*From the Encyclopædia Britannica, 1968 Edition*]

Brought up in cosmopolitan Palermo and with a wide knowledge of the Byzantine and the Muslim east, his [Frederick II's] *intellectual attitude* was scientific and rationalist rather than skeptic and unorthodox. —*Volume 9, page 825.*

The emperor Frederick II, who was also king of Sicily, a brilliant man but a thorough skeptic and opportunist . . .
—*Volume 6, page 832.*

PROFILES

DADDYJI—I



VILLAGE

IN winter, the sky is blue and hospitable, the nights are frosty and starlit, the fields are left furrowed by the plow, and the air is filled with the call of partridges, the honking of wild geese overhead, and the languid creaking of Persian wheels as the bullocks turn them round and round to draw water from the wells. At the close of winter, Basant-Panchami—a festival honoring the god of work—arrives, and everyone celebrates it by wearing yellow clothes, flying yellow kites, and eating yellow sweetmeats; the fields become bright, first with the yellow of mustard flowers outlined by the feathery green of sugarcane, and later with maturing stands of wheat, barley, and tobacco. When the trees are loud with the buzz of bumblebees, it is time for the festival of Holi, celebrating the destruction of evil—when everyone's clothes are merrily splashed with red-tinted water. In summer, the earth is seared by hot, dry winds, the trees are stripped of their leaves and almost immediately clothed in blossoms, and the landscape is made rich with the crimson of cotton, the red of coral-tree flowers, and the scarlet of flame-of-the-forest. Then, while the mango groves echo with the crying of barbets and of Indian cuckoos, the heat of the sun, direct and relentless, bakes the plain, blanching everything except cactus and camel thorn. The rivers dry up, and dust storms swirl and sweep across the plain, turning it into a desert. Through the heat comes the cry of the brain-fever bird—"brain fever . . . brain fever"—and the still, moonlit nights are streaked with dark formations of geese fleeing to the cool of the mountains. In the monsoon at the end of summer, the pied-crested cuckoo appears, riding the monsoon wind from East Africa. Black clouds boil up from the southwest. Explosions of lightning and rumbles of thunder rend the clouds, and rain pounds the land. The rivers overflow, fields become mires, and snakes crawl and wriggle in the mud. The earth smells sodden, and mosquitoes whine everywhere. Finally, the pale sun breaks through the clouds ("the marriage of the lion and the jackal," the children call this union of sun and cloud), the air becomes heavy with the sweet, rich fragrance of mangoes, and leaves and grass sprout anew. In the autumn, the rains subside, the mud recedes, the cotton is picked, and rice, millet, maize, and lentils are sown. Then it is winter once more.

It was in this fertile, brutal land, in the Punjab, up and down the rivers and along their canals, that the family tree of the Mehtas sent down its roots and spread. The Punjab—in Hindi the name means "land of five rivers"—looks like a scalene triangle standing on its sharpest corner. The shortest side, on the north, consists of the Himalayan range; the longest, on the west, of the river Indus; and the third, on the east, of the Gangetic plain. The five rivers that give the land its name—mighty rivers all—rise in the mountains and flow down across the plain, dividing it into fertile tracts before converging and merging their waters with those of the Indus. The forebears of the Mehtas came from the village of Bhikhiwind, in an arid stretch of land bordered by the Ravi, the middle river of the five, but sometime during the reign of the Moguls they moved upstream and resettled in the village of Nawankote, which was about thirty miles northwest of Lahore, the commercial and cultural center of the province. Nawankote consisted of flat-roofed daub-and-wattle huts hedged in by cultivated fields. Its most important landmark was an ancient banyan tree, where girls who were possessed by demons were strung up by their feet and swung from side to side while the village crier thumped on a drum, until the evil spirits were exorcised; sometimes the possessed girls died during the ordeal. Near the banyan tree was a mosque, whose *maulvi* (Muslim priest) was the wise man of the village. Villagers too poor to bring up their children often gave their sons to the mosque, and the *maulvi* brought them up. He fitted the little boys with iron skullcaps, and they grew to manhood with the heads—and the brains—of children. They managed to keep alive by trooping behind religious mendicants—begging and giggling—from village to village, and were popularly known as *Shah Daula ke Chuhé*, or Mice of Shah Daula. (Shah Daula was a Muslim saint associated historically with madness.)

The Ravi, like its sister rivers, overflowed regularly during the monsoons, taking huge bites out of the village land and devouring them. The river eventually swept away the local Hindu temple, and in the seventeenth century the Muslim proselytizers sent out by the Emperor Aurangzeb converted the inhabitants of Nawankote to Islam. In the time of my great-grandfather Gian Chand, Nawankote had about two hundred families, only four of which were Hindu; by caste, one was Brahman, one was Vaisya, and two were Kshatriya. These Hindu families tenaciously guarded their ancient traditions. Every day, when a Vaisya or Kshatriya woman kneaded dough for the family meal, she would give a big ball of it to the family cow as a thank offering, and when she had finished baking the chapattis, she would give the first one to the Brahman's wife—who came for it regularly—as another thank offering. If the Brahman's wife had any of the bread left over, she would dry it and sell it back to her benefactors, who would then soak it in water, mix it with cottonseed, and feed the mash to the cow. The Brahman supported his family with these offerings and with what fees he received from officiating at weddings, births, head-shavings, and other ceremonies. The Vaisya family owned the village's only shop, which was stocked with wheat flour, crude sugar, salt, lentils, ghi, mustard oil, kerosene—the necessities of life. The two Kshatriya families—one was Gian Chand's and the other was his brother's—owned in common a bit of land, some cattle, and a couple of horses, and by village reckoning they were well-to-do. They leased their land, together with seed for planting and a pair of bullocks for plowing, to landless cultivators, who paid the brothers with a major share of the harvest.

One day, Gian Chand heard that a prosperous Sikh in the next village had gone to Lahore, bought some mill-made cloth—which had just started coming in from England—and given it to his daughter as part of her dowry. Gian Chand, who was noted for his enterprise, got on his horse, galloped to Lahore, purchased several bolts of English muslin and longcloth, strapped them to his saddle, and rode back to Nawankote, where he set up a little stall to sell cloth; it was the second shop in the village. He died sometime around 1880, and although he was survived by a wife, three daughters, and three sons, he left half his land, one of his two cows, and some of the family silks and jewelry to the Brahman, on the strength of an earlier promise that if Gian Chand made such a bequest, he would be reincarnated as a rich man with vast estates irrigated by canals of milk and honey.

Gian Chand's eldest son was in his twenties when he became head of the family and, consequently, responsible for the care of every last blood relative and for what family property there was. He was born a year or two after the Indian Mutiny of 1857. As a baby, he had an unusually trusting face and so was given the first name Bhola (Innocent). His second name was Ram, so that the god would be invoked whenever the child was called. When Bhola Ram was nine or ten, he began studying informally with the *maulvi*, who exhorted the child to give up temporary pleasures for permanent achievements. The *maulvi* taught the boy to read and write Urdu, and, with the help of primers and two books called "Gulistan" and "Bustan," gave him a little instruction in Persian and Arabic. But the child's education consisted mainly of memorizing the Koran and, to improve his calligraphy, copying out passages from it. At the end of the day, Bhola Ram would sometimes steal away and listen to the music of a group of nautch and singing girls who had their quarters just outside the village gate; they earned their living in nearby towns as entertainers to prosperous merchants. Now and again, the girls would give Bhola Ram lessons in playing the tabla or the sitar. One day, when Bhola Ram arrived at the mosque, the *maulvi* said, "What do I hear? It is written that dance and song have no place in Islam. Leave the drums to the drummers." From that day on, the boy shunned the company of the girls and redoubled his study of the Koran.

Soon after Gian Chand's death, when the brutal heat of summer was broken by the monsoon rains—a deliverance that the villagers celebrated by going on long visits—Bhola Ram went by ekka, a small, one-horse vehicle, over the muddy roads to Lahore and boarded a train for Amritsar. He arrived there a couple of hours later and walked to the village of his maternal uncle, who was so influential in the region that as a matter of course he often played host to the district collector. As it happened, Bhola Ram and the district collector, an Englishman who took pride in his knowledge of the local culture, were guests at the same time. The Englishman was much impressed by the young man's bearing and by the appearance of his Urdu script, which was so elegant that it could have been used to make lithograph plates for printing. Although Bhola Ram lacked the formal schooling usually required for a government job, the Englishman offered him the

HAY FEVER

In the spread kingdom of Acacia
The April air is raining gold,
Sweet particles drenching the headlands,
Boiling up the river systems
Until, gasping for breath, the world
Is seen through a waste of tears, the word
Gargled in mounting waters.
Surplus
Of flowering, of fluids, of being
In the swollen season, bees sunk
Under its load, smothered
By the sheer mindless joy of making.

In this flawed system, the face blossoms,
Praising by cough, sneeze,
And the misery of itch and ugly red
The nonsense of God's blind plenty,
Saying: suffer this little evil.

In such waste is
The hope of children,
The stigma and lavish proof
Of love.

—Leonard Nathan

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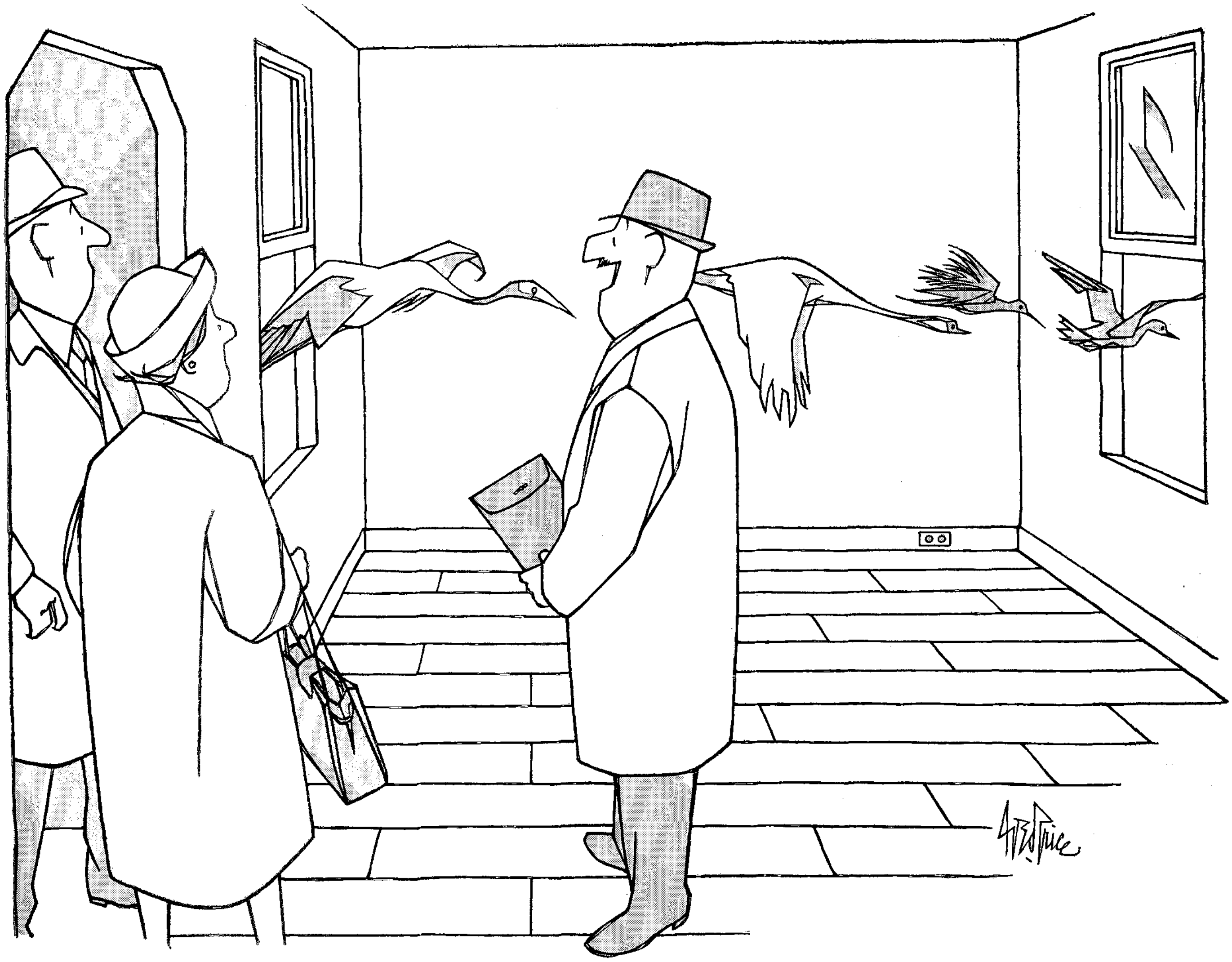


"You'll note the cross-ventilation."

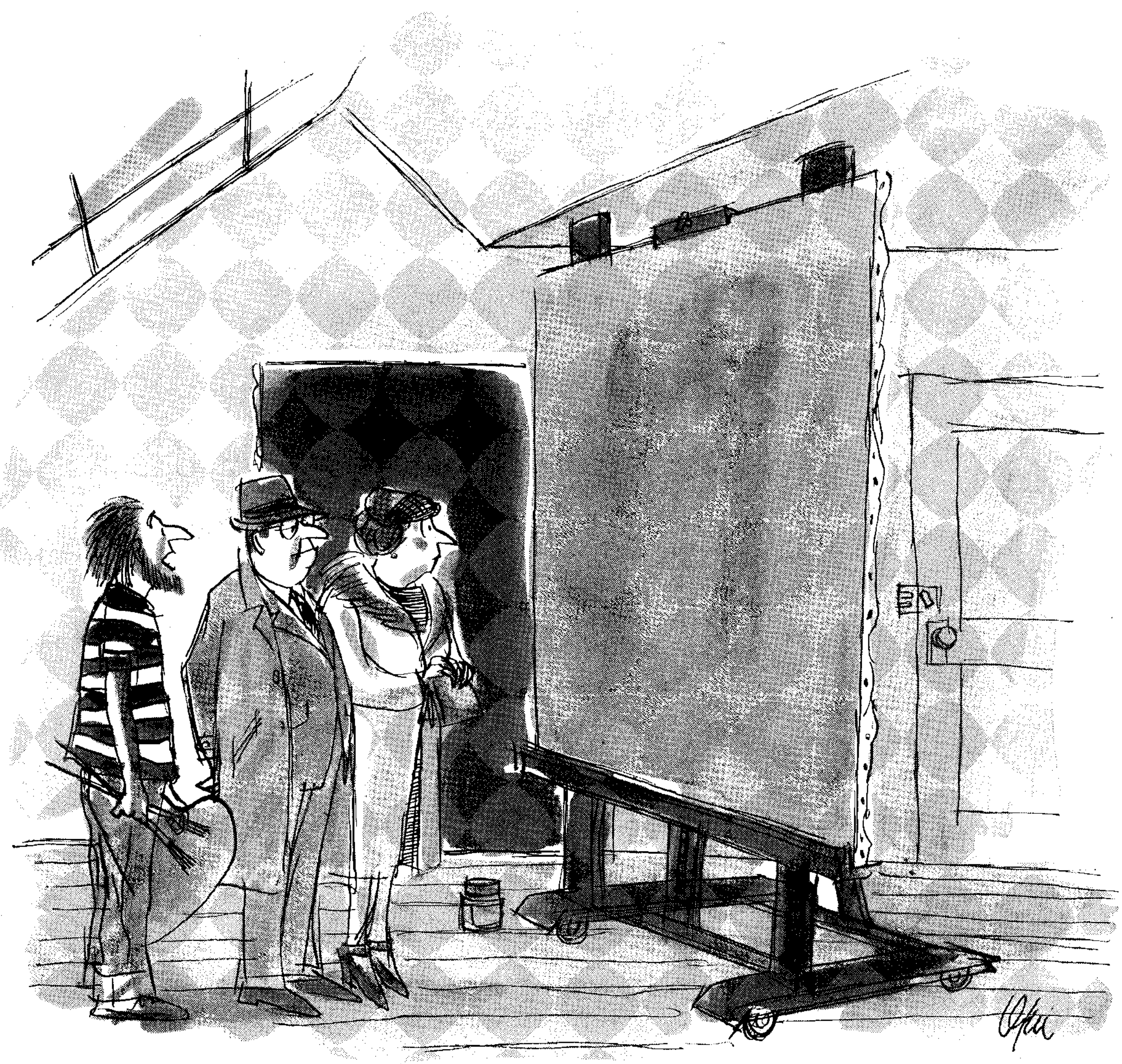
• •

position of *patwari* in the Department of Canals and Irrigation. A *patwari*, he explained, was a petty official who kept tax records for a group of villages, noting down how much acreage was under irrigation and how much money the landowners owed the government for the canal water they used. The job had some drawbacks, however. In order to guarantee the *patwari's* official objectivity, he not only was uprooted from his home and sent to unfamiliar ground but was also transferred every three or four years. Even so, Bhola Ram, excited by the prestige of government service and the prospect of adventure held out by the frequent transfers, accepted the offer. For bureaucratic convenience, he took as his last name the name of his subcaste—Mehta.

When Bhola Ram returned from his visit to his uncle, he took an urn containing his father's bones and ashes—"the flowers," the Hindus call them—to Hardwar for immersion in the sacred river Ganga. He and half a dozen relatives and neighbors who were going on similar pilgrimages travelled in ekkas to Lahore. From there, they took a train southeast to Saharanpur, in the United Provinces, and from Saharanpur they walked thirty-five miles due east through jungles and marshes to Hardwar. There Bhola Ram went to a tenement in an ancient lane by the riverbank, and roused the *panda* (genealogist) who had hereditary rights over the Mehta subcaste; he and his itinerant *panda* brethren, from Mattan, in the Vale of Kashmir, kept records of the births, marriages, pilgrimages, and deaths of the families in their custody. After Bhola Ram had identified himself and made a cash offering to the *panda*, the *panda* unlocked a wooden cupboard, carefully removed from it a bundle of parchments, undid the cord that tied them, and, turning to the correct page, read out, "The Mehtas of Bhikhiwind at Manakpur near the well. Ram Jas Mal and Sahai Singh were the sons of Pardhana Mal and the grandsons of Budhwant Rai and the great-grandsons of Mansa Ram. The sons of Ram Jas Mal were Jawahar Mal, Karam Chand, and Amir Chand. The sons of Karam Chand were Gian Chand, Khan Chand, and Bura Mal. Bhola Ram, Haru Ram, and Ganga Ram were the sons of Gian Chand, the grandsons of Karam Chand, the great-grandsons of Ram Jas Mal, the great-great-grandsons of Pardhana Mal . . ." He wrote on the page with a thick quill pen, "And Bhola Ram came with the flowers of Gian Chand." He recorded the place of Gian Chand's death and accompanied Bhola Ram to the steps of the sacred river. Along the way, Bhola Ram bought rice, ghi, and coconut, which the *panda* blessed and sacrificed to the Ganga. Then Bhola Ram scattered the flowers upon the water.

WHEN Bhola Ram, or Lalaji, as he had come to be called—"Lala" is a sort of caste title, and "-ji" is a suffix denoting affection and respect—was about twenty-eight, the village Brahman of Nawankote heard about a marriageable girl from his colleague in the village of Burkhurdar, twenty miles away. The Brahman of Nawankote, with Lalaji in mind, began negotiations with the Brahman of Burkhurdar, who was able to satisfy the Brahman of Nawankote on several crucial points. The girl was from the same caste as Lalaji. Her people, like Lalaji's, were landowners and shopkeepers, but they were also moneylenders, and were therefore a little bit more prosperous. She was strong and healthy; she was five feet four (a little taller than most village girls); she had clear-cut features; and she was outstandingly beautiful. She was barely fifteen. The two Brahmans compared the horoscopes of Lalaji and the girl, and, finding them to be compatible, declared the match propitious. One day in early spring, Lalaji and his male relatives went on horseback and in ekkas to Burkhurdar for an elaborate wedding ceremony, which lasted three days. On the last day, as the Brahman of Burkhurdar chanted mantras over a sacred fire, Lalaji and the girl, whose face was covered by a veil (he was not to see her face until he had taken her back to Nawankote), walked together around the fire seven times, the groom renamed the girl, changing her name from Ganga Devi to Asa Devi, and they became man and wife. Then the bride was placed in a palanquin for the journey to her new home, in Nawankote. The palanquin was carried on the shoulders of hired bearers, with the bridegroom and the *barat* (bridegroom's party) riding on either side of it, and the old midwife who had brought the bride into the world walking alongside to comfort her. As the procession set off, Lalaji's younger brothers showered the palanquin with handfuls of small coins, which the local Untouchables and their families scrambled to retrieve. From time to time along the way, the procession would rest, and the old midwife would carry sweetmeats and water from the *barat* to her charge. When they reached Nawankote, the bride, having left her family and her village, took her place in her new family, where she was called simply Bhabiji (Elder Brother's Wife) by everyone except her husband, and her life, like that of every other relative, was defined entirely by her role in the family.

WOMEN frequently died in childbirth, and their in-laws were usually blamed for their death, especially if the woman had shown signs of unhappiness in her new home. Since monogamy was the rule among the Hindus, it was not uncommon for in-laws who regretted their choice of daughter-in-law to let her die in childbirth, in the hope of getting a second daughter-in-law, with a second dowry. There were also instances of female infanticide—of a midwife's turning a girl child's face against the placenta, so that she suffocated in her mother's blood, whereupon the midwife was duly rewarded for having made certain that the girl she delivered was "stillborn." For such reasons, Bhabiji was returned to Burkhurdar for her confinements. As it happened, however, both her first child and her second were stillborn, and her third, to everyone's disappointment, was a girl. But sometime around 1895, in midwinter, Bhabiji gave birth to her fourth child, a son. He was my father. In order to ward off evil spirits, the midwife, as soon as she had cut the umbilical cord, passed the baby through an aperture in a special brass plate, took him to the family cowshed, and laid him in the manger. Meanwhile, one of Bhabiji's sisters climbed onto the roof of the room in which the baby was born, and poured mustard oil down the drain. A drummer, a flute player, and a *sarangi* player—the village band—paraded through the lanes, and alms were distributed to the poor. The Brahman of Burkhurdar chanted mantras over the baby, invoking the protection of Brahma. He then examined the palms of the baby's hands and the soles of the baby's feet, and cast the baby's horoscope;



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he created a great stir by declaring that the boy would grow up to ride upon the backs of elephants and sail upon the sea.

Although my father was named Amolak Ram, to us, his children, he has always been known by the hybrid name of Daddyji. During Daddyji's early years, Lalaji was posted as a *patwari* to successive groups of villages in the district of Amritsar. These villages were little walled clusters of low, flat huts rising from the ruins of their predecessors and surrounded by fields. Between the fields and the village walls was a belt of open space, where refuse was dumped, where bullock carts were left, and where there was a pond for bathing cattle and for soaking cart wheels to prevent their joints from shrinking. Inside the village walls was a spider web of muddy lanes, off which doors opened into courtyards. All these villages were on the Bari Doab Canal, which had been completed in 1879 to irrigate thousands of acres of barren land. Lalaji would make one village in the group his headquarters after he had ascertained that it contained an important local landowner who would serve as an ally, that the family would be safe from marauders who roamed the countryside, and that there was a school nearby.

The first house that Daddyji can remember was in Kathunangal. It consisted of a few windowless mud-and-plaster rooms built around a partly covered courtyard and connected by passageways. In the front was a long room, where the men of the family—Lalaji and his brothers—slept. In the back were three smaller rooms, of which two served as sleeping quarters for the children and the women of the family—Bhabiji, her mother-in-law, and Lalaji's sisters—and the third as a storeroom for barrels of wheat and lentils and crude sugar. The rooms were bare and dim, being lit in the evening by the flicker of little mustard-oil lamps, and furnished with a few low stools, many charpoys, and one big chest, which held bedding. Along the walls were wooden pegs on which clothes were hung. The only decoration was in the front room—an old calendar bearing a faded picture of Sita adorned with jasmine flowers and Ram and Lakshman carrying bows and arrows. The cooking, eating, and washing were all done in the courtyard, and the family animals—a saddle horse and a buffalo and a cow—were tethered there at night.

Bhabiji was always the last in the family to eat and the last to go to bed. She milked the cow and the buffalo, churned the milk to make butter, and drew off the buttermilk. She plastered the earthen floor every day with cow dung—it was both antiseptic and holy—and gathered twigs and cotton stalks, which, along with cakes of cow dung, were used as fuel. She prepared all the meals—vegetables, lentils, and chapattis—which the family ate sitting on stools or on charpoys around the hearth. Afterward, Bhabiji washed up—except for the brass pots, which were scrubbed by a boy servant.

As became a *patwari's* wife, Bhabiji always kept herself presentable, plaiting her hair neatly in a long pigtail, which she tied with a black woollen tassel or a black ribbon, and wearing a *salwar* and *kameez* (loose trousers and shirt) of white cotton, varied occasionally with stripes or checks, and keeping her head covered with a white veil; for weddings or festivals, however, she wore a red, yellow, or pink sari and plenty of gold jewelry. All the same, she was surprised if anyone paid attention to her. Daddyji remembers Lalaji giving her only one compliment: he once brought her a single narcissus. She thereupon exclaimed, "*Ik phul/Par lakh mul!*" ("One flower, but worth a million!").

For a time, Lalaji owned an office chair—the only one in the village—and he would sit in it when people came to call on him. When Bhabiji was a bride, she was cleaning around the chair one day and she sat down in it, perhaps merely to try it out. Just then, Lalaji's youngest brother, Ganga Ram, who was about her age, came into the room behind her and punched her in the back. "What are you doing in *his* chair?" he bellowed. She jumped up in alarm, and thereafter she always approached the chair with respect.

Although Bhabiji could neither read nor write, she was well versed in Punjabi proverbs, and she impressed upon everyone around her the virtues of detachment and discipline, of purity and generosity, of practicality and cheerfulness by means of appropriate sayings: "*Jehra ghariyahai/Us tutna vi hai*" ("What the potter has made must also break"); "*Dekh paraee chopri te nah tarsaeen jee/Rukhi missi khaeke te thanda pani pee*" ("Seeing another person's buttered bread, don't let your mind be disturbed; eat dry and non-wheat bread and drink water"); "*Mala teri kath di dhage lacepro man vich ghundi pap di Ram jape ki ho*" ("I have strung your prayer beads on a thread, but when the heart is impure, what is the use of invoking Ram?"); "*Wand khae so khand khae/Kalla khae so dad khae*" ("To one who shares food it is sugar; to one who eats alone it is a toad").

Whenever Bhabiji had a free moment, she spun cotton yarn, singing the few songs she knew in a sweet, melodious voice to the hum of the wheel; later, she took the yarn to the village weaver, who wove it into bedding. Above all, she liked to sit with a length of coarse cotton cloth on her knees and embroider it in silk. She always filled the cloth with the same simple design, in red and yellow—a pattern of large squares, rectangles, or rhombs, the figures being repeated so that each one enclosed progressively smaller replicas of itself. Everyone thought Bhabiji painstaking in her embroidery except Thakur Devi, Lalaji's next-younger sister, who had been widowed at an early age and left with two daughters to support but no sons to comfort her in her old age. When she thought she spotted a crooked stitch in the needlework, she would rap Bhabiji's knuckles. Yet Bhabiji would defend her, saying, "Sister Thakur Devi is a perfectionist and a gifted seamstress. We should sympathize with her situation."

The unquestioned ruler of the household was neither Bhabiji nor Thakur Devi but Manji—Lalaji's mother. Manji got up in time to salute the sun as it rose, and she saw to it that everyone else got up then, too. (This was hard on Bhabiji, who couldn't doze off during the day, as Manji could and did.) Manji would then sprinkle water in the direction of the sun and chant:

"There is one God.
He is the supreme truth.
He, the Creator,
Is without fear and without hate.

"He, the omnipresent,
Pervades the universe.
He is not born,
Nor does He die to be born again.
By His grace shalt thou worship
Him.

"Before time itself
There was truth.
When time began to run its course
He was the truth.
Even now, He is the truth,
And evermore shall truth prevail."

Manji had a strong, pretty face, whose attractiveness was actually accentuated by her wrinkles. She had rosy

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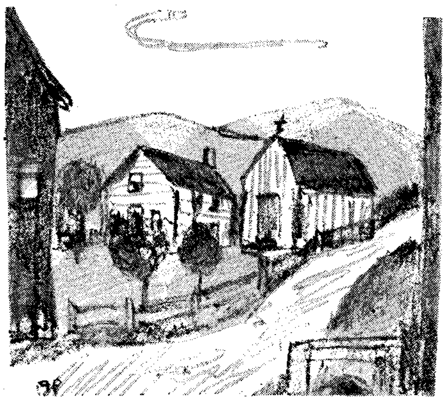
cheeks, and as a baby she had been so fair that she was named Gulab Devi (Rose Goddess). There was always a musty smell about her from snuff; she frequently took fastidious little pinches from a small silver snuffbox engraved with images of Ram and Sita, claiming that it kept her breathing passages clear. She also took a small black pill of opium every day. Her back was straight and her gait steady, and when she was young she was famous for being able to carry on her head three full brass pitchers, stacked one on top of another, without spilling a drop. At meals, she insisted that everyone take only a small serving, and anyone who took a second serving had to finish every scrap of it. If someone dropped salt on the floor, she would scold him, saying, "In the next incarnation, you will have to sweep up with your eyelashes every grain you have dropped."

The only person whom Manji ever praised was Lalaji. One hot summer night, when everyone in the family was sleeping out in the courtyard, a thief somehow managed to steal a necklace that Manji was wearing. The necklace was a gold chain on which hung sovereigns stamped with the head of Queen Victoria and with the words "Guinea" and "Asharafi"—their denomination in English and Urdu—and it was her most treasured possession. She was inconsolable, but the very next day Lalaji ordered an exact duplicate of the necklace to be made for her. When she saw it, she called him "my Sharvan," after a legendary son who was so devoted to his blind parents that he used to carry them in the pans of a scale slung across his shoulders.

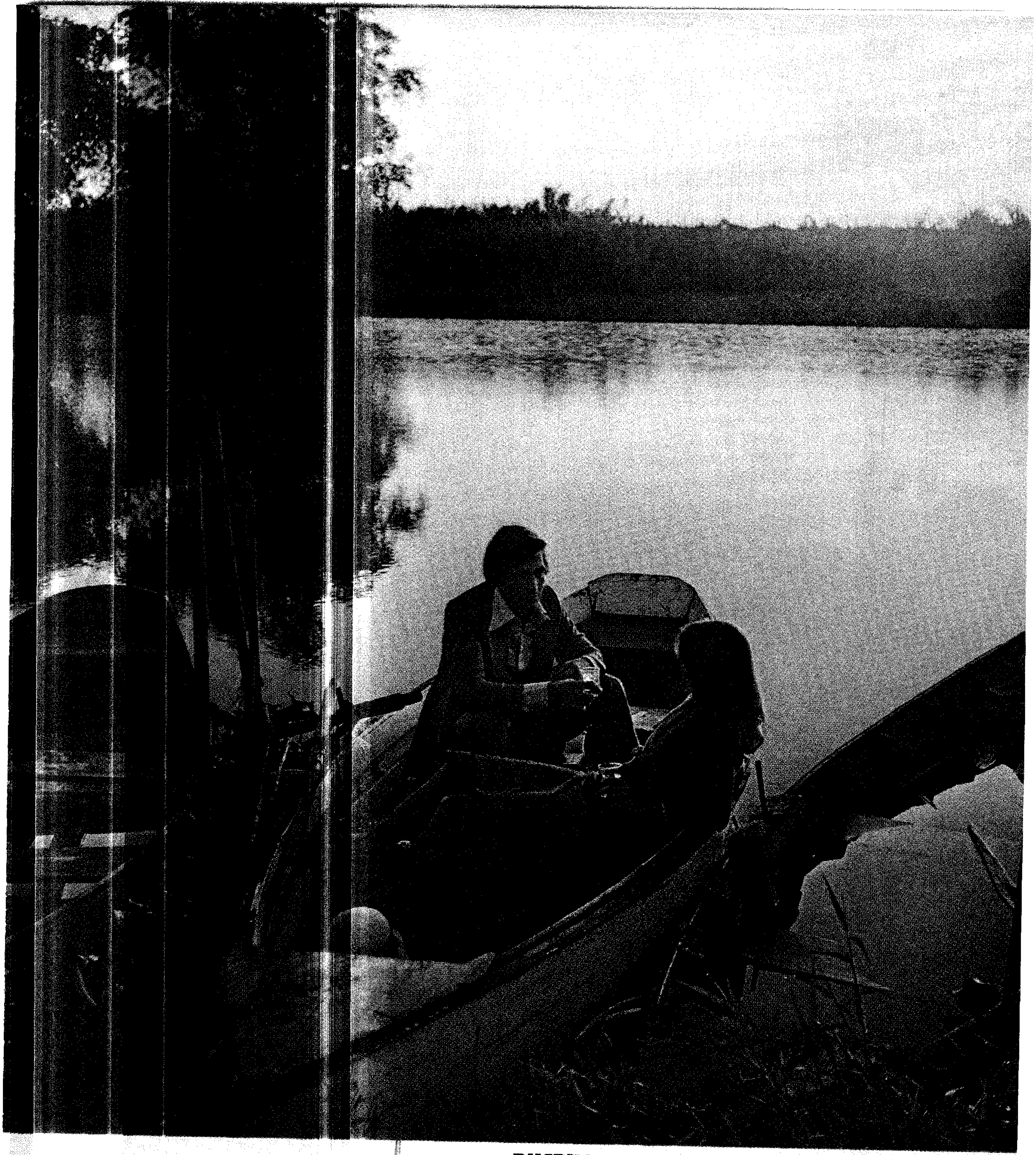
"YOU should come out, like a mushroom, overnight, without anyone's knowing what you are doing until you appear in your full glory, and you should always sit at the head of the charpoy, so that you can dominate the person sitting at the foot," Lalaji was fond of saying. And, indeed, when he came home, usually late in the evening, he would sit at the head of his charpoy and draw on a brass hookah with a silver mouthpiece. He had been smoking a hookah since he was six, and there was an entire ritual connected with it: the hookah had to be frequently filled with glowing coals and fresh water, and its tobacco always had to be a special blend that had been cured in molasses. Lalaji was equally particular about his appearance. He sported a well-trimmed beard and a long, thick mustache, its ends turned up in the manner of his warrior caste. (The Kshatriyas were so zealous about the upward twirl that it was lowered only in defeat.) The beard and mustache, along with the prominent, high-bridged nose that all the Mehtas have, gave his face a magisterial look. He wore white calico pajama trousers and loose white twill shirts, and tied his turban, which was of the finest white Lancashire muslin, high on his head, so that he looked taller than his actual height, which was five feet nine. He walked with his head up, his chin in, and his shoulders squared, and when he went out, he wore a black alpaca coat, so that no one could mistake him for a peasant—he and the *maulvi* were the only two villagers able to afford the luxury of a coat—and he was one of the first Punjabis to own an umbrella, which he holds proudly in an early photograph.

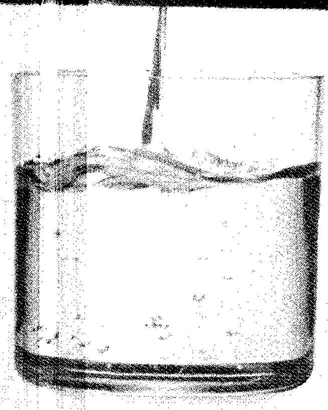
Lalaji always made sure that he had the best mount in the village—usually a mare, who would be mated to the best Arabian stallion in the district. Most of the day, he was out on his horse in the hot sun, collecting field notes for the *khasra*, the *patwari's* book of records. With the help of an attendant who carried a long iron measuring chain, Lalaji surveyed and noted down the acreage of land under irrigation; to avoid paying water rates, villagers sometimes irrigated their fields with canal water they channelled off surreptitiously. The *patwari* had to record the arable land correctly in the *khasra*, because the *zilladar*, who was in charge of between twenty and twenty-five *patwaris*, came regularly to check the book. Still, the *patwari* could record fields as having been unproductive of crops during a particular harvest, as having been "uncommanded," which meant that the water in the canal could not reach the designated acreage, or as having been ravaged by drought or pestilence. In fact, the unspoken assumption was that the villagers would, as a matter of course, be allowed to underreport the amount of canal water they used, and that in return they would give the *patwari*, who received only a nominal remuneration from the government, a rent-free house and a tithe in the form of grain, vegetables, and fodder. So the *khasra* was only a formal record, whose looks counted for more than its substance. Its paper was extremely thin, and an entry, once made, could not be erased or written over. One day, when Daddyji was copying some of Lalaji's field notes into the book, he made a mistake and tried to erase it. When Lalaji saw the erasure, he was paralyzed with rage, so that, though he tried, he couldn't raise his hand to strike the boy. Then Lalaji noticed that the eraser had not gone through the paper, and he ingeniously applied a solution of gum and ink to the spot on the page—writing in the margin, in his beautiful Urdu script, "Ink was spilled on this page by a little child, who did not realize that this was the *khasra*."



Perhaps because of the ambiguous way in which Lalaji had to earn his livelihood, he was insistent upon his own importance. His bearing was that of a polished courtier, and he was strong, laconic, and dictatorial. He seldom ate with the family, and even preferred to smoke his hookah in solitude. He scarcely ever talked to anyone at home; Daddyji remembers that in Lalaji's entire lifetime they had at the most twenty or thirty direct exchanges. He kept a private diary—a sort of commonplace book—in which he capped his observations and thoughts with portentous quotations from Urdu and Persian: "*Mushkil-e-nest ke asan nah shawad/ Mard bayad ke hirasan nah shawad*" ("To the patient and confident, no difficulty is difficult"); "*Kar-e-duniya/ Kase tamam na kard*" ("At journey's end, no man can say that he has done all he started out to do"); "*Kam insan ka insan se parta hai zaroor,/ Bat reh jati hai aur waqt guzar jata hai*" ("Sooner or later one needs the help of another; the need is quickly forgotten, not so the help"); "*Yeh chaman yoonhi rahega aur hazaroon janwar,/ Apni apni boliyan sab bolkar ur ja yenge*" ("This garden shall ever remain, even when thousands of birds, after singing their songs, have flown away"). When he was not writing in his diary or absorbed in the intricacies of the *khasra*, he was studying a book of Unani medicine and concocting herbal powders, or reading his newspaper—a rabble-rousing Urdu paper called *Hindustan*—and delivering terse political pronouncements.

Lalaji was determined that his brothers and sons should break loose from the superstition and backwardness of village life, and leave the banyan tree and the iron skullcap for the city. He wanted them to have the edu-





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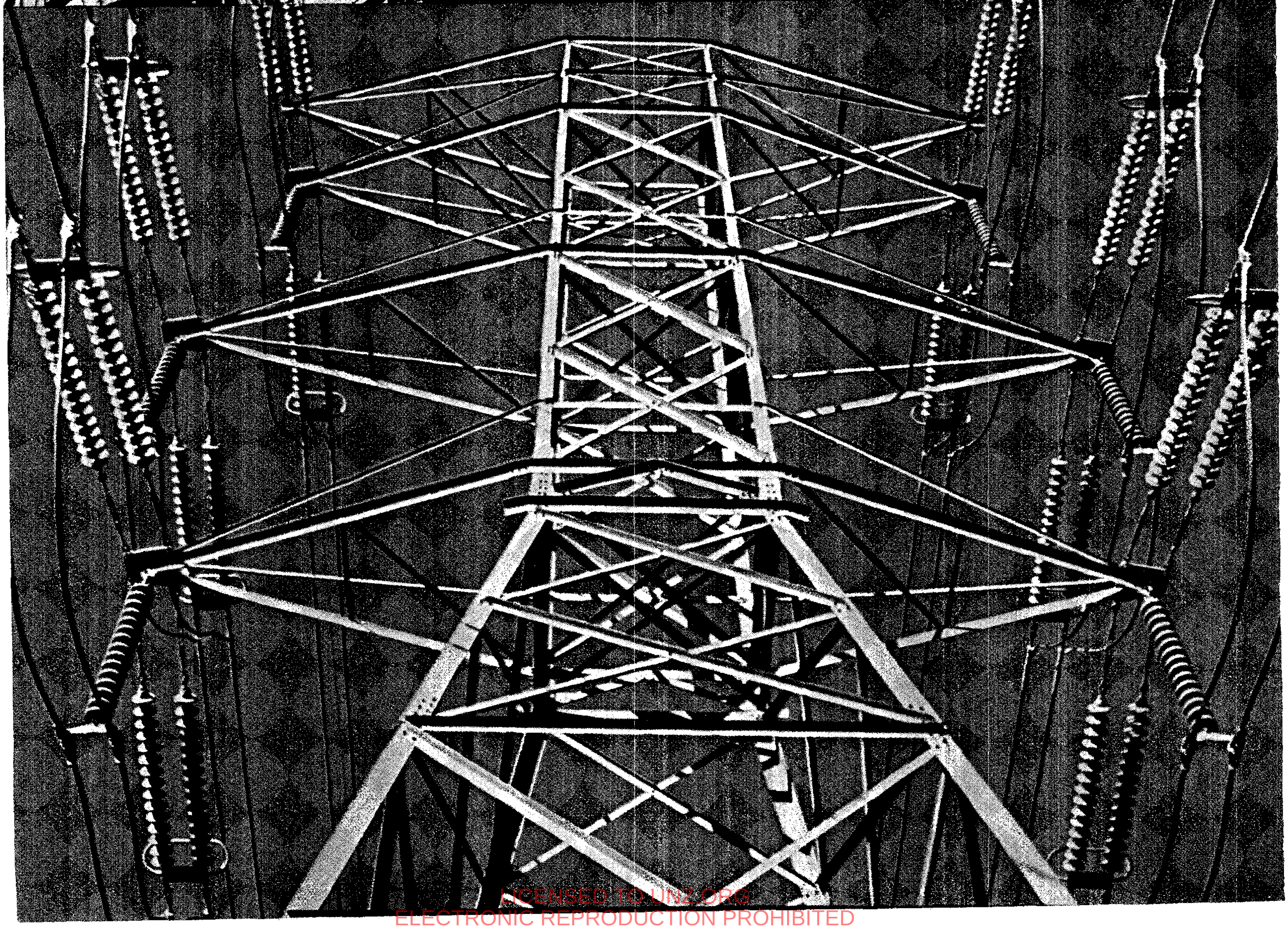

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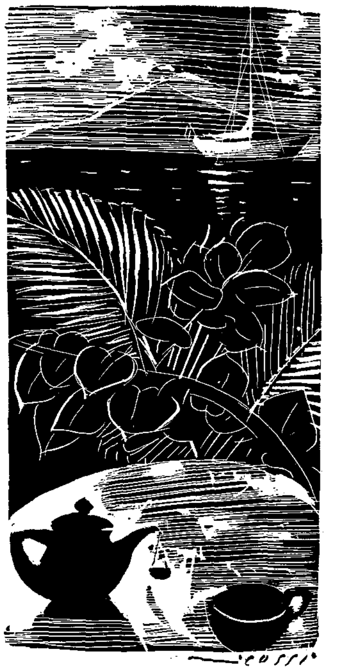
cation that had never been within his reach. Haru Ram, Lalaji's middle brother, showed no interest in learning, but Ganga Ram was studious, and Lalaji sent him to primary and secondary schools in various towns. When Ganga Ram finished school, however, he said to Lalaji that perhaps he should now take up a trade.

"You will become the first university graduate in the history of the family," Lalaji declared. "If you aim your arrow at the sky, it will certainly fly over the tops of the trees."

And in June, 1901, Ganga Ram graduated from Dayanand Anglo-Vernacular College, an institution in Lahore run by the Arya Samaj. As a result, the Arya Samaj—a new Hindu reform movement, founded by Swami Dayanand Saraswati—became an important force in the life of the family. The movement aimed at restoring Hinduism to its original "Aryan purity," contending that since Vedic times Hindu society had become encrusted with superstition, and so had easily fallen victim to the Muslim and British conquerors. After graduation, Ganga Ram came to stay for the summer with the family in the village of Kahangarh, where they were living at the time. Except that he always had a book in his hand, there was nothing in his manner to indicate that he was the first university graduate in the family; he still tried to walk and talk like Lalaji, and he had grown a long, thick mustache exactly like Lalaji's. All the same, everyone made no end of a fuss over him. Though he was tall and handsome, he had always been thin, and was prone to colds that lasted for months. To build him up, Lalaji now arranged for Bhabiji to serve as many chickens as the number of days of Ganga Ram's stay.



Daddyji was perpetually at Ganga Ram's heels, and every morning the little nephew would take his city uncle a repast of buttermilk and peeled almonds that Bhabiji had prepared with her own hands. Ganga Ram—or Bhaji (Older Brother) Ganga Ram, as the children called him—could be found sitting in the shade of a pipal tree outside the village gate, wearing a turban tied high on his head and stroking his mustache. As he ate and drank, he would give Daddyji lessons from the Urdu primer and teach him English words, whose exotic sounds enchanted the boy. Bhaji Ganga Ram would spend the rest of the day absorbed in his own studies, but in the evenings he would go for a walk along the canal bank, and Daddyji would tag along and, this time, get lessons in arithmetic.

By the time Daddyji was about seven years old, he had learned by heart the verses and stories in the first three Urdu primers, and could do elementary sums on a slate. He was considered old enough to attend primary school in the nearby town of Atari. Bhaji Ganga Ram, who by then had spent a year at a teachers' training college in Lahore, took him to the school for a placement examination and, for the school record, arbitrarily gave his birth date as December 25, 1895. (Thereafter, it became his official birth date.) Daddyji was the first to finish, and he stood up, putting down his slate. But when the examiner looked at it, he found that the boy had got two out of five sums wrong. He was placed in the third primary class.

On the way home, Bhaji Ganga Ram stopped and slapped Daddyji across the face. "That will teach you to be hasty," he said. "Next time, be the last to finish. Revise, and make sure that you have got the right answer."

Daddyji says that he is glad he learned this lesson so early in life but that his cheek still smarts when he thinks of it.

Daulat Ram, Lalaji's third child, was a year and a half younger than Daddyji, and resembled him so closely that the brothers were often mistaken for each other, even by their own relatives. They both had thin, strong bodies, prominent Mehta noses, dark-brown eyes, and straight black hair. Daulat Ram followed Daddyji everywhere and tried to copy him in everything. Each morning, the two brothers would get up while it was still dark and go to the village well. It was beside a bo tree and was planted all around with carrots, radishes, cabbages, lilac, and acacia. They would clean their teeth with twigs, and they would bathe—Daulat Ram would pour some water on Daddyji, and Daddyji would pour some on him. After this, they would walk to school, a couple of miles away along the Grand Trunk Road, the famous old highway running across North India. Sometimes they would sit on a milestone and finish their homework, or watch the kites and crows circling above. Then they would continue briskly, swinging their satchels and their lunch bundles, which had been tenderly packed by their older sister, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi. There was no school for girls in the region, and Bibi Parmeshwari Devi, an intelligent, curious child, who helped Bhabiji around the house, took a vicarious pleasure in her brothers' achievements, sending them off to school with a prodigious lunch of parathas (fried unleavened wheat bread), along with a special potato dish, some scallions, some mango pickles, and, depending on the season, a couple of bananas or oranges. The brothers would take care that they did not accidentally come in contact with sweepers, tanners, or any other Untouchables along the way, for Manji had given them strict instructions to throw away the food if it should be so defiled and to buy sweetmeats for their lunch. As an added precaution, Manji kept a vessel of Ganga water to purify them when they got home. But such measures were unnecessary; the Untouchables knew their place all too well, and kept their distance. When the brothers reached the school, they would tie their lunch high up on a branch of the pipal tree that stood in the schoolyard, and go to their classes.

The school was a small, U-shaped red brick building of three rooms—two serving as classrooms and the third as living quarters for the schoolteacher, who was the Atari *maulvi*. The pupils sat on reed mats on the packed-earth floor and were taught reading, dictation, and arithmetic—all by rote. The *maulvi* was a short, thin, wizened man with a beard and a severely clipped mustache, and he had a stern manner. He kept with him at all times a cane, moist and supple, which he would flourish when he walked. He would swat the hands or the bottom of any miscreant, and if his student monitors made a mistake, he would thwack them, too. Yet the *maulvi* lived for the most part off the patronage of his charges; he would order each child to bring a couple of pounds of wheat flour and a lump of crude sugar to school whenever the district inspector of education was expected on his bimonthly visit. Ostensibly, the supplies were for the dignitary's meals, but once the inspector had been fêted, the *maulvi*

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You'll also notice, if you glance at the chart on the right, that under passing conditions the Fiat accelerates faster than the Volkswagen. (If you've ever passed a giant truck on a highway, you know how important that is.)

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The Fiat 128 has rack and pinion steering, which is a more positive kind of steering system generally found on such cars as Ferraris, Porsches, and Jaguars. The Volkswagen doesn't.

And lastly, the Fiat comes with radial tires; the Volkswagen doesn't.

OUR ROOM VERSUS THEIR ROOM.

The trouble with most of the small cars around is that while they help solve the serious problem of space on the road, they create a serious problem of space inside the car.

And while the Volkswagen is far from the worst offender in this area, it still doesn't give you anywhere near the amount of space you get in the Fiat 128.

As you can see on the measurement chart, the Fiat 128 is a full 10 inches shorter on the outside than the Volkswagen. Yet it has more room on the inside than an Oldsmobile Cutlass, let alone the Volkswagen.

Compared to the Super Beetle, it's wider in front, wider in back, and 5 inches wider between the front and back seat. Which should be good news for your knees.

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FIAT	20-0 mph	13.2 ft.
VW	20-0 mph	14.6 ft.
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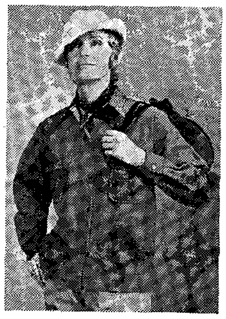

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would live off the surplus until the next tour of inspection. Sometimes he would even take some of the food to his real home, in a village six miles away, where his wives and children lived. He walked there and back every second Sunday, and on the infrequent occasions when he received a salary increment he would add a new wife to his large family.

Close by the school was a big banyan tree, and next to it was an open space where the children played their version of hockey, with sticks cut from the tree and with a ball made by Bhabiji and contributed by Daddyji. The ball, a wood-and-cloth affair, was stitched all around with strong string, and inside it was a peach stone, which rattled as the ball bounced about the field.

When Daddyji was not studying, or playing hockey, he ran about the village with the other little boys, dashing between the legs of horses, cows, and buffaloes. He fed Lalaji's horse and took it to the village well for water. He gathered duck and peacock eggs from the canal bank and put them in the hen's nest; when the hen hatched the eggs, he made pets of the ducklings and peachicks. He bought myna birds and taught them to talk: "*Ram, Ram, mera nam Ganga Ram*" ("Ram, Ram, my name is Ganga Ram"). He sat for hours—sometimes until twilight—watching the village carpenter, cobbler, or oil presser at work, and playing in wood shavings or with leather scraps. He stood by the forge of the village blacksmith, wondering how something as hard and black as iron could be made so malleable and glowing.

So his life ran, from season to Punjabi season—from winter to spring to summer to the monsoon to autumn to winter again.

WHEN Daddyji was about nine, Ganga Devi, Lalaji's youngest sister, who lived in a village near Burkhurdar with her husband, their daughter, and three sons, suddenly developed an abscess in her armpit and a fever. She took to her bed and called her husband to her side. "I have got the plague. I am going to die tomorrow," she said. It was during a winter of bubonic plague in which more than half a million Punjabis had already died. "Please ask all my dear ones to come in the morning. I would like to take leave of them."

In the morning, under her direction, Bahali Ram, her seven-year-old son, swept the floor between her charpoy and the wall, and plastered it with cow dung, covered one part of the plastered floor with a heavy cotton pad, and spread over that a white linen sheet.

When Lalaji, Bhabiji, Manji, Daddyji, and the other relatives arrived, Ganga Devi got down from her charpoy and sat on the sheet. She made them sit all around her on the sanctified floor and, propping herself up against the wall, opened a Hindi copy of the Gita in her lap (she had learned to read from Bhaji Ganga Ram) and read them a few verses from the scriptures:

> "As the soul in this body passes through childhood, youth, and old age, so [after departure from this body] it passes on to another body. . . .
>
> "Just as a man casts off worn-out clothes and takes on others that are new, so the embodied soul casts off worn-out bodies and takes on others that are new.
>
> "Weapons do not cut it, nor does fire burn it; waters do not make it wet, nor does wind make it dry.
>
> "It is uncleavable, it cannot be burnt, it can be neither wetted nor dried. It is eternal, omnipresent, unchanging, and immovable. . . .
>
> "It is called unmanifest, unthinkable, and immutable; therefore, knowing it as such, thou shouldst not grieve."

She called her husband to her and made him promise in front of all the witnesses that he would never remarry. She lay down on the sheet, with her head to the north, in the direction of the legendary home of her Aryan ancestors—and so the final resting place of her soul—and within a few minutes she was dead.

CITY

ONE afternoon, Lalaji took the entire family in a tonga from Kahangarh to Amritsar so that they might see the switching on of the first electric lights in the district. The lights had been installed several weeks earlier to illuminate the most sacred shrine of the Sikhs, the Golden Temple. The city was so thronged with villagers who had trudged miles to see the new marvel that the family had to get down from the tonga and proceed on foot. After some time, they reached the wide marble steps of the temple. They took off their shoes, washed their feet in the temple footbath, and descended to the marble terrace surrounding the sacred tank for ritual bathing. Somehow they managed to find space, and they sat down to wait until six-thirty, the hour of the illumination.

From time to time, Lalaji would take out a large pocket watch he had

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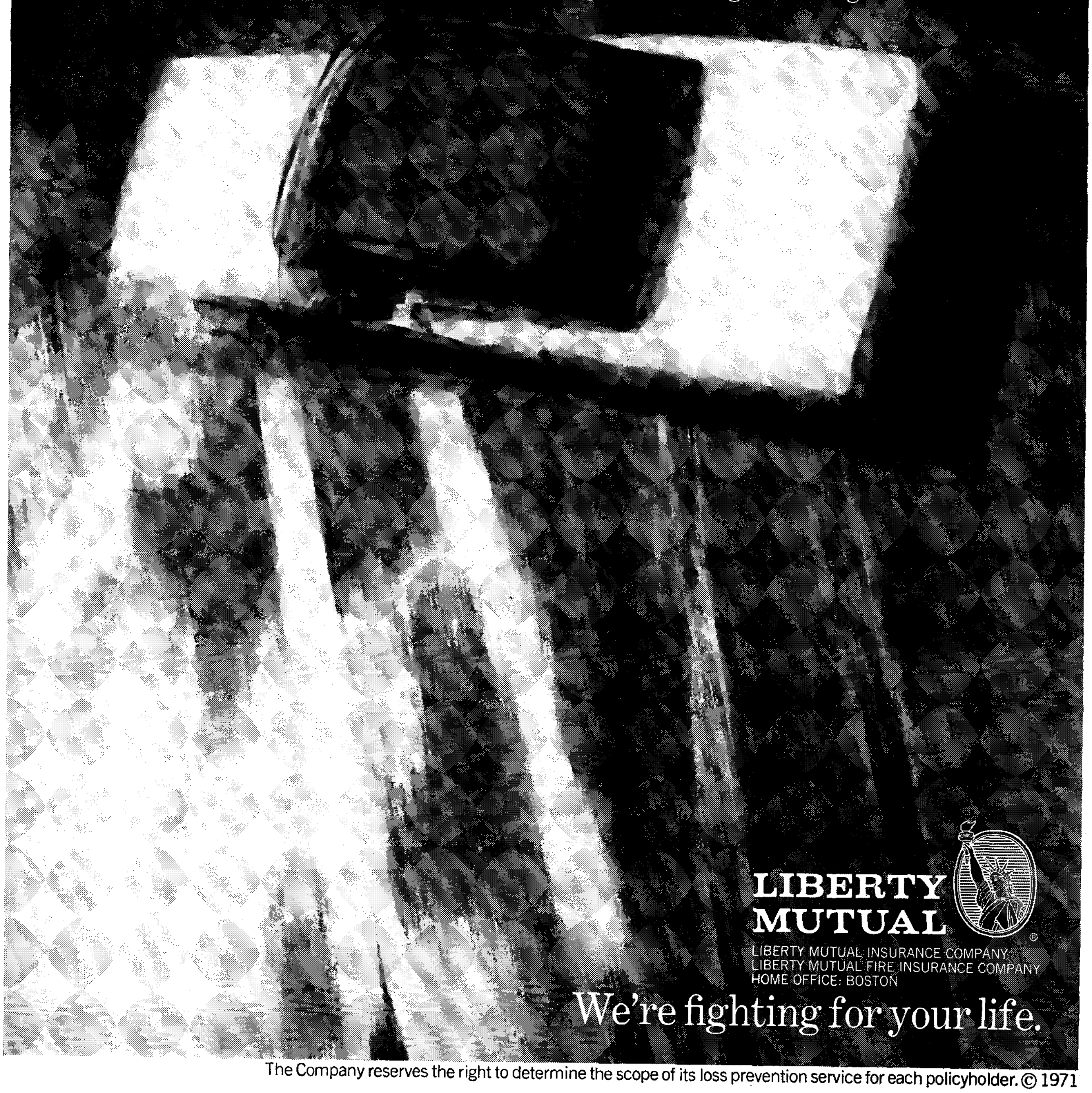

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recently bought, consult it, and call out "Fifteen minutes to six-thirty," "Twelve minutes to six-thirty," and so on.

Daddyji kept his eyes on the big milky globes installed around the sacred tank and the gilded domes of the temple. Exactly at six-thirty, the domes were miraculously flooded with a steady incandescence.

The crowds leaped to their feet and shouted, "*Sat Sri Akal!*" ("True Timeless One!").

EARLY one autumn morning, when the water glistened in the fresh furrows of the brown fields, Manji and three of her grandchildren boarded a slow local train at Atari for Lahore, and from there they took the Karachi Mail for the twenty-four-hour journey to Multan, on the river Chenab. Daddyji was much excited, though all he knew about the city was one Urdu couplet, which chug-chugged in his head: "*Chahar chiz ast tohfa-i Multan:/ Gard, garma, gada, o goristan*" ("Four things are the gifts of Multan: Dust, heat, beggars, and tombs").

Daddyji was ten and Daulat Ram almost nine, and both of them had gone as far as they could in the Atari primary school. They were eager to start their real education with Bhaji Ganga Ram, who, after his marriage, in 1903, had become headmaster of the Arya Samaj high school in Multan. Lalaji had long since worked out a plan whereby his sons, as they finished their local schooling, would go to Bhaji Ganga Ram in the city for their advanced education. But when Daddyji and Daulat Ram were making ready to leave, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi had clamored to go with them. On her own, she had learned to read and write Urdu and Hindi, and although the education of girls was uncommon, she longed to get at least a taste of formal schooling before she was married off—she was already thirteen. Lalaji, after some thought, had given his permission. So the three children had set off in the custody of Manji, who was herself eager to spend some time with her city son.

When their train arrived in Multan, they were met by Bhaji Ganga Ram. Not only was he lost forever to the village but he also seemed to have acquired the wary air of a city dweller. He helped Manji into the front seat of a tonga while the children clambered on behind. The tonga-wallah flicked his whip at the dusty flanks of his horse, and soon they were riding past imposing mosques and mausoleums and winding through *gullis* amid grimy tenements, open sewers, fetid odors, and unidentifiable noises. The tonga pulled up in front of a four-story brick tenement house. "We're home," Bhaji Ganga Ram said, and he led them up a flight of stairs to three stuffy rooms looking out on an air shaft with a wooden parapet.

Every morning thereafter, Daddyji and Daulat Ram would set out from the tenement with their slates and copybooks and make their way through the crush of tongas and hawkers' carts to the Arya Samaj high school, in the sedate British cantonment outside the city wall. Here they would study English alongside the sons of the privileged Indians—high-ranking government officers, advocates, and landowners. Meanwhile, Bibi Parmeshwari Devi attended an Arya Samaj primary school for girls nearby.

Evenings at home were somewhat strained. Chhoti ("little") Bhabiji, as Bhaji Ganga Ram's wife, Upala Devi, was called, seemed sad and withdrawn. Daddyji didn't know why, but he guessed that possibly it was because she had not yet had any children. Once, while he was playing on the parapet, he overheard a gossipy neighbor woman say, "If she is childless, it's her own fault. What do you expect from a cat bride?" Daddyji wanted to put a hot coal on the neighbor woman's superstitious tongue. Although Chhoti Bhabiji was very pretty—she was small and delicate, with long black hair—she had blue eyes, which, no matter how becoming, were considered to be an evil omen, because cats had blue eyes and cats brought bad luck. As a good Arya Samajist, Bhaji Ganga Ram abhorred all superstitions, and flouted even the commonest of them, such as not going out on an important errand after drinking a glass of milk or after someone had sneezed.

Daddyji discovered that where the children were concerned, Bhaji Ganga Ram was as strict a taskmaster as ever. He constantly held up to them the Arya Samaj virtues of thrift, abstinence, and industry, and expected them to measure up to his standard of moral rectitude. He made them abandon the lackadaisical ways of rustics, teaching them to clean their shoes, to look after their own clothes, and to cultivate hab-

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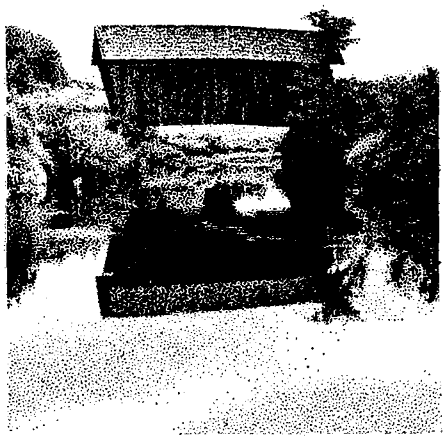

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its of punctuality and discipline. Every Sunday morning at eight o'clock, he took the whole family to a meeting of the Arya Samaj. There the congregation chanted mantras as they threw incense and ghi into a fire, and then listened to lengthy lectures exhorting them to spurn superstition and idolatry, to study the ancient glories of Hinduism, and to emulate their Aryan forefathers.

After the children and Manji had lived with Bhaji Ganga Ram in Multan for a year or so, he moved them all to Amritsar, where he taught in a government school for another year, and where the children continued their studies. Bhaji Ganga Ram was then appointed the superintendent of Quadrangle, the boarding house of Government College, in Lahore, and he moved there with Chhoti Bhabiji, Daddyji, and Daulat Ram—Manji having returned to the village, and Bibi Parmeshwari Devi having been married, with great éclat, to a petty official, Mukand Lal Anand.

Ever since Daddyji could remember, he had been hearing about Lahore. Lalaji had always said that the fortunes of the family would be made there ("Aim your arrow at the sky"), and Bhaji Ganga Ram had always talked about the city as the educational center of the world. As a child, Daddyji would ask Manji to tell him about his grandfather's great journey to Lahore, and she would say, "I remember that when he came back from there he had an entire cloth shop behind his saddle. All the villagers gathered around him, and he said to them, 'Touch! Touch!' They had the hands of working people, but even they could tell that the cloth from Lahore was softer than melted butter." And now Daddyji had actually come to live in Lahore, the clamorous, clangorous city. Here there were whole streets of cobblers, weavers, and potters, and there was an entire bazaar for every imaginable trade—one for metalworkers, one for carpetmakers, one for dyers, one for cloth merchants, one for dry grocers, one for goldsmiths and silversmiths, one for confectioners, one for savory cooks. There was even a whole city-within-a-city of courtesans, called Hira Mandi ("gem market"), which was dead and deserted by day but by night was glittering and alive with the sounds of music and laughter. Behind the bazaars and lanes were rabbit warrens of *mohallas*, or blocks of tenement houses, opening onto squares that were entered by still narrower *gullis*, and these *mohallas* and *gullis* contained

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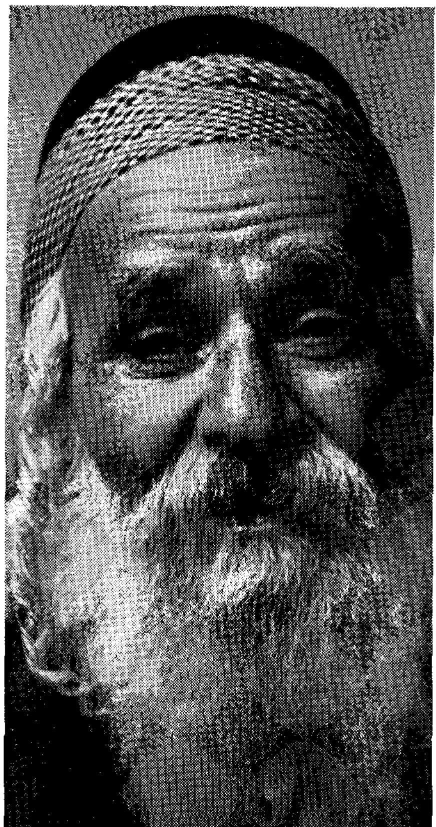

"So the eagle took me into his belly and carried me to the land of Israel."

Here Josef set aside the 100 piece necklace he had just completed and began to filligree another silver cobweb around a turquoise from King Solomon's mine. "But were you not afraid," I asked, "you who had never seen an airplane?"

"No," said Josef, "why should I fear? True, I was no teacher, only a jeweler who, like all my forefathers, knew only one corner of Yemen and the making of wedding necklaces for brides. But, though I knew not the world, did I not know the word? Had Exodus not told me that the wings of eagles would carry me here?"

"And what would you tell our American friends whom we are inviting to our year-long 25th birthday party?" "Come in your silver eagles. I, Josef Zadock, invite you too."

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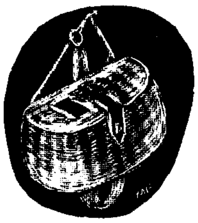
more life and variety than could be found in any village. Bhaji Ganga Ram, however, had taken lodgings in a new, open part of the city, where the British government officers and the Indians attached to the British establishment lived. These lodgings—three rooms and a kitchen, one flight up—were somewhat better than the ones in Multan. But what Daddyji liked most of all about them was a discovery he made within minutes of reaching them. Just outside the building was a curved pipe sticking up out of the ground, with a handle on top. When the handle was raised and lowered, water came gushing out of the mouth of the pipe, which was high enough to sit under. Daddyji had never seen anything like it, and the first thing he did in Lahore was to take a bath.

After they had been in Lahore a few weeks, Daddyji noticed that Bhaji Ganga Ram was becoming increasingly irritable. Perhaps his new duties were too taxing; he was required to spend the night in his room at Quadrangle, and he had to walk home for all his meals, which he ate in total silence. Perhaps the fact that he and Chhoti Bhabiji had not yet succeeded in having a child—Chhoti Bhabiji had suffered several miscarriages and stillbirths—had begun to tell on him, especially since Lalaji and Bhabiji by now had a family of six, five of whom were sons. Perhaps a new enthusiasm of Daddyji's was getting on his nerves. Daddyji and Daulat Ram had been entered in Central Model School, whose headmaster—an Englishman, Mr. Tydeman—was fond of quoting "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," and had made hockey and cricket part of the school curriculum. Sports were in Daddyji's blood, and once he had come under the aegis of Mr. Tydeman he never missed a chance to play either. Daddyji would march about in his khaki shorts and his white shirt with its starched collar, brandishing his hockey stick. Bhaji Ganga Ram, however, considered all sports a waste of time, a luxury for the idle rich, an affectation of Anglicized Indians. At the Arya Samaj school he had attended, the students had been pious, austere, and upright, and had dressed simply, in the traditional loose pajamas and shirts. Indeed, Chhoti Bhabiji's nephew Gian Chand, who had just arrived at Bhaji Ganga Ram's for his education and was going to that Arya Samaj school, became a pet of Bhaji Ganga Ram's. He was frail, studious, and easily influenced—a paragon of all the virtues that Daddyji and Daulat Ram lacked. Often, when the three boys sat down at home and boasted about what they had done in their schools, Bhaji Ganga Ram would nod knowingly and observe, "*Khelo ge kudoge hoge kharab,/ Parhoge likhoge banoge nawab*" ("If you play and jump about, you will become a no-good; if you read and write, you will become a potentate").

DURING the long summer vacation the year before Daddyji's graduation from Central Model School, Lalaji put two hundred rupees in Daddyji's hand and sent him off to Pattoki. Pattoki was one of a number of new planned communities southwest of Lahore that the government was then developing as part of the Bari Doab Canal irrigation project. It was the first time that Daddyji, who was then about fourteen, had been anywhere on his own, and he was intoxicated with his mission, which was to oversee the improvement of a house, the family's first piece of urban property.

The house had a tangled history. It happened that Lalaji's oldest sister, Dayavanti, was married to Haveli Ram, a rich moneylender who lived in Amritsar. Several years earlier, Haveli Ram had written to Lalaji suggesting that the two brothers-in-law buy contiguous plots of land in Pattoki and build family houses side by side. He said that the price of land in the new urban communities was going up rapidly, and, since Lalaji had little ready cash, offered to lend him the necessary money. Lalaji was tempted by the prospect of a new house in a modern town, for there was no going back to the ancestral village. His brother Haru Ram, who had been left custodian of the family property in Nawankote, had proved to be neither a good shopkeeper nor a good farmer; pilfering of merchandise from the shop had become so common that he had been forced to close it down, and he had fared no better with the family land left under his care. He had quarrelled with his first cousins, who lived in the same compound and shared a private well with him. They had threatened to break his head. Lalaji had visited Nawankote and settled the quarrel, but his last bond with the village had been loosened. He therefore gladly assented to Haveli Ram's proposal, even entrusting the building of his own house to his brother-in-law. Haveli Ram and Lalaji had agreed that the two houses would be identical, but when Lalaji



An open letter to readers of The New Yorker

Norman Cousins
Two Dag Hammarskjold Plaza New York, New York 10017

My purpose in writing is to tell you that my colleagues and I have decided to launch a new magazine. The magazine will be published every two weeks. It will be called WORLD. It will be a world review of ideas, the arts, and the human condition.

Ever since I resigned from the Saturday Review, I have been thinking and dreaming about starting a magazine that, in a certain sense, would belong to its readers and editors.

Usually, new magazines call for a prodigious investment. The reason is that magazines are sold to the consumer at less than the cost of manufacture. What compounds this problem is that the standard way of building a subscription list is through sharply reduced introductory offers.

Little wonder that massive investment has usually been necessary to see a new magazine through to the point where introductory-offer readers can be graduated to full-rate subscribers. But outside investment can mean outside control – and this is something we want to avoid if we possibly can.

Our hope, therefore, is that we can find enough readers who are willing to take a chance on us by becoming long-term subscribers from the very outset.

We decided to put these hopes to the test. I am delighted to say that the responses thus far have been favorable beyond even our most extravagant expectations. As a result, we are scheduling our first issue for late Spring.

What about the magazine itself?

We believe that a magazine is essentially a reading, rather than a viewing, experience. In this sense, we will publish for a readership rather than a flippership.

We will address ourselves to people who attach high value to ideas and the creative arts. Our arena, however, will be the world. We will do more than report on books, plays, movies, music and the arts in just the United States alone. We will attempt to review and report on cultural events on a world scale – "cultural" being defined in its broadest sense.

We will write about the human condition at a time when the ability of human intelligence to meet its problems is being tested as never before. Our hope is to see the world as the astronauts saw it – a beautiful wet blue ball possessing millions of factors in the delicate combination that makes life possible. Our dominant editorial concern, then, will be the proper care of the human habitat – protecting it against war, world environmental poisoning, overcrowding, or any of the things that indignify and humiliate human beings.

In this connection, I am pleased to announce that U Thant, former Secretary-General of the U.N., and Buckminster Fuller, architect-philosopher-innovator, have joined the Board of Editors. They will preside over a major section of the magazine to be called "Planetary Management."

We will also give major attention to what we believe will be one of the most compelling issues in the years ahead – the squandering of human resources, far more costly than the waste of physical resources.

There is no point in talking about conservation of land unless we also talk about conservation of life.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the new magazine will direct its central editorial energies both to the enjoyment of creative living and to the pursuit of vital ideas. It is an error, however, to try to be too detailed about a magazine in advance of publication. A magazine has to describe itself, issue by issue.

The only thing we can be sure of at this point is that we are going to make plenty of mistakes. If we are lucky, they will be fruitful mistakes and the magazine will change for the better because of them. New magazines are not really invented or created in one piece. They evolve. They are the product of creative interaction between editors and readers.

It may be irresponsible, therefore, to try to tell a reader everything he may want to know about the nature of a magazine, its underlying philosophy, or its capacity for growth. What we can try to do, however, is to tell you something about our hopes, philosophy, and our approach – and to seek your help in achieving our aims.

Some specifics: The rates will be $12 for one year; $20 for two years.

For pre-publication Charter Subscribers we propose a special three-year rate of $25.

The reason we emphasize three-year subscriptions is that they reduce sharply the astoundingly high cost of processing renewals.

Even more important is the fact that long-term subscriptions will free us to do our main job – which is to try to publish a magazine you will read and respect.

We ask no money now. That can come later. What we do need now is an expression of your interest.

As I said earlier, in inviting you to join us in what we hope will be an exciting adventure in ideas, we realize we are asking you to take a chance on us. We have high hopes of justifying that confidence. The process begins with the Charter Subscription form attached or by calling collect (212) 486-9228.

Sincerely,

Norman Cousins

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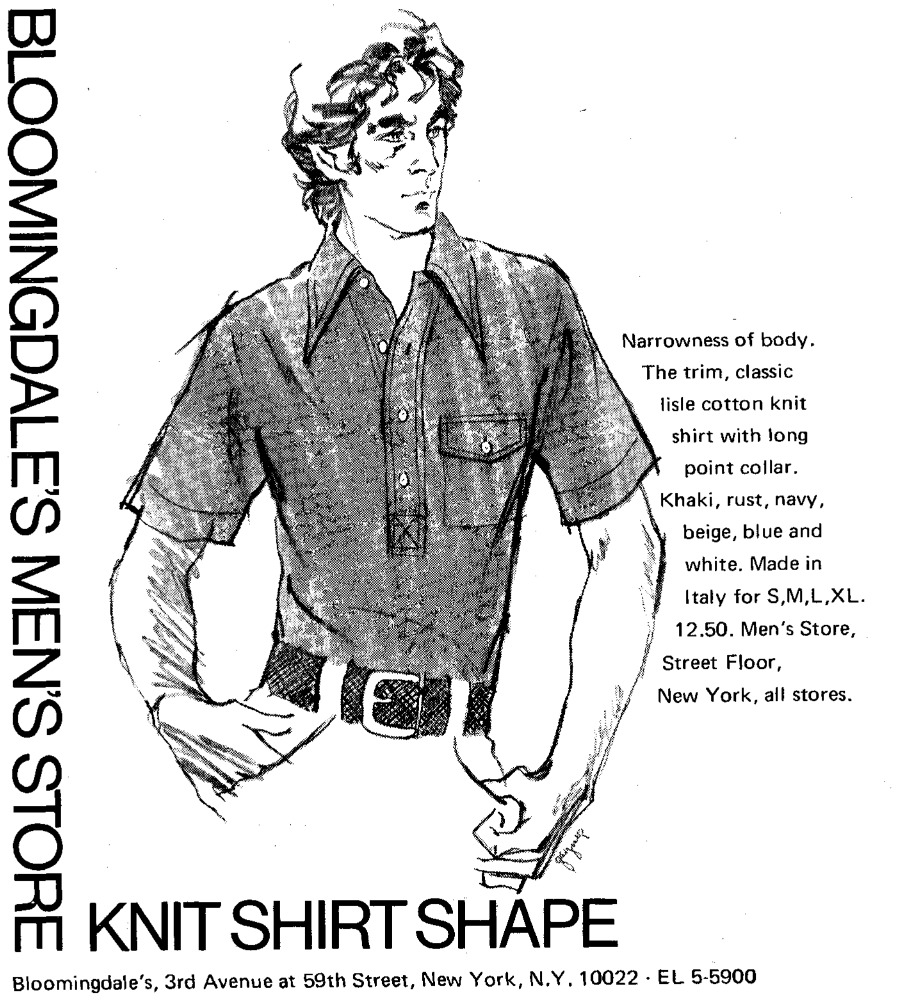
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went to Pattoki after a few months to see how his house was coming along he was shocked to find that although the two houses were the same in design—they had to conform to a standard development plan—Haveli Ram's was built with good bricks and the best grade of cement, and showed superior workmanship, while Lalaji's was shoddy and insubstantial-looking. The only explanation he could think of was that Haveli Ram wanted to publicize the difference in their worldly positions. Lalaji went over to Haveli Ram's house, where Haveli Ram was now living, and charged him with a breach of their agreement. Haveli Ram replied by asking for immediate repayment of his loan, and he demanded much more money than he could conceivably have spent on the house. Although Haveli Ram was so notorious as a moneylender that he was afraid to go about alone at night, Lalaji had never imagined that a man would exploit his own brother-in-law. When Lalaji protested that he had no money, Haveli Ram said, "In that case, Brother-in-Law, I have no choice but to attach your house and land in payment of my loan." In the short time since the land was bought, however, it had increased in value many times over, and Lalaji couldn't think of parting with it. He said as much to Haveli Ram, who thereupon brought suit against Lalaji for defaulting on the loan. After two years' litigation, the court appointed an arbitrator to settle the dispute, and he decided in favor of Haveli Ram. (It was said that the arbitrator had been bribed.) Lalaji somehow raised the money for the repayment of both the principal and the interest, however, and was allowed to keep the house and land.

So it was that Daddyji now found himself in Pattoki, remodelling the house. He hired laborers, supervised them, paid them with money that Lalaji sent him regularly, and ordered whatever he liked to eat at the local *tandur*. (Lalaji had admonished Daddyji to keep his distance from Haveli Ram and his family.) Altogether, he spent a couple of very happy months in Pattoki, though his pleasure was tinged with bitterness whenever he looked over the wall common to the two houses, for there he would see Dayavanti lying on a charpoy in her courtyard, loaded with gold ornaments from head to toe. She had grown very heavy and bulky, and it was clearly an effort for her to bestir herself. She was on the charpoy more or less continuously from morning to evening, wrapped in her best finery, commanding her servants, taking her meals, fanning herself, and dozing.

After finishing the house in Pattoki, Daddyji returned to Lahore to find that Bhaji Ganga Ram's household had been increased by the arrival of Balwant, Lalaji's third son, and of Jaswant, Haru Ram's son, both of whom had finished their primary schooling and had been sent as a matter of course to Bhaji Ganga Ram for their further education.

DADDYJI passed his final, matriculation examination in the first division. Lalaji came to Lahore to discuss Daddyji's future, and there was a meeting in Bhaji Ganga Ram's office in Quadrangle. Bhaji Ganga Ram sat in his usual armchair, behind his desk; Lalaji reclined on a cane sofa; and Daddyji stood at a respectful distance.

"I've put Gian Chand down for engineering school, Lalaji," Bhaji Ganga Ram said. "I would advise you to send him"—he pointed to Daddyji—"to a professional school, too. There is no better course for boys from good middle-class families like ours than to acquire a profession—engineering, law, or medicine—and then enter government service and rise by hard, honest work."

"I don't think he should be pushed into a career yet," Lalaji said. "He should go to Government College and get a general education first."

Daddyji scarcely dared to look pleased—Government College was where he wanted to go.

Neither man liked his opinions to be questioned, and there was a long silence, during which Lalaji lit a cigarette and drew on it. (When he didn't have his hookah, he smoked a brand of cigarettes called Scissors.)

"Government College!" Bhaji Ganga Ram said at last. "He'll only fritter away his time on hockey and cricket, and ape the British sahibs, like other Quadrangle boarders. Next, he'll want to be a maharaja!"

Lalaji blew out a thin plume of smoke and said, "Are we, then, to be less than maharajas?"

COLLEGE

DADDYJI felt he had been tapped by destiny. It was the first day of his first term at Government College. He walked along the oval Government College driveway encircling the hockey field and went up to the main building, a large Gothic structure. The monsoon had just ended, and the oval field was flooded, so that the façade was re-

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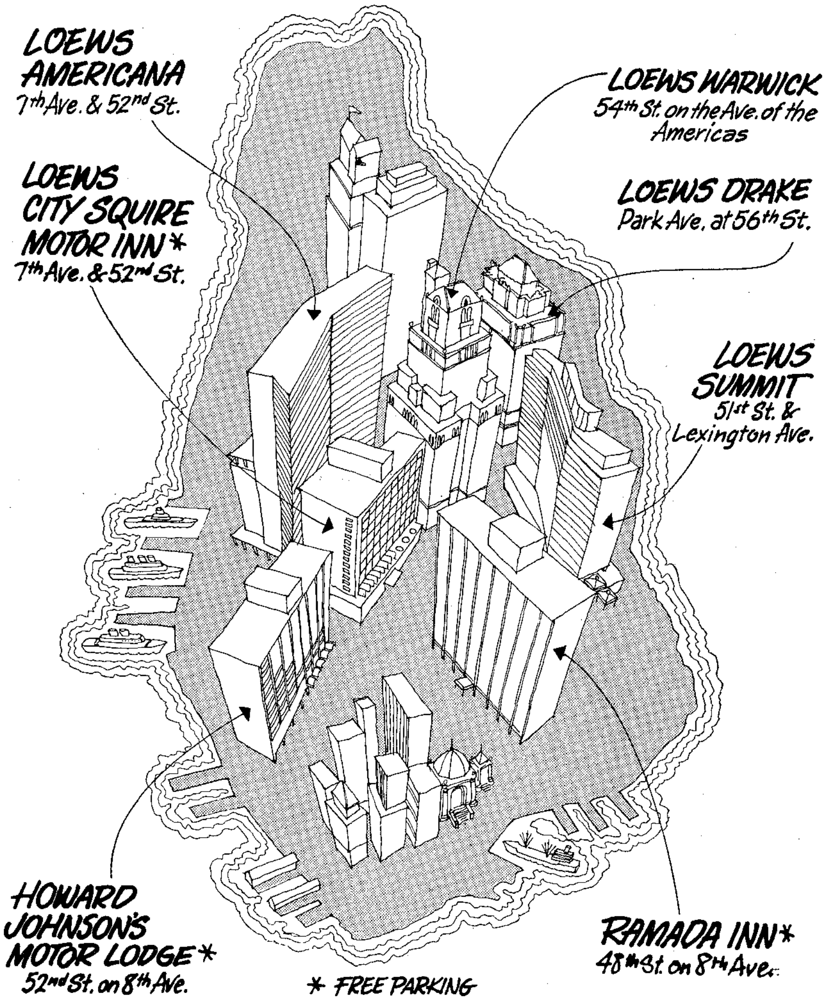

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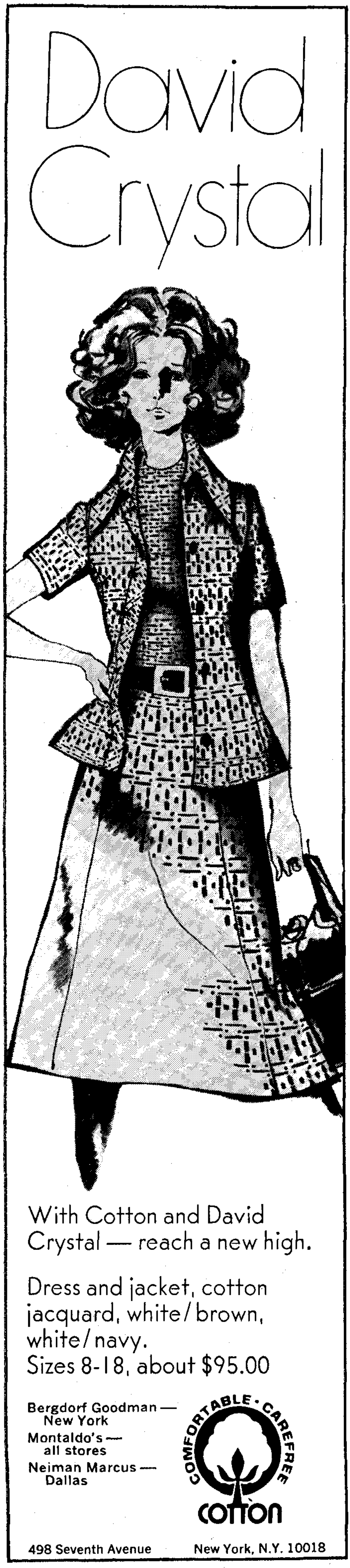

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flected in the water, acquiring an aspect of majesty. Here and there were students in twos and threes, strolling about and chatting. Daddyji went along the open veranda, which ran around the sides and the back of the building. Clearly, the buildings and grounds of Government College could have no rival, he thought. Beyond the back veranda were grass tennis courts, and beyond them was the principal's house. To one side of the main building were Quadrangle, the football field, and the bungalows of professors, many of whom were Oxonians or Cantabrigians. Eventually, he went inside the building—into a large hall. He walked over to a table and began filling out his course-application form. While he was writing down his birth date, he became aware that someone was looking over his shoulder.

"My dear Mehta," boomed an English voice. "Do you realize you were born on the birthday of Our Lord?"

Daddyji turned and looked the Englishman straight in the eye. "No," he said. "I have never given much thought to when I was born."

The Englishman laughed, and introduced himself as Professor Gerard Wathen. "You certainly look like a sportsman. What games do you play?"

"Hockey and cricket, sir."

Professor Wathen explained that the college was divided up into a number of small student groups that competed in sports, and that his group and the one headed by Professor Jones were the two that were most highly regarded. "I want you in my group," he said, and he initialled Daddyji's form with a "G. W."

During Daddyji's first term, Government College was astir with the news that an "America-returned" swami had come to Lahore and was camped on the banks of the Ravi, three miles away. He lectured every afternoon, and one Sunday, after tiffin, Daddyji and some of his classmates went out to hear him. The swami was a short, dark Bengali, dressed in a saffron-colored robe and wearing gold earrings, and as they sat around him on the bare ground he spoke to them in an excited falsetto, now and again shaking his head and making the earrings swing hypnotically.

"We Indians have got used to bemoaning our fate," he said. "We sit back on our haunches in our hovels, living off our relatives, who throw food to us as they would to a dog, out of false family obligation. Cut your ties and strike out for the Land of the Free—the United States of America." He stretched out an arm beckoningly, displacing the ample folds of his robe. "In the New World, there is dignity of labor, and men of all castes and creeds can earn lots of money. There, everyone works with his hands and no one is derided for it. In God's own country, land is so abundant that it is being distributed free of cost to all comers. There is enough for everybody, and I prophesy that the United States will leave the British and the British Empire far behind. In the Land of Plenty, all men have opportunity."

Throughout the lecture, the swami appeared to be staring at Daddyji, as if he were speaking solely for Daddyji's benefit—as if he were saying, "You, too, can embark for the Promised Land." Daddyji was about sixteen. He was gregarious, energetic, and good-looking, and made friends easily. His prowess on the playing fields had already made him an object of adulation. He felt he was mature and able to think for himself. After all, he had lived away from his parents for six years, under the unrelenting scrutiny of Bhaji Ganga Ram, whom he regarded as temperamentally antipathetic. His mission at Pattoki and his entrance into Government College had filled him with self-confidence. He fancied that adventure was in his character, and he went away from the lecture saying to himself, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

A few days later, Daddyji went home to the village to visit Lalaji and Bhabiji; Manji had died, at the age of eighty, having remained clearheaded to the last. There Daddyji witnessed a scene that still haunts him. Because Bhabiji had been guilty of some trifling oversight (Daddyji has never been able to recall what it was), Lalaji went into a rage, like a horse with the devil astride. He started shouting at Bhabiji, heaping curses on her and her ancestors, calling her every foul name in the language. She sat with her head bent over a pot of lentils she was cooking for his dinner; she was crying silently. He must have railed at her for an hour. Long before Lalaji's rage had been curbed, Daddyji decided that he would never again sleep under his father's roof. Bhaji Ganga Ram and Lalaji were two of a kind, he told himself, and he would have to rescue his mother. He would terminate his studies, run away to Bombay, enlist as a deckhand on a ship, and sail west. He would get a job in America, and then he

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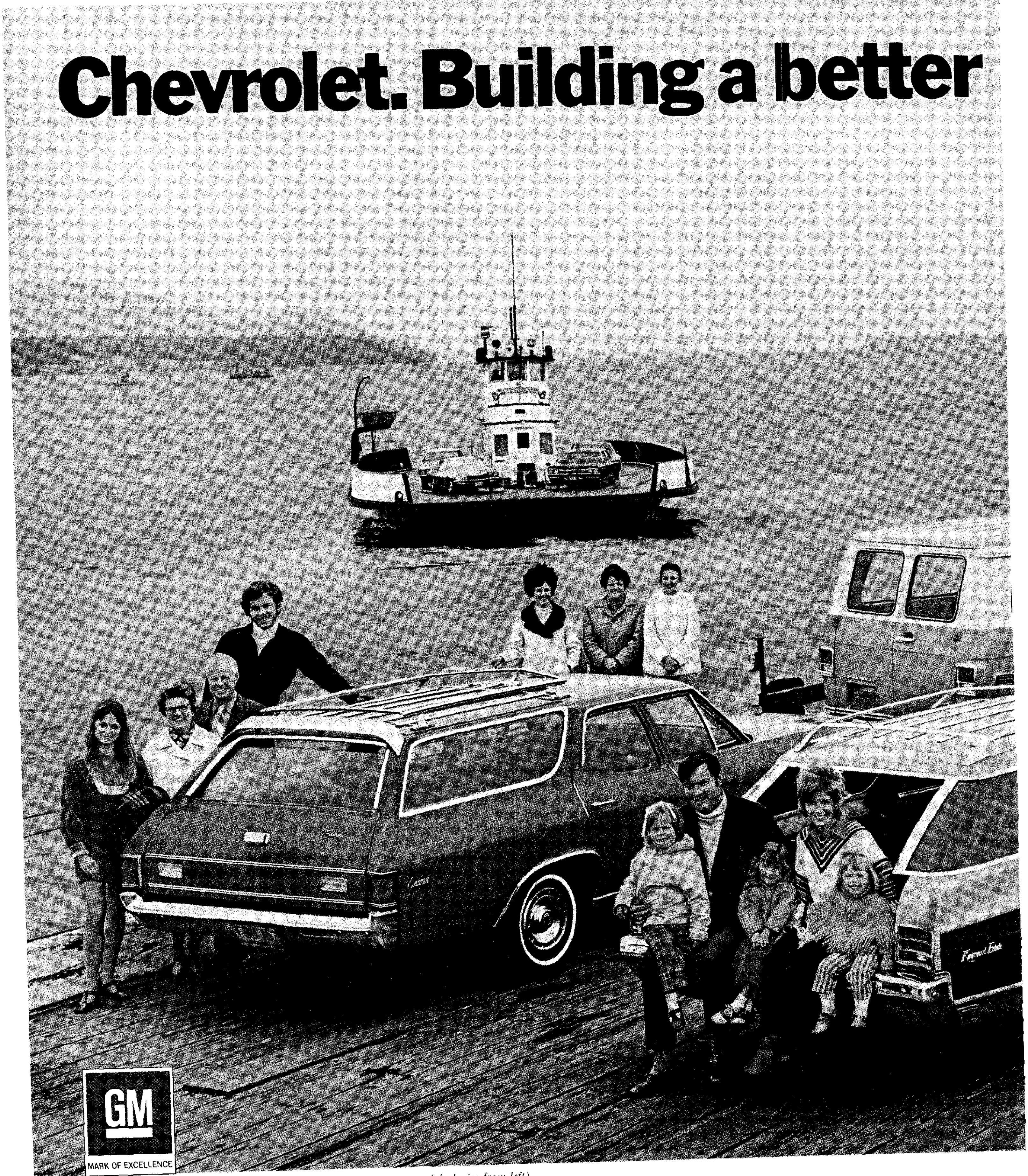

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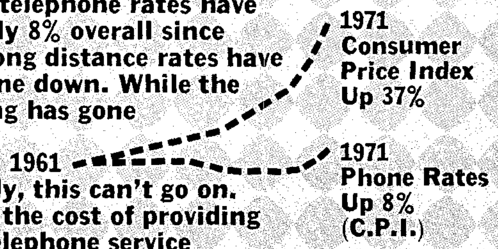

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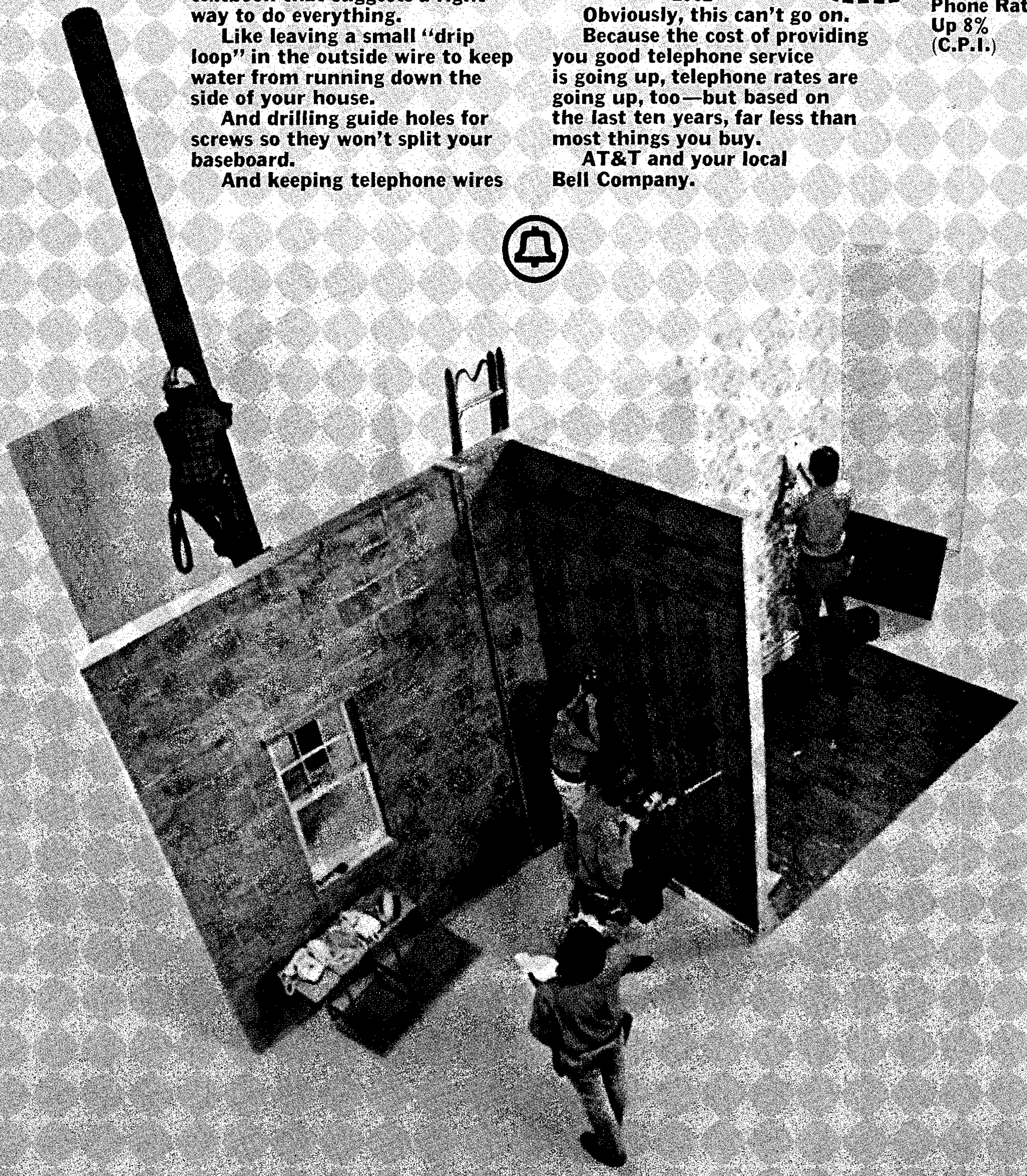
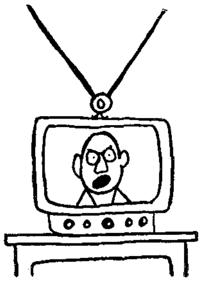


would send for his mother and brothers.

What he did next he didn't divulge to any of his children until he was in his early seventies, lest a child of his should follow his bad example.

He rolled up his bedding and, carrying it on his back, stole away. A third-class ticket from Lahore to Bombay, a thousand miles and forty-three hours away on the Frontier Mail, was twelve rupees; Daddyji had eighteen rupees all told, but when he arrived at the Lahore station he found it so crowded that he couldn't even get near the ticket window. As it happened, the next day was the twelfth of December, 1911, and King George V was holding his Coronation Durbar in Delhi that day to inaugurate the city as the new capital of Imperial India. All of Lahore seemed bound for the Durbar to catch a glimpse of the Emperor. The crush was so thick that Daddyji was swept along to the train, which was itself so crowded that people were hanging out of the windows and clinging to the footboards and sitting on top of the carriages. Somehow, he managed to push his way into a third-class compartment and wedge himself between a couple of bedrolls on the luggage rack. Eventually, the train pulled out of the station, and he was on his way to Bombay.

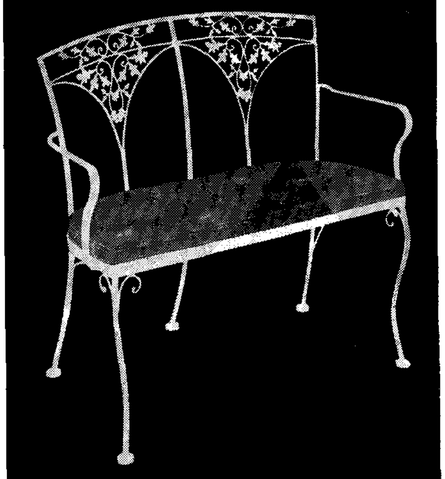


At Delhi station, he was unable to get down to buy his ticket; the crowds there were, if anything, denser than those in Lahore. The arrangements for the Durbar were so strict that most of the people who had come to Delhi were being turned away and were now trying to get out of the city. Daddyji wasn't able to buy a ticket until the train reached the junction station of Itarsi, where he was required to pay only the fare from there to Bombay, which was four rupees. He thus reached his destination, the next morning, with fourteen rupees in his pocket. The cavernous Bombay station hummed with humanity, and people jostled one another as if they were at a village fair. He walked out onto the street wondering where in all this crushing vastness he would find a little space to spread out his meagre bedding. He saw a row of victorias waiting for fares. He shared a victoria with a stranger in a dhoti, and got himself dropped off at the nearest *dharamshala* (pilgrims' hostel). It consisted of a couple of rooms with concrete floors, and it had a veranda, and a courtyard that was open to the sky. The *dharamshala* was next to a shabby temple, and people were constantly coming and going, but the place was neat and clean. He took possession of a corner of the veranda by spreading out his bedding there, and then went out.

He plunged into the maelstrom of the city, and after a great deal of walking he found his way to the offices of Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co., agents for the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Co. The clerk in the outer office took one look at him, made a snide remark about his boyish appearance (he was dressed in a shirt and khaki shorts), scolded him for playing truant from school, and shooed him away. He made his way to the offices of the *Times of India*, where copies of that morning's edition were displayed and could be read free of charge. He scanned the advertisement notices for a "Wanted—Matriculation Passed," but in vain. He went to the Post and Telegraph Office, which was nearby, and inquired about vacancies for a postal clerk. There were none. He wandered along the seafront and spent the afternoon watching people taking the air or playing football. He longed to join in the game, but realized that to the players he was a mere street urchin—perhaps a piece of the human flotsam regularly cast up from other parts of India on the Bombay shore. He returned to his corner of the veranda and lay down, and willed himself to dream about the swami's Land of Opportunity.

His first day set the pattern for his subsequent days. He would first visit the grand offices of venerable shipping companies, of newspapers, and of government agencies, and then he would take the sea air, sometimes walking about with his hands in his pockets and sometimes sitting listlessly on the parapet above the sea, getting sprayed by the waves. He subsisted almost entirely on *hari chhals* (green bananas), which were sold on street corners, three for a pice. They were sweet, but they sat in his stomach like bullets.

One evening, when he had been in Bombay for a week, he returned to the *dharamshala* from his day's wanderings to find that it had a new resident—a sadhu with a long black beard and the horizontal stripes of an orthodox Hindu on his forehead. He was dressed in clean white clothes and had a wide piece of ochre-colored cloth wrapped around his shoulders; he was sitting cross-legged on the veranda with an image of Lord Krishna in front



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of him, and was holding a meeting.

Daddyji joined the audience and engaged the sadhu in a debate about idolatry; as an Arya Samajist, Daddyji had heard many discourses on the subject and abhorred idol worship in any form.

After the meeting, the sadhu called Daddyji to him. "So wise, and yet so small," he said. "And also so wrong. I shall make you my chela."

"I am the captain of my fate and the master of my soul," Daddyji said. "I have no intention of becoming anyone's chela."

"You will learn better," the sadhu said. He arranged with a rich sweetmeat vender who was in the audience to give Daddyji four annas' worth of sweetmeats free every day.

Daddyji accepted the arrangement, making no secret of the fact that it was a mere convenience, which was to last only until he could shake the dust of India from his feet.

When Daddyji had been in Bombay for three weeks, he saw a notice outside the office of the magistrate of Bombay Presidency listing a vacancy for an Urdu-English translator. He went in and applied, and, along with several other candidates, was given an examination for the position. They were asked to write a translation exercise and an English essay on either "The Benefits of Music" or "The Blessings of the Raj." As it happened, music had been an essay subject on Daddyji's matriculation-examination paper, and he had written on it with distinction. He now repeated his earlier performance, holding forth on the seductive tones of the snake charmer's pipe and the voluptuous melody of Lord Krishna's flute, which so thrilled the cows and milkmaids who heard it that they followed him to the ends of the earth. Daddyji was declared first in the examination for translator and was called in for an interview with the Presidency magistrate.

He was led into a big room with a dais at one end. On the dais was a big desk, and sitting behind it, in a big chair, was a big Englishman. Daddyji waited at the foot of the dais, and the Englishman looked down at him, evidently surprised at finding the applicant to be such a small boy.

"Come on up, my boy, up next to me," he thundered, and he added kindly, "Don't be afraid."

Daddyji did as he was told, and rested his hands on the desk for support. The magistrate complimented him on his fine penmanship and on his knowledge of Urdu and English grammar.

Daddyji flushed with excitement; he was certain he had been selected for the post.

"Why aren't you in school?" the magistrate demanded.

"Sir, I am in college," Daddyji said, drawing himself up.

"What say? College? What college? What is its name? Where is it?"

Daddyji recognized the trap. "I prefer not to say."

"My boy, where do you live? What is your address?"

"I'm putting up in a *dharamshala*," Daddyji said.

"There are dozens of *dharamshalas*—nay, hundreds—in Bombay! Where is your *dharamshala*?"

"I prefer not to say."

The magistrate became thoughtful, and after a while he asked, "How much money do you have on you?"

Daddyji became aware that hot tears were falling on his hands. Sometime that morning—he wasn't quite sure when or where—someone had stolen his last rupee.

"Come on, boy, make a clean breast of it."

Daddyji remained silent, and the magistrate, assuming a commanding, harsh tone, said, "I can find out your address without stirring from this chair, but it will be better for you if you tell me yourself."

When Daddyji still didn't speak, the magistrate called in a police officer. "Get this boy's address from his application form," he ordered. "Find out everything about him."

Daddyji felt that he had met his Waterloo. He blurted everything out.

The magistrate heard his story and then asked him whether he would prefer to return to Lahore voluntarily or under police escort.

Daddyji had scarcely enough money for a *hari chhal*—how could he pay the fare back to Lahore? But now he heard the magistrate telling him that the government would bear the expense of his return, and he yielded graciously.

The magistrate deputed the police officer to accompany Daddyji to the *dharamshala* while he got his belongings, and to put him on the train, and before the evening was out he was on the Frontier Mail, this time in an empty second-class compartment, whose seats, unlike those in third class, were cushioned. To his surprise, he felt

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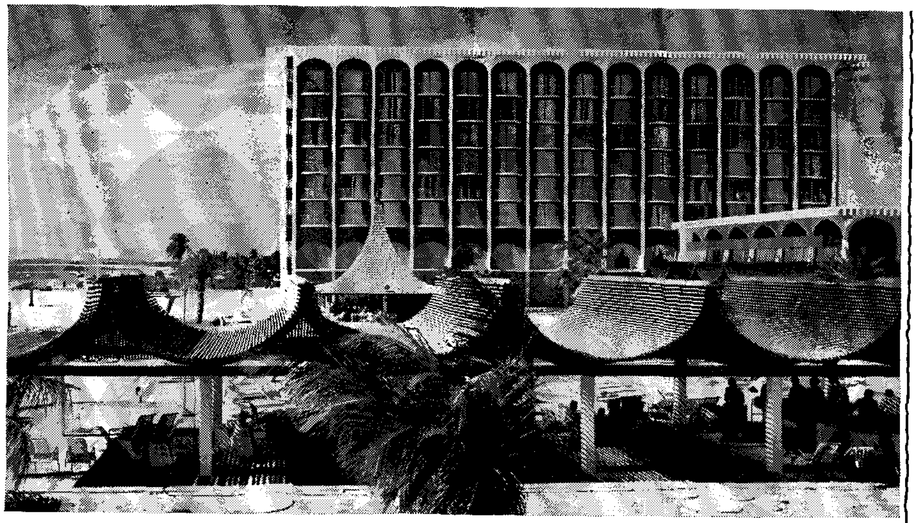

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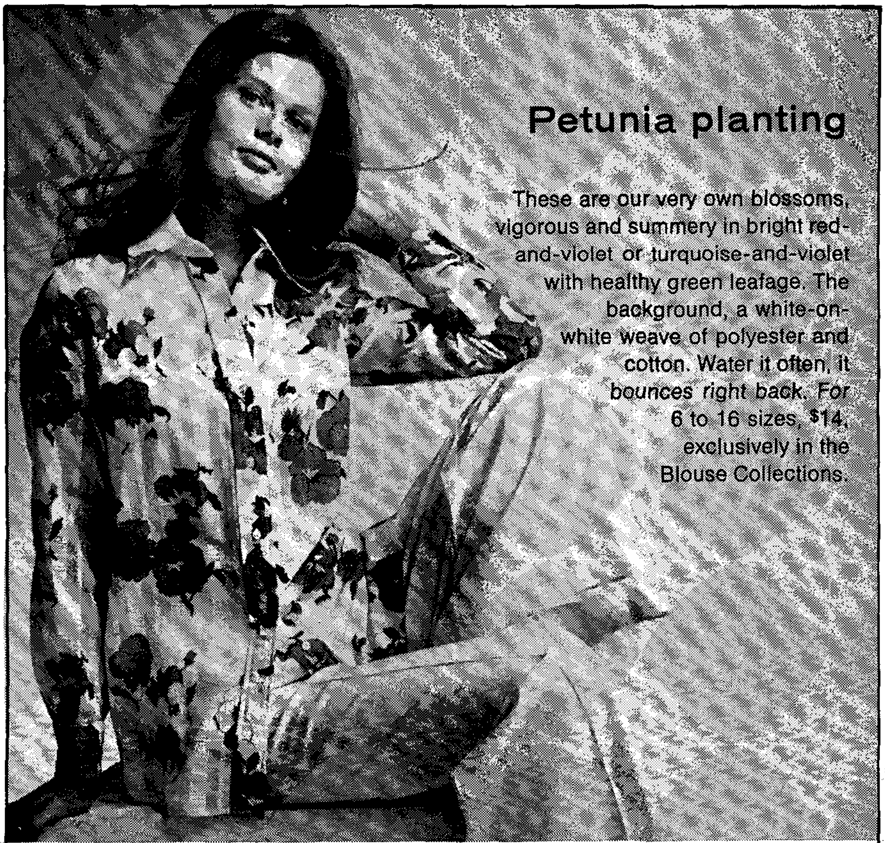

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glad to be going back to Lahore, for the day before his encounter with the magistrate, while looking for a job, he had met a businessman and philanthropist, who, like the magistrate, had extracted from him the story of his plight and had counselled him to go back. He had also given Daddyji a letter of introduction to a friend who lived in a big house in Lahore and could take Daddyji in, so that he would never have to go back and face the conditions he had run away from. And now, as he looked out of the window and saw the warm, rich brown earth in the gathering dusk, he felt that, after all, this Indian land was his own—that he belonged to the soil from which he had sprung. He remembered the thrill he had experienced hearing the nationalist speeches of the Arya Samajists. He could never really love another country as much as he loved his own. He recited to himself a few lines of a poem he had learned for his matriculation examination:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
  From wandering on a foreign strand!

DADDYJI spent his first night in Lahore in the house of the businessman's friend. The following day was Sunday, and there was a cricket match on the Government College grounds. He went to it and was surrounded by his classmates. They shook his hand, they embraced him, they patted him on the back, they paraded him about the grounds. They were curious about every detail of his adventure. They told him that his family had been distracted by his mysterious disappearance. Lalaji and Bhabiji had come to Lahore and had published his picture in the local paper. Bhabiji had wept for two days. Bhaji Ganga Ram had complained bitterly at having nurtured such an ingrate. Lalaji, while showing no outward emotion, had been heard to say that his son and heir had been kidnapped by Afrikaners and taken to the Transvaal to work as an indentured servant—something that did sometimes happen. The inner circle of Daddyji's friends, who knew about the swami, had believed that Daddyji was steaming toward America and that one day he would return as a rich Yankee.

Within an hour, Bhaji Ganga Ram heard that Daddyji had been seen at the cricket match, and soon Daddyji was back at Bhaji Ganga Ram's. Lalaji happened to be out, but Bhaji Ganga Ram reviled Daddyji for being head-strong and thoughtless and feckless and reckless and heartless. Daddyji bore up as best he could under the onslaught, saying to himself that every cloud has a silver lining—that during his stay in Bombay he had learned at first hand the meaning of deprivation and poverty, and was a wiser man for the experience. He thought of himself as a cool-eyed, calculating gambler who knew how to run great risks for greater gains. The passing of the years, he thought, would bring him maturity but no regret for his actions, though he would never go away again without first being certain that he was able to earn his livelihood.

When Lalaji returned to the house, Bhaji Ganga Ram told him at some length that he would no longer keep Daddyji under his roof or be responsible for his conduct.

Such a declaration threatened to rend the fabric of the family, but Lalaji only nodded and, without as much as a word or a glance at Daddyji, started down the stairs.

Daddyji followed him.

Without turning around, Lalaji said, "You'd better go and board at the hostel."

Daddyji, knowing the financial burden that this would place on Lalaji, said to his back, which was straight, as always, "Please do not worry about me. I will make up with Bhaji Ganga Ram and adjust to everyone's satisfaction."

Lalaji walked away. Daddyji continued to live with Bhaji Ganga Ram, eating what little food was thereafter served him and enduring the upbraidings of his guardian.

DADDYJI could never resist a test. When he had been at Government College for two years, his best friend, Gautam Kumar, who had decided on medicine as a career, sat for an examination in organic chemistry—a requirement for entrance to the King Edward Medical College. Although Daddyji had all along intended to become an engineer, he took the examination, too, just to see how high he could score. When the results were announced, he was astonished to learn that out of a hundred and fifty students only twenty had passed and he and Gautam Kumar were two of the twenty. Daddyji felt that since those few who qualified as doctors would be eligible for the highest-paying jobs in the Punjab, it would be foolish for him not to take advantage of this piece of luck. Moreover, he had heard Lalaji express the hope that one of his sons

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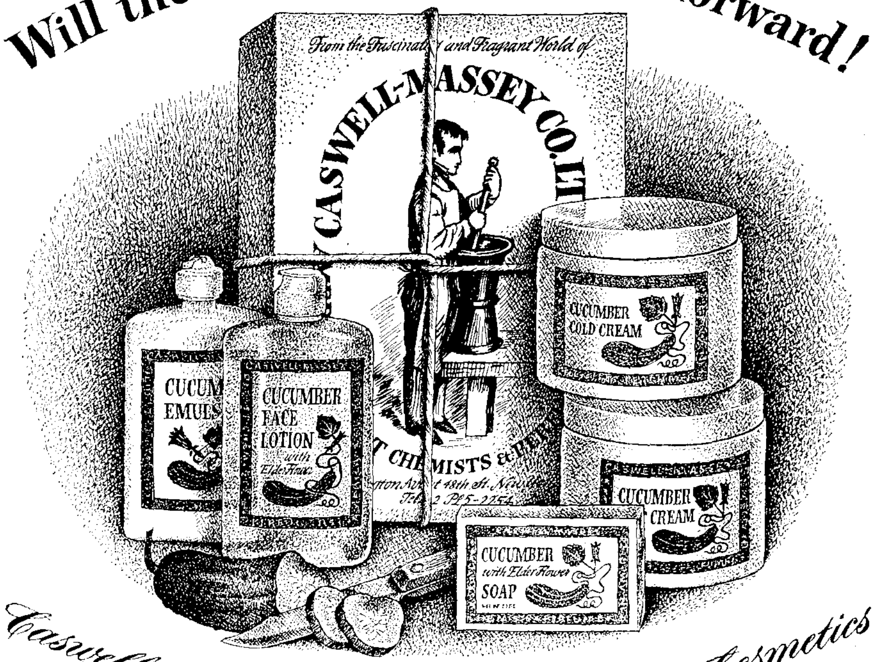
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would become a doctor. And so he decided to take up medicine.

King Edward Medical College had a large hospital attached to it, and buildings and grounds almost as impressive as those of Government College. On his first day there, Daddyji automatically named Gautam Kumar, who had been a classmate of his since his Central Model School days, as his laboratory partner, but when he looked at the class roster he saw that Gautam Kumar had chosen as his partner a new student from Delhi with whom he had become friendly. Daddyji felt betrayed, humiliated, abandoned. The very thought of the dissection hall, with its rows of cadavers and its reek of formaldehyde, nauseated him. Anyway, he preferred sports and games to studies, and he resolved that from that day on he would stay away from lectures and books and loaf his way through medical college.

That winter, the university introduced a bicycle race as an event in its winter-sports tournament, and Daddyji decided to enter it. Although bicycles were still a luxury, he was lucky enough to have wangled one from Lalaji. To get himself in trim, he started going on long bicycle treks with a class-fellow named Sukhdev, who, next to Daddyji, was the best cyclist in the university. Sometimes they would cover the seventy miles to Amritsar and back in a single day. Daddyji and Sukhdev, who was also to race in the tournament, had become such good friends that they made a pact: they would reach the finish line together and share the first prize.

In the tournament, almost from the very first, Sukhdev and Daddyji left all the other competitors behind, and, as they had planned, they freewheeled shoulder to shoulder nearly to the finish line. When they were just a few yards away, and Daddyji was already imagining how they would go up together to His Excellency the Governor of the Punjab—seated in the stands—to receive their first prize, Sukhdev suddenly put on an extra burst of speed and shot ahead. He won.

The betrayals by Gautam Kumar and Sukhdev were the first of a long series. Each time, Daddyji felt he had been cruelly duped, and yet, he says, he never succeeded in learning the ways of the wary and the cunning but continued to believe that "trust begets trust, mistrust begets mistrust." Although for a time a perfidious act would sadden him, remembering it in later years would always fill him with laughter at his gullibility. In any case, the bicycle race only whetted his appetite for competition.

In the spring, he joined a group called the Early Birds, who got up at five o'clock in the morning to practice running. One afternoon, he was sitting under a tree in Lawrence Gardens engrossed in a book; it was Holi, and he was nonchalantly dressed in a white bush shirt and a pair of white trousers that had been streaked with colored water by merrymakers. Suddenly, he was hailed by another Early Bird, Pran Nath Sondhi, who was on a bicycle and had braked at the edge of the footpath. He was jauntily dressed in a well-pressed Government College blazer—red, with gold trim and the college insignia—and red knickers, and had a pair of spiked track shoes dangling from the handlebars of his bicycle.

"I'm off to a half-mile race at Chiefs' College—it's open to all comers," he said, and he asked Daddyji if he'd like to enter the race, casually remarking that since he himself was the university champion for that year, Daddyji could hope to come in only second, at best.

Daddyji, who had injured his foot playing hockey, had been unable to compete in university track for a year, and felt that if it were not for the injury *he* would have been university champion. He had recovered, however, and now he jumped up, tied his books to the back of his bicycle, which was lying nearby, and said, "We'll see who comes in second, Sondhi."

He sped to Chiefs' College with Sondhi, threw down his bicycle, elbowed his way through the crowds to the track, and flung off his shoes for the race. One of his medical-college professors accosted him and chided him for his stained trousers and dirty bare feet, saying that no less a person than His Excellency the Governor of the Punjab was in the stands and was going to give out the prizes. Daddyji hastily told of his meeting with Sondhi, apologized, and dashed off to the starting line. The other contestants were strapping Sikhs and fierce-looking Pathans, and he feared that neither he nor Sondhi stood a chance.

At the start, the Sikhs and the Pathans pulled ahead and took a decisive lead, but Daddyji and Sondhi ran steadily. A bell rang, signalling the end of the first lap and the beginning of the second. The Sikhs and the Pathans, hearing it, thought that the race was over, and stopped. The man in the lead, a Sikh, threw up his arms and cried out, "I have won! I have won!"

The spectators began shouting, "Run, run, you fools!" But Daddyji and Sondhi had passed them by that time, and their competitors were never able to catch up.

Sondhi took the lead, but Daddyji stayed close behind and conserved his energy. In the last hundred yards, he increased his speed, eased ahead of Sondhi, and stayed ahead until he had thrown his body across the winning tape. He won the race by two yards. He heard his name called by the governor and went up to receive the first prize, a pocket watch worth fifty rupees.

Before the day was out, he had given the watch to Bibi Parmeshwari Devi's husband and had sent a note to Sondhi saying, "It's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game that counts."

Because of his fun and games, Daddyji just missed passing his first-year medical-college examination. Neither Bhaji Ganga Ram nor Lalaji said anything to him about it. Daulat Ram, who followed his older brother into medical college, and Daddyji were to keep the fact of his failure a secret from everybody else for nearly fifty years, so that Daddyji would serve as a good example to his younger brothers and, later, to all the Mehta children.

THE summer Daddyji was nineteen, he went on a six-week trek on foot through the Himalayas, amid forests of pine and deodar, past torrential waterfalls and sheer cliffs, and over slopes covered with mountain flowers and berry bushes. During the trek, he stopped at a village called Jawalamukhi. This village is renowned in the surrounding hills for a perpetual flame, which is fed by natural gas issuing from a crevice in the rock, and which is believed to be a manifestation of a goddess. A temple had been raised to the goddess on the rock, and in earlier times she had been offered human sacrifice. While Daddyji was visiting the temple, he saw a ragged pilgrim run up to the flame and cry, "O Goddess! I took *bhang* and blasphemed my guru!" (*Bhang* is a hemp intoxicant.) He drew a knife, cut off a piece of his tongue, and flung it into the flame.

Daddyji rushed to the pilgrim's side, attended to him as best he could, and then led him to a first-aid station in a ramshackle hut nearby.

While the doctor in charge, a friendly old man, was ministering to the pilgrim, a woman came in, dragging a

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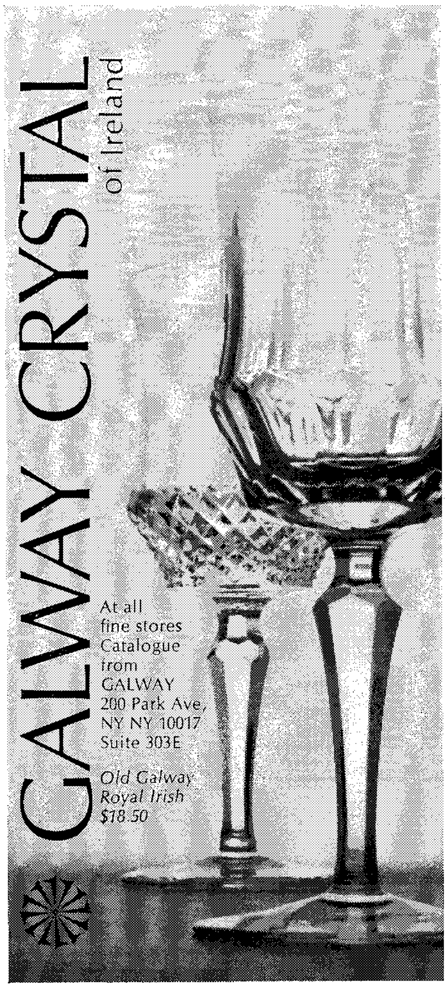
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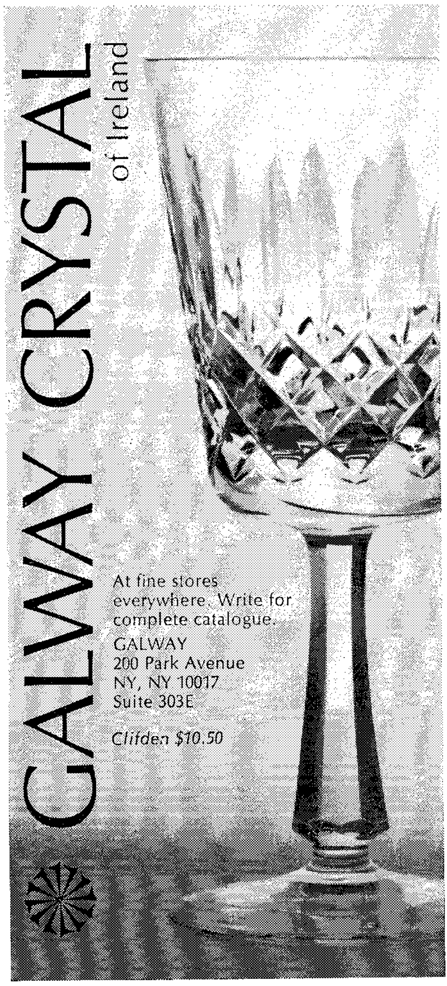
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boy of about six and a girl of about twelve. The woman and the boy looked plump and well fed, but the girl seemed emaciated, and her cheeks had a feverish flush. She had a beautiful oval face with a delicate, small nose and large, shiny greenish-blue eyes; thick golden hair loosely braided in a heavy plait hung down to her hips. She was from the hills, but she might have been from another continent. When she became aware that Daddyji was staring at her, she lowered her head and started twisting her plait.

The doctor gave her a cursory examination, and then said to Daddyji, "Young man, would you look her over? It seems to me a simple case of influenza." He turned back to the pilgrim.

After Daddyji had examined her and taken her medical history, he concluded that she was suffering from chronic malaria and malnutrition. He gave the woman quinine and iron for her daughter, and told her to see that the girl got more to eat.

"Eat! Eat what?" the woman said, and she left abruptly with her children.

Daddyji was unable to get the girl out of his mind, and that evening, after making some inquiries about her and her family, he climbed a hill and crossed a rocky pasture to their hut; at one side of it was a pen, into which the girl and a dog were just then herding some sheep, and in the hut, as Daddyji could see from the doorway, were piled bundles of fleece, which sent out a rank odor.

Daddyji squatted down a little distance from the door, and the man of the house came out to talk with him. In a short time, Daddyji found out that the man was a shepherd, that the woman, his second wife, was the stepmother of the girl and the mother of the boy, that she took his daughter's share of the food and gave it to their son, and that she beat the girl if she complained. The shepherd was devoted to his daughter and had decided to rescue her by selling her into the harem of his employer, a raja, who owned practically everything in the area.

Daddyji was horrified, and made the shepherd promise that he would not sell her. "I will return to Jawalamukhi one day as a full-fledged doctor and personally train your daughter to be a nurse," he said, and although he never saw the girl again, he was never afterward able to think of medicine in a cold, scientific light, detached from the people it was supposed to help. He went on to stand second—or sometimes first—in his class and to win academic medals and scholarships at the Medical College.

ENGLAND

ON the thirteenth day of April in 1919, Brigadier General Reginald Dyer blocked the main entrance and exit to the Jallianwala Bagh, a park in Amritsar, where an illegal but informal political meeting was in progress, and, without warning, ordered his troops to fire on the trapped crowd. By the time their ammunition was exhausted, at least three hundred and seventy-nine Indians had been killed and twelve hundred wounded. Civil disturbances followed throughout the Punjab, including a strike by the students of all colleges. Martial law was proclaimed, and under its decree the students of King Edward Medical College, though they were not compelled to attend classes, became virtual outlaws who had to report for roll call at the college three times a day—in the morning, at midday, and in the late afternoon—on pain of being arrested or flogged. On the first day of the roll calls, Daddyji, who was a fourth-year scholarship student and one of the leaders of the Medical College strike, was summoned to the office of the principal, Lieutenant-Colonel David Waters Sutherland. After observing that Daddyji was one of his favorite students, Colonel Sutherland asked him to honor the pledge required of all scholarship holders that they would not take part in any political activity, and pressed Daddyji to lead the other scholarship holders back to class. Daddyji refused on both counts. Soon after this, the roll calls were turned into a truly harrowing ordeal. Three times a day, the roll was called both on the college grounds and at a building three miles away, and the strikers were made to march in formation from one place to the other—a total of eighteen miles. The marches, which continued through the punishing heat of April and May, broke the strike. Late in May, the students returned to their classes, and Daddyji and the other scholarship students were rusticated.

Daddyji resolved to go to England to finish his medical education, even if he had to swim to get there. He went to the office of the deputy commissioner of Lahore, whose recommendation, along with that of the local superintendent of police, was necessary

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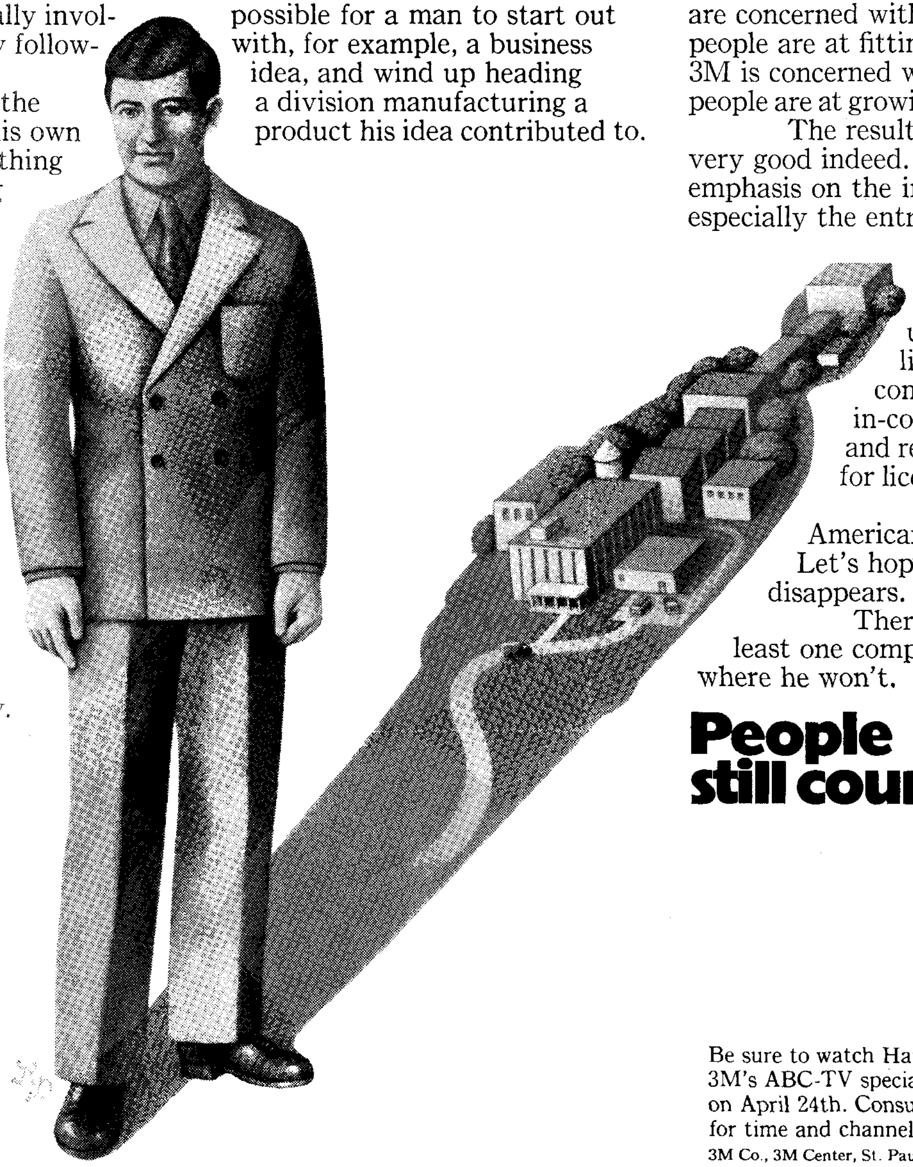

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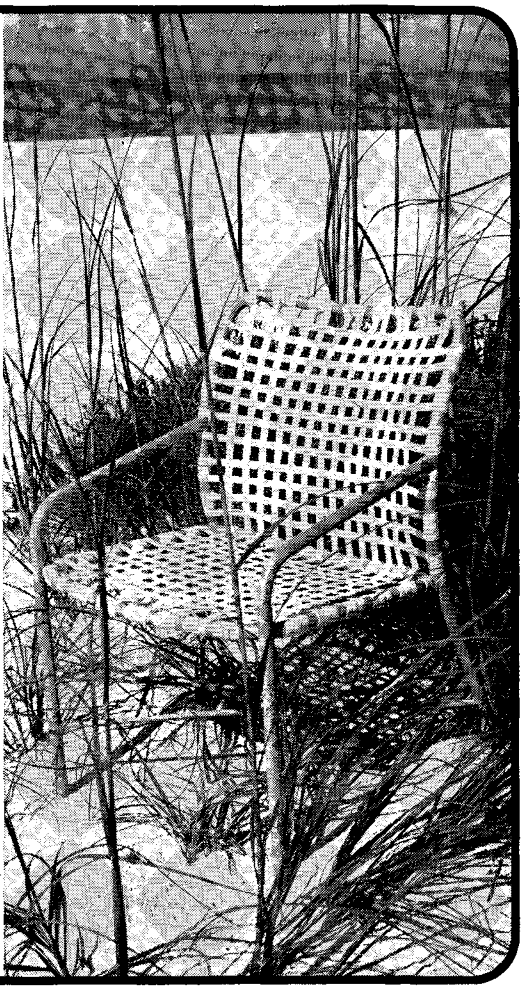

for a passport. Even though Daddyji knew that in the eyes of the government he was a dangerous insurgent, he presented his case to the officer, arguing that he was an innocent partisan of justice, and that, in any event, his activities shouldn't stand in the way of his further education.

He was prepared for summary dismissal, but the deputy commissioner, who turned out to be a member of a family well known in the Indian Civil Service for enlightened administration, said, "I agree with you."

Emboldened, Daddyji asked, "But what if the superintendent of police doesn't agree with *us*?"

The deputy commissioner picked up the telephone and spoke directly to the superintendent of police, and within a few days Daddyji had his passport.

A SECOND-CLASS passage from Bombay to London in 1920 cost eight hundred rupees. Daddyji had somehow managed to husband all his scholarship stipend for two years, which along with his savings from what Lalaji gave him for his college expenses amounted to nine hundred rupees. In preparation for going to England, he also borrowed five hundred rupees from a wealthy student he had coached through the medical finals. This, he hoped, would be enough to see him through an academic year in England. For postgraduate study at an English university, however, Daddyji needed a testimonial from Colonel Sutherland, who had been cool to him ever since the strike—even though the government had eventually reinstated almost all the rusticated scholarship students, and Daddyji had been able to take his medical degree after all. Through some detective work after the end of the college year, he discovered that Colonel Sutherland was vacationing at Simla, in the Punjab Himalayas.

Daddyji arrived in Simla one evening after a long journey, which had included an eight-hour tonga ride through pine and rhododendron woods, up steep slopes, and around hairpin turns. He put up in the native bazaar, and early the next day, which was bright and chilly, he climbed up to the Ridge, where Europeans out on their morning rounds were hailing one another from their rickshaws and chatting as they met on the Mall. Daddyji, watching the people go in and out of the Cecil Hotel, felt that he was already in England. Having quickly worked out a strategy for arranging a seemingly chance encounter with Colonel Sutherland, he strolled up and down in front of the Mall windows of the hotel as if he were taking a constitutional. In due course, he spied the Colonel going into the dining room for breakfast, and briskly stepped into the hotel, where he posted himself behind the dining-room door, well out of sight. As Colonel Sutherland came out, Daddyji materialized and greeted him with a wide smile of surprised recognition.

"Hello!" said the Colonel, taken aback. "You're here celebrating your success in the finals? My heartiest congratulations!" He was in riding coat, breeches, and boots, and looked more like a country squire than like the principal of a distinguished Indian medical college.

Daddyji thanked him, and at once asked him for the testimonial. The Colonel took Daddyji to his room, and sat him down in a substantial chair in front of a fire while he wrote out a long and complimentary letter.

Back in Lahore, Daddyji was asked to dinner by an England-returned professor of his, G. D. Sondhi. (As a student, Daddyji had attended him when he was in the hospital for an abdominal operation.) Professor Sondhi, in the sanctuary of his Victorian drawing room, lectured Daddyji on the importance of cultivating good British habits. "Don't do what most Indians do, and arrive in London with a huge bedroll, a chest of spices, and a leaky tin of ghi," Professor Sondhi said. "All you need take is a toothbrush and a Dhariwal woollen blanket, as a precaution. Wherever you stay, you will be given soap, towels, bedding, and food." The Professor took Daddyji into the dining room, invited him to sit down at a long table, and served him a plate of fried fish, boiled potatoes, and garden peas. When Daddyji tried to pick up his piece of fish with a spoon, Professor Sondhi placed a fish knife and fork in Daddyji's hands and showed him how to cut the fish and how to lift it with his fork to his mouth. "Whenever you're in doubt, just watch an Englishman and copy him," Professor Sondhi said. "But don't ever speak to an Englishman until you're introduced, and always address Englishmen of good breeding as 'sir,' and never discuss age, religion, or death."

A few days later, with the feverish heat of the Punjabi summer pressing against the brain, the entire family—by now Lalaji and Bhabiji had seven children, six of whom were sons—gathered at the railway station in Lahore to see Daddyji off on the same Frontier Mail that had carried him to

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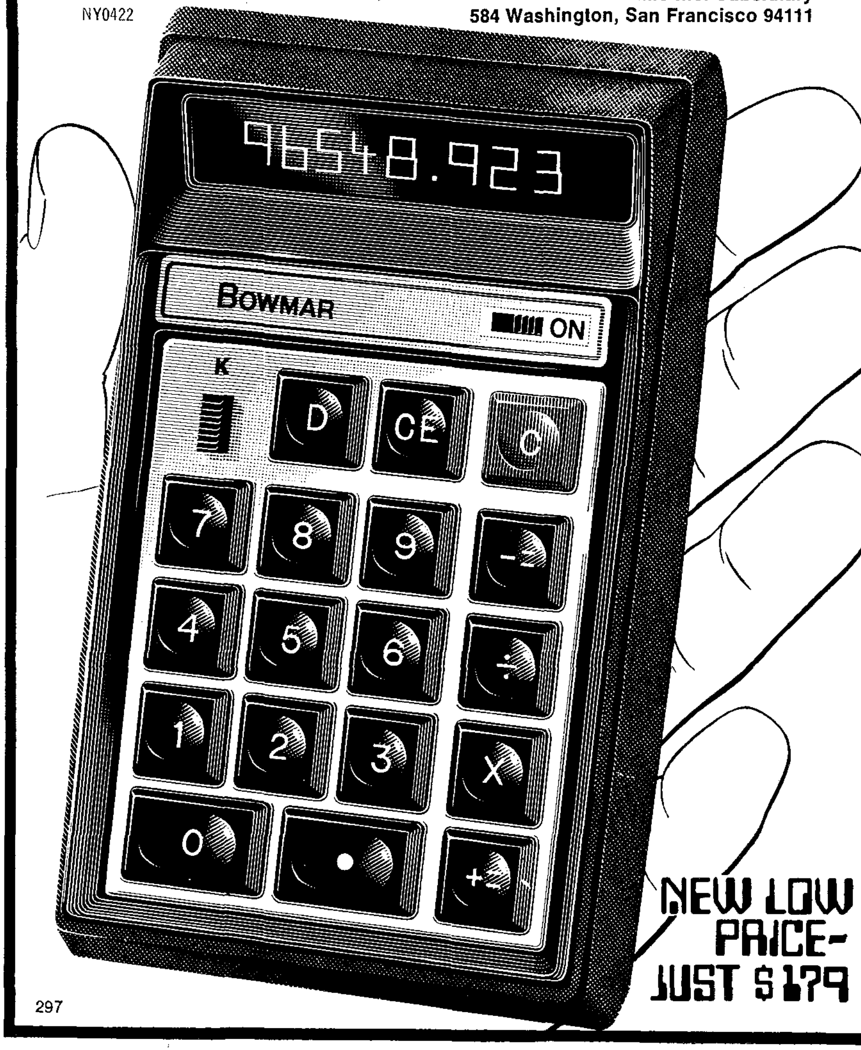

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Bombay nine years before. They encircled him. They garlanded him. The younger brothers fought with one another over who should carry his luggage—one folded Dhariwal blanket and a small steel trunk. He scarcely heard them, and he saw them all in a blur, as if in a shadowy group photograph.

"You will see," Bhaji Ganga Ram said, shaking his head. "He'll come back with a cigar in his mouth and a missy sahib on his arm. And he'll be drinking whiskey instead of milk. All England-returned are the same."

"Going to England will become commonplace in our family," Lalaji said, to no one in particular. "After Amolak Ram, Daulat Ram, and after Daulat Ram, Balwant Rai, then Raj Kanwar, Romesh Chander, and Gopal Krishan. Each of my sons will be England-returned, each of them will have a bungalow and a motorcar. But I won't be there to live in the bungalows or ride in the motorcars."

As Daddyji was getting into his compartment, Lalaji unexpectedly caught him by the arm and said, "Amolak Ram, keep your head over your two shoulders." Before Daddyji could respond, Lalaji was gone.

Daddyji stowed his blanket and trunk on the luggage rack and leaned out the window. Everyone was calling out "*Namaste!*" and over the jumble of voices and the throb of the engine he heard Bhabiji's voice, weak but distinct, calling, "Don't come back with a memsahib! And don't forget your promise not to drink and smoke!"

Upon arriving in Bombay, Daddyji went to the offices of the various shipping agents. They all said he would have to wait months for a berth—all except Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co., who advertised weekly P. & O. mail boats to London. They informed him that their ships were booked up for a year, but they said that because very occasionally, at the eleventh hour, a passenger fell ill or died, they would take his name, provided he paid the fare in advance and was prepared to leave on twenty-four hours' notice. He paid the fare and visited Mackinnon, Mackenzie & Co. every day. Magically, after a week, a berth fell vacant on the S.S. Merkara, which was bound for Plymouth via Marseille.

He was assigned a lower berth in a small cabin for four. As he entered the cabin, he took one look and almost stepped back in surprise. On one of the lower berths was a tall, handsome Sikh, his bare feet up and his unwashed hair sticking out of the top of his loosely tied turban. He was sucking a mango, and he sat on a huge half-opened bedroll, complete with pallet, quilt, sheets, and pillows, which had been spread out on his neatly made-up berth, and which overflowed onto the floor of the cabin. The rest of the floor space was taken up by provisions—a greasy tin of ghi, a bulky canister of sweetmeats, a big, battered wooden box with compartments full of spices and condiments, and a partly torn burlap sack of aging onions.

Daddyji introduced himself, and somehow picked his way to the other lower berth and sat down. His eyes began to smart from the fumes of the onions. "Sardarji," he said to the Sikh, "make an offering of these onions to the sea, with a prayer for a safe, calm voyage."

"Doctor Sahib, these first-class onions have already journeyed with me for a thousand miles from Amritsar, and they are coming with me to Canada," the Sikh said.

Two elegant Pathans, dressed in silks, silently entered the cabin, climbed into the upper berths, and started conversing in Pushtu.

The first morning at sea, Daddyji opened his eyes and saw the Sikh standing in front of the cabin washbasin and brushing his teeth with a familiar orange toothbrush.

"Oy, Sardarji, that's my toothbrush you're using!" Daddyji called out to him.

"How could that be, Doctor Sahib?" the Sikh said, with the toothbrush in his mouth. "Don't you see that the ship has given each of its passengers soap and a towel? This is the ship's toothbrush and toothpaste."

Later that morning, Daddyji bought himself a new toothbrush at the ship's canteen.

There were forty Indian passengers on the ship, all of them new to the sea. It was now the monsoon, and high winds churned the sea into huge waves, which lashed the ship and washed across the upper decks. All the Indians were seasick, and most of them blamed their condition on the ship's English cooking. Daddyji tried to disabuse them of the idea, only to find that, because he was a doctor and was fluent in English, they had designated him leader of a delegation to carry their culinary grievances to the captain.

The captain received the delegation one midmorning, and asked them if they would care to join him in a round of beer. A couple of the delegates were Muslim and were insulted by the captain's invitation; the rest of them were

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sworn teetotallers and were horrified.

Daddyji, who had been brought up hearing Manji recite, "A drunkard falls over his threshold, vomits up his insides, beats his wife and children, and dies a pauper, despised and dishonored," and who had been a stalwart in college temperance societies, explained as politely as he could the revulsion that the captain's kind offer aroused in the delegation.

The captain, who was a fat Englishman with a muscular neck and a jovial expression, chuckled, got himself a beer, sat back, and heard them out.

They told him that they wanted Indian food.

"In principle, I have no objection to Indian food," he replied. "But my cooks don't know anything about it. And even if they did, some of the European passengers might find the smell offensive."

It was eventually decided that the Indians would find cooks among the Indian sailors to prepare Indian food, and that, to permit the dining room to be aired, the Indians would eat and be out half an hour before the European passengers sat down to their meals.

From then on, curries, pilaf, and parathas started coming forth from the ship's kitchen. But still, day after day, most of the Indians, including Daddyji and the two Pathans, lay sick in their berths, unable even to walk to the dining room. Not so the Sikh, who, informing Daddyji that the ship owed him his meals and that he wasn't going to allow the captain to shortchange him with all this rolling and pitching, would march off to the dining room for his hard-won Indian meal.

When the ship finally made port at Aden, some of the Indian passengers, ignoring the assurances of experienced European travellers that from that point on it would be smooth sailing, cancelled their passage to England and started arranging for the long voyage back to India. Daddyji used his time in Aden to write a detailed letter to Lalaji, in which he dwelt on the vastness of the ocean, the grandeur of the ship, the diversity of the passengers, the rustic provinciality of the Sikh, and the affability of the captain, who, though a drunkard, was a true gentleman.

They left Aden the next day, and, once the ship had passed through the Suez Canal, it glided along like a toy boat on a pond. Daddyji played deck tennis, strolled on the promenade deck, sat in a deck chair, and watched the magnificent Mediterranean sunsets. Just before the ship put in at Marseille, the purser posted a bulletin on the ship's

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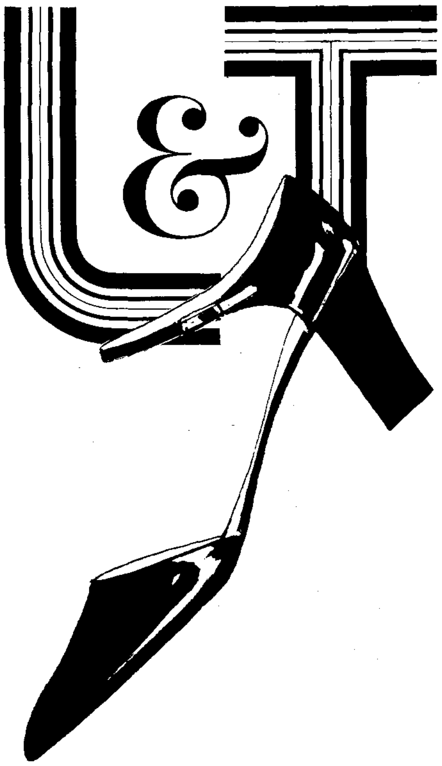

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notice board announcing that a fierce storm was brewing in the Bay of Biscay, and that passengers could disembark at Marseille and proceed to London by rail and Channel boat at the cost of four guineas. Most of the remaining Indian passengers got off at Marseille, but not Daddyji. He had decided to husband his funds.

He spent an afternoon walking about Marseille, and was shocked to discover that Frenchmen, instead of keeping their shoulders steady and talking only with their mouths, as he had been taught to do, gesticulated with their bodies, waving their hands and arms about wildly, like monkeys. With relief, he got back on the ship, and he took the Bay of Biscay like a good sailor, having become used to rough seas in the Indian Ocean.

Twenty-one days after leaving Bombay, Daddyji stepped ashore at Plymouth. He was soon on a train to London, looking out eagerly at country cottages with well-kept gardens and children waving handkerchiefs from windows, and thinking how different it all was from a train journey in India, where children relieved themselves along the tracks.

He reached Victoria Station in the evening. He got down with his Dhariwal blanket and his steel trunk, and only when he was actually on the platform, shivering in the damp, did he realize that he didn't know where to go. He didn't know a soul in England, he didn't have a single introduction, he had no place to stay, and he had not been admitted to a university.

Suddenly, someone had taken his hand and was shaking it.

"You must be Ram Chand Chopra," the stranger said, smiling. He was an Indian.

"How I wish I were," Daddyji said. "I am only Amolak Ram Mehta."

The stranger laughed, and introduced himself as Mr. Chatterji, the secretary of the Indian Students' Hostel of the Y.M.C.A. in London.

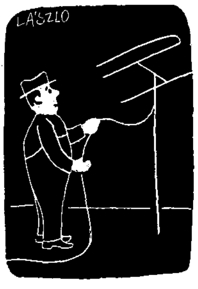
"Then you must know Mr. Ralia Ram, the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Lahore," Daddyji said. "I used to play Ping-Pong with him."

While they were talking, a small, dark, bespectacled Indian came up. He, Daddyji quickly learned, was Ram Chand Chopra. He was on his way to Scotland and was going to stay at the Indian Students' Hostel.

"Hail fellows well met!" Daddyji said. "I carry my luck with me wherever I go!" He immediately made arrangements with Mr. Chatterji to stay at the Indian Students' Hostel himself, and Mr. Chatterji ushered his two compatriots into a cab.

Daddyji's first glimpse of London was at twilight, and he marvelled at the city's magical openness—its parks and squares, its splendid streets, unencumbered with the poor and the deformed, and its sharp, intoxicating air. He quoted to his companions, as they rode along Hyde Park, a couplet of the Punjabi poet Falak: "*Tu bhi badal, Falak,/ Ke zamana badal giya*" ("You also change, Falak, because the times have changed").

THE Indian Students' Hostel—or Shakespeare Hut, as it was called, because the site had originally been intended to accommodate a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, marking the three-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death—was a temporary structure that had been put up during the First World War for soldiers on leave from the front. Mr. Chatterji showed Daddyji through the communal rooms—a big central lounge with a high ceiling and a huge fireplace, in which a log fire blazed, filling the room with good cheer; a dining room; and a lecture hall—and then led him to a honeycomb of cells for individual students, in the rear. He installed Daddyji in a cubicle with a table, a chair, a bed, and a small bookrack. Along the asbestos-board walls and below the ceiling were uninsulated pipes, hot to the touch, and Daddyji warmed himself at them. Then he took a hot shower in a clean, modern bathroom just outside his door, and went down the hall to take a second look at a notice board he had passed earlier. Pinned to it was a list of the hostel's forthcoming Sunday lecturers: "Lord Reading, the Viceroy-Designate of India. . . . Rabindranath Tagore, the poet. . . . Sarojini Naidu, 'the Nightingale of India.' "



Subsequent days in London were filled with discoveries: the fishmongers, the flower sellers, the dustmen, all speaking English and walking and talking with a dignity unknown to laborers in India; newspaper sellers trusting their customers to pick up their newspapers and leave their money in a hat; the shopwindows, with life-size mannequins wearing the latest fashions (the women so real, and sometimes in such a state of undress, that he had to avert his eyes); the polite shop assistants selling merchandise for fixed prices; the red double-decker buses, and the race

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for the front seat on the top deck; trains, clean and beautiful, and running underground with unimaginable frequency; the Houses of Parliament and Big Ben, Kew Gardens, and Hampton Court, all pages of history come to life; the British Museum, the Natural History Museum, Madame Tussaud's—oh, Madame Tussaud's!—and Hyde Park, and the Serpentine, right in the middle of the city; the Speakers' Corner, near Marble Arch, where people regularly denounced the government, and even the royal family; the long August twilights; the rain, such wonderful rain, not the torrents of the monsoon but a gentle, caressing drizzle; his first English purchase, a waterproof that also served as an overcoat. These things—how could he ever get used to them? How could he ever forget them?

Shakespeare Hut was conveniently situated at the corner of Keppel Street and Gower Street, within easy reach of the tube stations of Tottenham Court Road, Euston Square, and Warren Street. It was just behind the British Museum, near University College.

Daddyji intended to take a Diploma in Public Health, and he went to seek admission to University College and its Department of Public Health, where he was interviewed by the registrar. The registrar was brittle and discouraging, but Daddyji showed him Colonel Sutherland's testimonial anyway.

"The competition is exceptionally keen for admission to University College just now," the registrar said. "The war veterans from the Medical Corps are clamoring for the few places we have in the Department of Public Health. You might stand a better chance at some other college, less well-known than ours. However, if you wish, you may go and see our Professor Henry Kenwood. He has the authority to admit candidates for the Diploma in Public Health."

Professor Kenwood turned out to be a kindly gentleman with a soft spot for the boys from the Empire. Daddyji once again brought out Colonel Sutherland's testimonial, and this time also displayed a couple of college medals he had won, in surgery and in forensic medicine and toxicology. "I had my heart set on surgery, sir, and had hoped one day to be able to write Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons after my name," he said. "But for an F.R.C.S. I would need three years in England, and also private capital to establish a practice in India, and, you see, I am the eldest son of the eldest son in the family, so I must help

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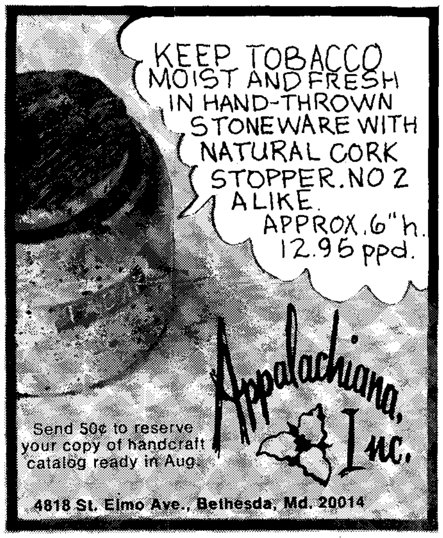

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educate all my brothers and cousins and nephews. I must qualify myself and get a well-paying government job quickly. My hygiene professor at King Edward Medical College, Colonel William Forster, is a man of great foresight, and he told me that if I come back from London with a public-health diploma, there will be a job waiting for me in the new Public Health Department of the Punjab."

Professor Kenwood listened to Daddyji with a barely perceptible smile. Then he said, "Young man, you'll go far. I'll see to it that you're admitted."

Daddyji could afford to stay only a year in England, and so, without the knowledge of the university authorities, he began working simultaneously in two institutions—University College, for the Diploma in Public Health, and the London School of Tropical Medicine, for the Diploma in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene. The two schools were housed in separate buildings, which, as it happened, were both quite close to Shakespeare Hut, and he devised a system of going in the morning, after a light breakfast, to University College, getting himself marked present, and then dashing over to the School of Tropical Medicine, where he would spend the rest of the day working in the laboratories. At noon, he would go to a nearby restaurant and get fish and chips and a glass of milk at the cost of a shilling and sixpence. He would have a frugal dinner in the dining room of Shakespeare Hut and spend the evening studying. Occasionally, he would have a snack of Ovaltine at bedtime, and some fruit he had picked up at Shearn's, a fruit shop in Tottenham Court Road.

Daddyji became a protégé of one of his lecturers at the School of Tropical Medicine—Dr. Louis Westenra Sambon, an Italian, who was associated with the discovery that malaria is carried by anopheles mosquitoes. He was a short, well-built man with a fierce mustache, and he spoke in a soft voice with an Italian accent. One evening, he invited Daddyji to his house for dinner, and Daddyji took the tube from Tottenham Court Road, arriving twenty minutes later at Dr. Sambon's house, in Fordwych Road, in a quiet neighborhood. Dr. Sambon introduced Daddyji to his wife, a short, delicate Englishwoman with a doll-like face, and to his three young daughters, Stella, Dini, and Nita, all of whom were good-looking and smartly dressed, and who chattered away in a mixture of English, French, and Italian.

When everyone was seated at the

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dinner table, the Doctor, with great ceremony, went down to his cellar and brought back a bottle of wine. “A dinner without wine is like a day without sunshine,” he said sonorously, and he opened the bottle with much ado while Daddyji stared in a mixture of fascination and apprehension. Dr. Sambon gave a short speech on the differences in the vineyards of Italy, France, and Germany; extolled the merits of various wines and vintages; and, observing that this particular wine was the most venerable of Tuscany and that it had been brought out in honor of his young guest, poured him the first glass.

Daddyji declined, first politely and then, as the Doctor pressed him, desperately.

“I confess that I am surprised that someone who is twenty-four years old and a doctor should be afraid of a little wine,” Dr. Sambon said. He got up from the table, went upstairs, and returned with a sleepy child of about six. “Here, Arthur, have a glass of wine,” he said, and, as Daddyji looked on in horror, the child happily downed the glass.

WHEN Daddyji had been at Shakespeare Hut for a few months, he heard about a lodging house nearby, in Tavistock Square, where for only a little more money he could get a larger and much quieter room than his cubicle. He went around to the house, which had a sign in the window reading, “Bed and Breakfast. Colonials Welcome.” The door was opened by a stout lady in an apron. “*Ach, so*,” she said, catching her breath. “New boarder, *ja*? How *do* you do?” She led him upstairs. “My maid knocks at your door at eight o’clock and leaves your breakfast.” She showed him a vacant room, which had a gas heater and afforded a view of the grassy lawn and the beds of daffodils in the middle of the square. She led him down the hall to the bathroom and indicated a water closet and a bathtub with a geyser, impressing upon him that he must not linger in his bath. “It’s the only one in the house.” She added with pride, “All my gentlemen can afford coppers for the geyser.”

“I’m a fully qualified doctor,” Daddyji said. “I’m very particular about my reputation, and that of the house in which I live.”

She assured him that her establishment had a good name, for she took only nice, well-spoken colonials. “*Ach, Herr Doktor*, my lodgers are everything to me. Ever since my husband goes to America and never sends for me since ten years, my life is my lodgers. And how hard do I work to get him out of Bohemia!”

As soon as Daddyji moved into the room, the landlady gave him a key to the park gate, and a folding chair, which on an occasional fine weekend he would carry down and set up in the park, so that he could read in the sun. He faithfully kept to his regimen of fish and chips, dinner at Shakespeare Hut, and fruit from Shearn’s—though now, being better at budgeting, he sometimes supplemented his fruit at bedtime with bread and butter, eggs, or almonds. In addition to his work in classrooms, laboratories, and libraries, he spent long hours in outdoor clinics and on field trips to reservoirs, slaughterhouses, and other places of interest to students of public health. He forwent not only the common diversions like cinemas, dance halls, and girls (he was afraid of entanglements with English girls) but also sports and games.

The landlady had three other “gentlemen” in her establishment, and they were all Punjabis and all from rich homes. One was a Muslim who was studying at the Inns of Court and called himself a nawab, and the others were Sikhs who were training to be railway engineers and called themselves maharajas. The three made the most of their time in London, going out every night and returning home drunk. Although when they were sober they treated Daddyji almost like an elder—after all, he was a doctor and a postgraduate student—when they were inebriated they would taunt him for being “a swot, a puritan, and a provincial.” Their greatest excesses were reserved for Saturday night, which they called “a golden night of libation.” After one of these nights, the three bounded into Daddyji’s room, where he sat propped up against his pillows reading a textbook, and gathered around him and started singing, in rousing, discordant voices, “For he’s a jolly good fellow.” They tried to force him to drink from a bottle of whiskey, splashing some on his nose and chin. Daddyji squirmed out of the way. The nawab snatched the bottle from the others, took a few steps backward, and hurled it at Daddyji. The bottle whistled past his ear, sailed out the window, and shattered on the pavement below.

“Do you realize you could have killed me?” Daddyji shouted at the three rowdies, who were now squabbling among themselves.

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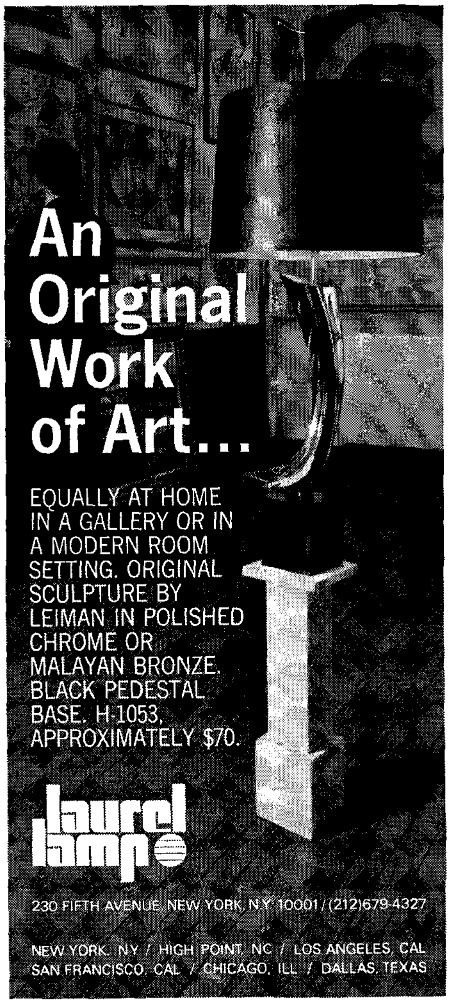

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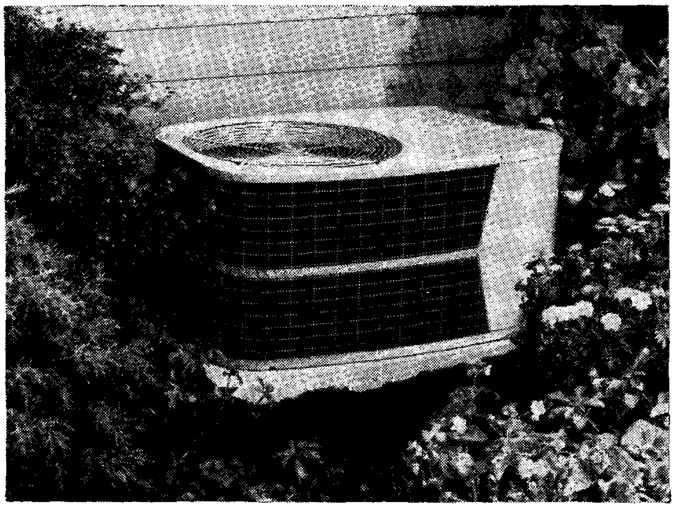

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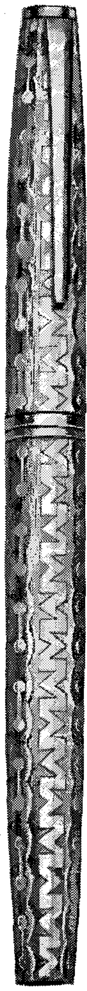

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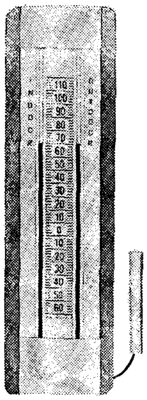

the room. She was in nightgown, cap, and slippers, and was followed by a tall, helmeted constable.

"What you are thinking you're up to?" she cried out. "That bottle! Who throws it? Which one? Disgrace! A policeman, in *my* establishment!"

The nawab and the maharajas stared dumbly at Daddyji, who, however, said nothing.

"Madam, perhaps this is a matter for the police," the constable said. "Allow me to take charge."

He turned to Daddyji. "Whose room is this?"

Daddyji, with a flourish, produced his visiting card, which read, "Amolak Ram Mehta, Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery; Member of British Medical Association."

The constable saluted him respectfully. "All the same, sir, if I may—I think someone should go down immediately and sweep up the broken glass. If a passerby should chance to step on it, we might have a nasty accident on our hands."

One of the maharajas seized Daddyji's hairbrush and ran downstairs to tidy up the pavement, while the nawab offered the constable a chair and told him, "My father, Khan Sahib, is deputy inspector general of police in Peshawar. You may be knowing his assistant. He's an Englishman, Irwin Smith."

"Know Irwin! Irwin is my brother!" the constable cried.

The nawab gave the constable a cigarette and a drink, and the constable assured his new friends and the landlady that none of them would be charged with disorderly conduct. But before he left he pocketed a pound from each of the lodgers, suavely observing, "You mustn't be allowed to get off scot-free."

DADDYJI walked into the lounge of Shakespeare Hut one day and was startled to see a friend from Lahore—Mohammed Saleem, the perennial tennis champion of India—sitting in a corner playing bridge. Being fair of complexion, he looked very much at home in Savile Row tweeds, as dashing, handsome, and trim as ever. "Sahibji!" Daddyji cried.

Saleem jumped up and shook his hand. "Just in London for a few weeks," Saleem said. "Glad to see you." He went back to his game.

It was just like Saleem not to inquire why Daddyji was in London; he took it for granted that people he met in India would pop up in England, and the other way around. He maintained a house in Lahore and a flat off Pic-

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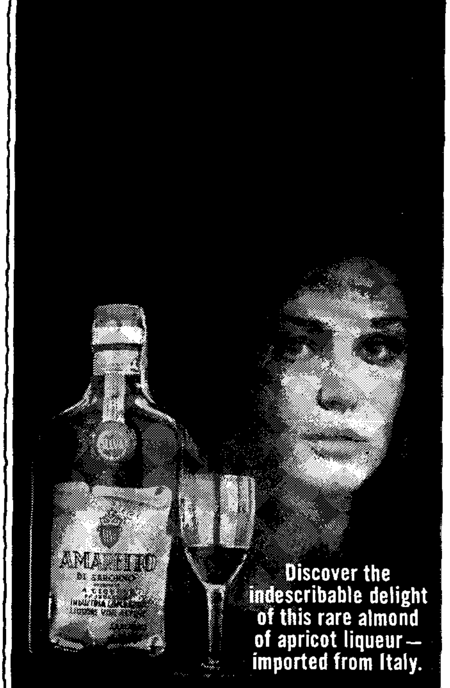

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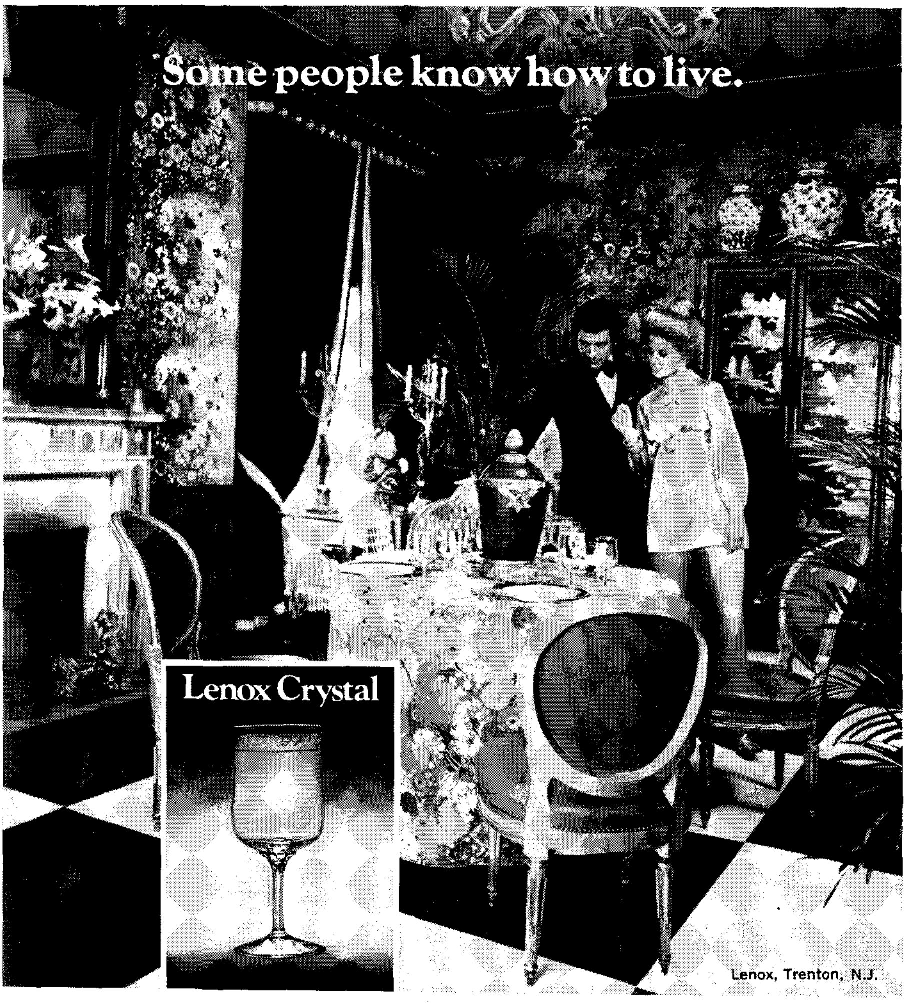
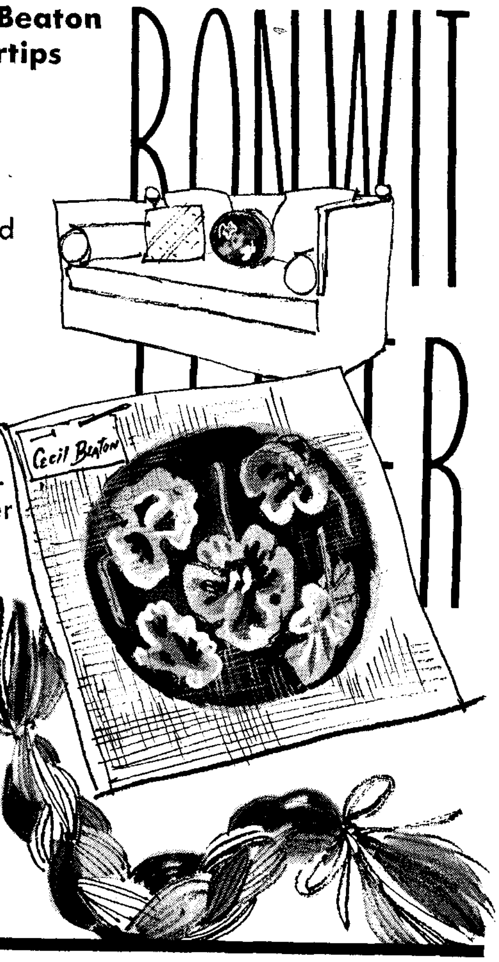
cadilly, and, being a bachelor and a senior advocate of the Punjab High Court (he was about ten years older than Daddyji), he was able to come and go as he pleased. Daddyji had first met Saleem at the summer house of Rai Bahadur Gokal Chand Malhotra, a Punjabi notable. The house was in a town on the road to Simla, and Daddyji, who was on vacation from medical college at the time, was tutoring the Rai Bahadur's two grandsons in English while Saleem, who was also on vacation, was tutoring them in tennis. Daddyji had always regarded tennis as a game for sissies—much inferior to the heartier and more rugged sport of hockey—but with Saleem on the court the game had drama, excitement, grace, toughness, and an aesthetic quality Daddyji had never imagined possible. Saleem gave Daddyji an old Slazenger racquet and taught him how to play, and by the end of the vacation Daddyji had become a lifelong devotee of the game. Ever since, Saleem—who had not only the grand, romantic manner of a real nawab but also the impeccable English speech of a Cambridge man—had been Daddyji's North Star. Now, in London, Daddyji saw Saleem often at the hostel, playing bridge. He was as dazzling at the card table as he was on the tennis court. He would bid cautiously but play with bold assurance. If the bid went to his opponent, he would be dogged in his defense, but if he had won the bid he would scrutinize the dummy and, after two or three tricks, throw in his hand and say, "The rest are mine." They invariably were. Between rubbers, or when Saleem was dummy, he would give Daddyji an occasional lesson, and Daddyji came to think of cards as being, like tennis, a diversion of the successful and civilized man—though for the time being he contented himself with Ping-Pong.

Daddyji was at Shakespeare Hut to hear a Sunday lecture. A Dr. Bhattacharji, who was in the audience, and whom Daddyji knew slightly, took him aside. "I don't mind telling you that Mrs. Bhattacharji and I have never known a young man as attractive and as winning as you," Dr. Bhattacharji said. Daddyji had met him and his wife at other Shakespeare Hut lectures and had been quite curious about them. The Doctor was a Bengali Hindu, his wife an Anglo-Indian. She had blue eyes and a sturdy English walk but always wore saris. "I hope you'll enjoy living here as much as I have. I have a very good practice in Notting

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Hill Gate, but I am nearing sixty now, and I am a little asthmatic. I want to retire to some place like the South of France. What would you think of coming in as my assistant for a year or so? If you prove yourself, you could inherit an established London practice."

An established practice was something that many doctors did not achieve even after a lifetime's work, and Daddyji now imagined himself in Dr. Bhattacharji's shoes. He knew that in a working-class area like Notting Hill Gate "black doctors" were extremely popular, because in addition to knowing modern medicine they were thought to know black magic. If he stayed on in England, he would have a very lucrative career. He might have an English wife, and perhaps could even realize his ambition to become an F.R.C.S. But then he thought of his responsibilities to the family. He became aware that Dr. Bhattacharji was waiting to be thanked.

"I am honored," he said. "But I must go home and share what I've learned here. My mother used to say, 'To one who shares food it is sugar; to one who eats alone it is a toad.' "

As Daddyji's boat train pulled out of Victoria Station, he stood at the window and looked out at the dusk falling over the sooty chimneys. He had spent eleven months in England, and things couldn't have gone better. He had in his steel trunk a Diploma in Public Health and a Diploma in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, and now it was the turn of Daulat Ram, who had just graduated from King Edward Medical College. Daddyji had been able to arrange for Daulat Ram's admission to University College and for lodgings for him in Shakespeare Hut, and in order to save a little money for Daulat Ram's English education Daddyji had forgone a tour of Europe. Only one detail remained—to write a thank-you letter to his landlady in Tavistock Square. How he loved England, he would write. He had come to think of it as the most beautiful, the most hospitable country in the world. The colder, the grayer, the foggier the sky, the more he had liked it. He would never forget the English day breaking over good old Tavistock Square. He knew that in his long life he would visit many countries and see much but that nothing would take the place of the haunts of his student days—Tavistock Square, Shakespeare Hut, Shearn's, the Tottenham Court Road tube station.

He arrived in Bombay on a sultry August morning and was met by Daulat Ram, who was booked to sail for England that very evening. Daddyji handed over his medical textbooks, his lecture notes, his laboratory records, his wristwatch, his pen, and thirty pounds—practically everything he had on him—to his brother.

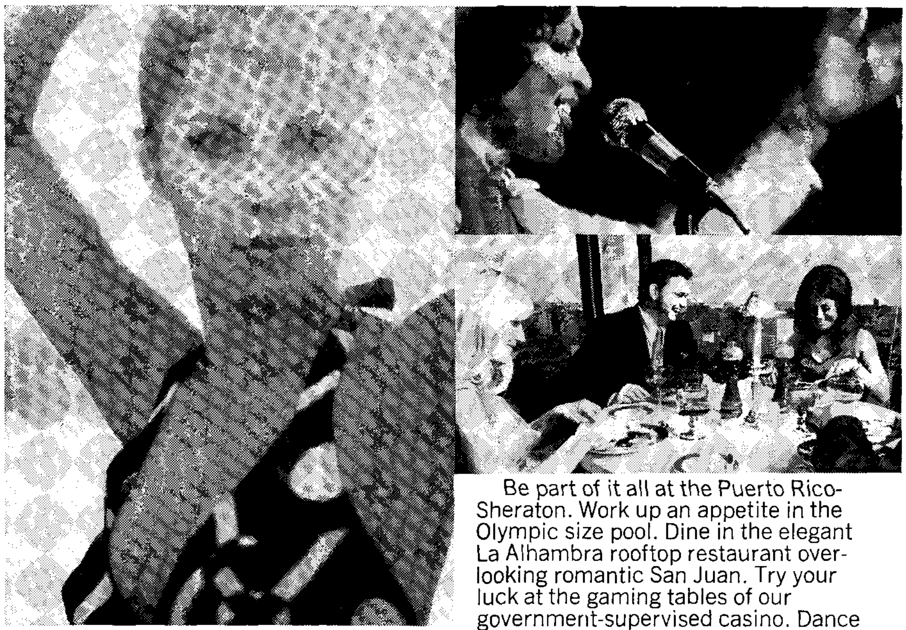
England-Returned

Daddyji's first job was in Rawalpindi, where he assumed the duties of municipal health officer a couple of months after his return from London. Rawalpindi, a lovely city of about a hundred thousand, was situated in the foothills of the Punjab Himalayas and, because it was the starting point of the only route to the Vale of Kashmir, was known as the Gateway to Kashmir. All around the city were orchards of loquats, peaches, pears, and limes. Daddyji found a commodious two-story house built around a courtyard off Murree Road, in a tranquil neighborhood. He made the rooms on the ground floor into a drawing room, a dining room, and a study, and the rooms upstairs into bedrooms. He bought himself a splendid polo pony, an English saddle, several pairs of riding breeches, a riding coat, and a white sola topi.

Every morning at daybreak, Daddyji would get into his riding clothes, set his topi at a jaunty angle, mount his horse, and make his rounds of inspection, followed by a phalanx of sanitary inspectors on foot. As he trotted along, the vegetable and fruit venders who were on their way to market would salaam and draw aside for his train. He felt he was the luckiest man alive, and marvelled at the coincidences that had secured him a job with a salary of six hundred rupees a month—many times as much as Lalaji had ever earned, and considerably more than the salary of a starting officer in the élite Indian Civil Service. After reaching India, he had sought out Colonel Forster, who told him that the Punjab Public Health Department would not be set up for two more years. "There is, however, a vacancy for a municipal health officer at Pindi," Colonel Forster had said. "But I don't think you stand much of a chance. Most of the candidates are men with a great deal of experience. Still, I suppose there's no harm in your trying for it." Daddyji had rushed to Rawalpindi, seen everybody who was anybody in the municipality, and impressed upon them that he was young, energetic, and in touch with the latest discoveries in public health. He had obtained the job. Now, on his morning rounds, he would look into any charges of food or drug adulteration or other violations of public-health-regulations, inspect the contagious-disease hospital and the meat dealers' premises and the sweetshops, and oversee the cleaning of drains, the transport of refuse to the city dumps, and the observance of sanitary provisions at building sites. Dismounting from his horse, he would walk through lanes and *gullis*—trailed by reluctant sanitary inspectors, who considered these slums too filthy even for them, let alone their officer—and direct that a putrefying goat carcass be disinfected and removed, or that a reeking sewage bin be equipped with a cover.

In the afternoon, he would go to his office and send off a series of proposals to the city authorities: the haphazard and insanitary butchering of animals in front of tenements and vending stalls should be banned, and the municipality should build slaughterhouses on the outskirts of the city; the system of carrying refuse in open handcarts and bullock carts should be abolished, and the municipality should purchase closed lorries for the purpose; the aging, dried-up cows that had been abandoned by their owners to the city's streets should be herded together, and the municipality should build shelters for them; sweepers forced to camp in the streets should be provided with living quarters; and so on. But such proposals, however urgent and elementary, required expenditure, so they were often shelved. A city, Daddyji discovered, was unregenerate in a way that a village was not.

All Daddyji's energies were soon absorbed by the riddle of the bubonic plague. The Punjab was besieged by epidemics—cholera in the summer, bubonic plague in the winter and spring, smallpox in the spring, summer, and winter—but, of all the cities in the Punjab, Rawalpindi was the most pestilential, plague being endemic there. No one had been able to explain satisfactorily why plague did not have any significant seasonal abatement in Rawalpindi, as it had in other cities. Daddyji assumed that the explanation must lie in the godowns, or warehouses, since they were breeding grounds for rats, and rats carried fleas, which, in turn, carried *Pasteurella pestis*, the plague bacteria. He tested the atmosphere in the Rawalpindi godowns and discovered that it was exceptionally moist. He concluded that the additional moisture was enough to sustain the



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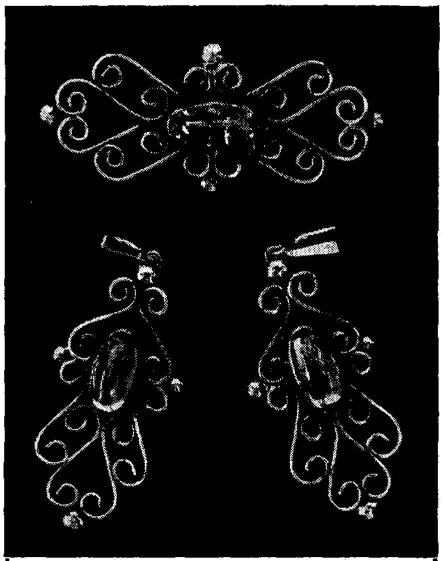

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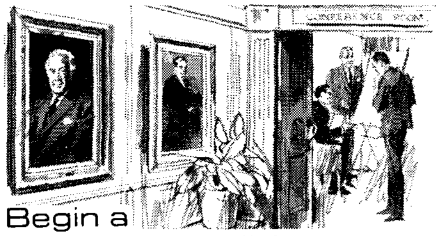

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fleas all year round, whereas in other cities they died in the dry heat of summer. He traced the cause of the high humidity to the apples, pears, plums, cherries, and other fruits from Kashmir that were stored in the Rawalpindi godowns on their way to the markets in the plains. He set about improving storage facilities, at the same time intensifying a plague-inoculation program already in existence, and eventually plague in Rawalpindi was arrested. His isolation of the cause of Rawalpindi's endemic plague amounted to a scientific discovery, and it was so reported in the *British Medical Journal.*

NOW and again, Mr. Henry Phillips Tollinton, the commissioner of Rawalpindi Division, would invite Daddyji to his house in the Civil Lines, where high government officials lived. The house was a large government bungalow with impressive grounds, on which Mr. Tollinton had built a couple of tennis courts. He had two daughters, close together in age and fast growing into women. They were plump and short, with plain, round faces and bulging calf muscles. Like Mr. Tollinton and Daddyji, they were keen tennis players, and the four would often pair off for doubles.

Once, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor of the Punjab came to Rawalpindi on a tour, and Mr. Tollinton arranged a game of doubles in which Daddyji partnered His Excellency, and Mr. Tollinton partnered the deputy commissioner. At the end of two sets, the score was one all, and though Daddyji and His Excellency contested the third, and final, set hotly, they lost. Afterward, as they were all walking across the lawn to the veranda, where cane chairs and tables had been set up for refreshments, His Excellency remarked, "No matter. Mehta and I will take our revenge tomorrow at the Pindi Club."

Before Mr. Tollinton or his partner could reply, Daddyji spoke up. "Your Excellency, that is out of the question."

His Excellency caught his breath. An invitation from a superior was a command. "What's this? Why not?"

Mr. Tollinton and the deputy commissioner cast about desperately to find something to distract His Excellency's attention. Clubs had originally been established in India by the Europeans, who were few in number, and who wished to relax among their own kind. They had taken it for granted that the Indians were unclubbable. After all, their women were often in purdah, and they had all kinds of taboos

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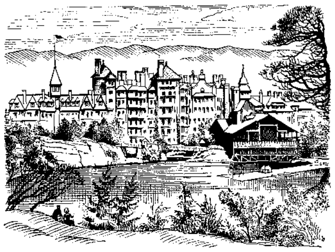

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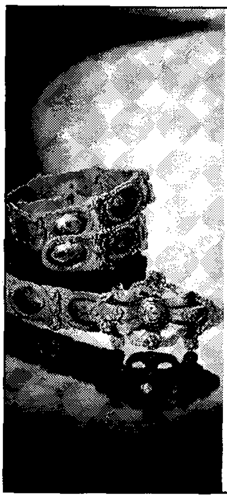

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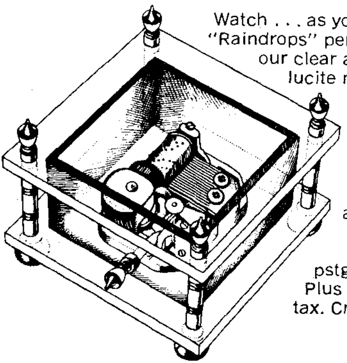

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about food and drink. But the Indians, especially well-placed government officers, had come to regard the European clubs as a sort of Xanadu, although they continued to be refused admission to most of them.

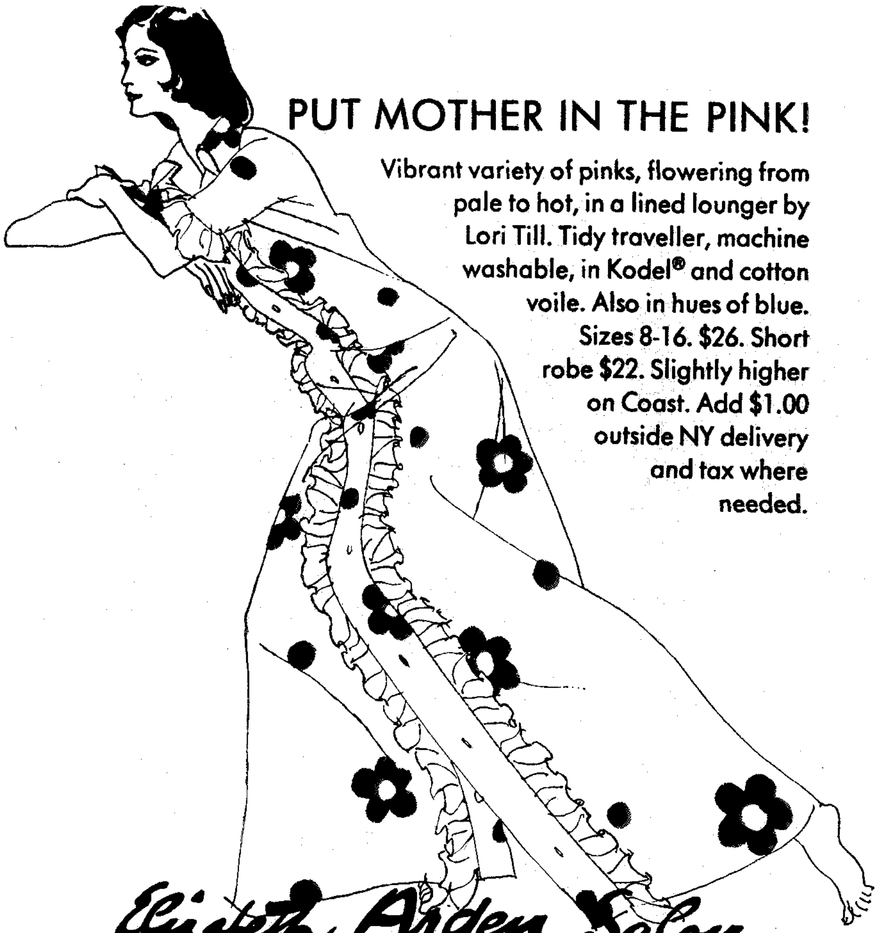
"Your Excellency!" cried the deputy commissioner. "Look at that remarkable pigeon up there!"

Daddyji realized that he had blundered in raising a sensitive issue in the presence of three Englishmen. "Indian civilians are not allowed on the premises of the Pindi Club," he said falteringly.

"It's all right, Your Excellency," Mr. Tollinton put in quickly. "Dr. Mehta will be most welcome at the Pindi Club."

The following day, Daddyji was made a temporary member of the club, and the four played there, but Daddyji and His Excellency again lost the match, two to one. In due course, Daddyji was elected the first permanent Indian civilian member of the Pindi Club.

DADDYJI, on his first Christmas after returning from England, went to Lahore to celebrate his twenty-sixth birthday with the family. Lalaji had been transferred to Lahore in 1915. For some time, he had felt ashamed of the way he had to earn his livelihood, because over the years the office of *patwari* had become a symbol of corruption, and such prestige as had originally been associated with it had been eroded by the *patwaris'* venality. Lalaji had often thought of giving up his job, yet he had no more been able to find an alternative means of support than he had been able to go back to his ancestral occupation of village landowner. "Two poor villagers were standing on a riverbank," he would say wryly about the predicament he was in. "One of them thought he saw a blanket floating by, and dived for it. Soon both he and the blanket were being carried off by the current. The man on the bank called to the drowning man, 'Fool, come back! Let go of the blanket—swim for your life!' The drowning man cried, 'I want to let go of the blanket, but the blanket won't let go of me!' You see, the man was in the grip of a huge bear." In any event, as Lalaji had grown older, he had felt less and less like going around in the hot sun measuring fields. Moreover, village life had long since lost whatever savor it might have had for him. He had therefore gladly made the move to Lahore, where the family lived in a newly developed area a couple of miles outside



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the ancient walls of the native city; theirs was a rented house—a small brick structure at the foot of a *gulli*, which had a little space in front where the family's buffalo and horse were tied. In 1917, however, Lalaji had reached the mandatory retirement age and had been pensioned off. He had tried to busy himself around the house with domestic matters, but they hadn't required much time. So he had dreamed over his hookah and taken long naps. His childhood interest in music had revived, and he had started playing the sitar in earnest, and inviting wandering minstrels into the house for impromptu musicales that sometimes turned into little feasts. The expenses in Lahore had proved to be much greater than those in the village, and without the *patwari's* emoluments the family savings had been severely strained. Lalaji had decided he would set himself up as an exporter and importer of textiles, and had asked Daddyji, when he was in London, to send samples of the latest fabrics from Manchester. Lalaji had even gone to the length of having some business stationery printed: "B.R. Mehta & Sons, Importers, Sole Agents, Commission Agents, and Manufacturers' Representatives of Cotton and Woollen Piece Goods, Fancies, Hosiery, Sundries, &c. &c., Lahore (India). London Representative: Mr. A. R. Mehta, Shakespeare Hut, Keppel Street, London, W.C. 1." But the stationery had merely gathered dust in a corner, and so had a parcel of swatches sent by Daddyji.

Now, in Lahore, Daddyji entered the little house; went straight to Lalaji, who sat enthroned at the head of a charpoy, pulling at his hookah; took from his pocket a thousand rupees in new banknotes, which he had saved from his salary; and tried to press them into Lalaji's hand.

Lalaji, with a casual glance, waved them aside.

Bhabiji stepped forward joyfully with tears in her eyes and held out her veil. Lalaji looked the other way, and Daddyji placed the banknotes in it. She shyly folded her veil around the notes, and as the younger children, who had been waiting to pay their respects to Daddyji, surrounded him with a clamor, she slipped the little bundle under the bedclothes at the foot of the charpoy.

Daddyji changed out of his Western suit into his comfortable pajamas and collarless shirt, and while he was sitting on the floor in the kitchen with the family eating the midday meal, the

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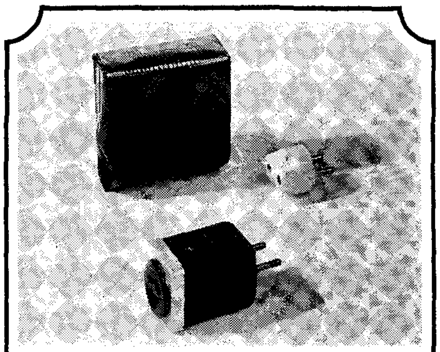

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wife of a neighbor walked in and said to Bhabiji, "Where is the England-returned? I would like to see an England-returned before I die."

Bhabiji waved a hand toward Daddyji.

"England-returned!" the neighbor exclaimed. "And sitting on the floor, eating with his fingers! Why go all the way to England for that?"

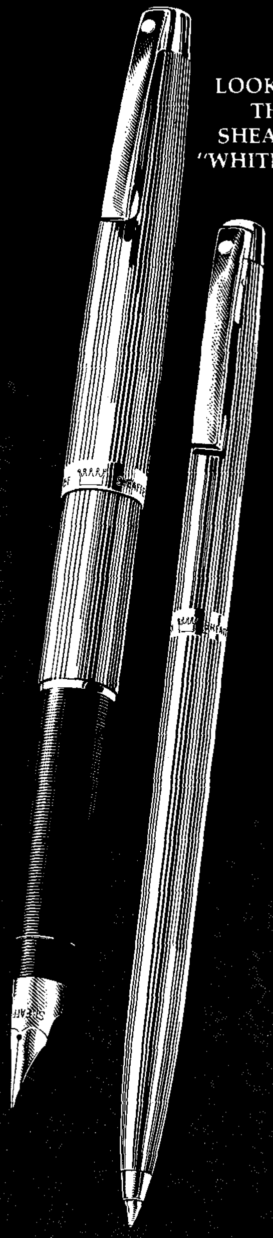
Just before Daddyji returned to Rawalpindi, Bhabiji insisted that he take four hundred rupees out of the thousand he had given her, and buy himself a tonga and harness worthy of his pony. When he got back to Rawalpindi, he did as she had asked. He retained Tika Ram, a tall, thin syce, who belonged to a community of grooms from the eastern part of the United Provinces; the forebears of these grooms, it was said, had taken part in the Mutiny, but subsequently, as if to atone for this deed, they and their descendants had dedicated themselves to looking after Englishmen's horses, especially their polo ponies. Tika Ram kept the rig polished and the pony well groomed. Although Daddyji still rode the pony on his morning rounds, in the late afternoons Tika Ram hitched it to the tonga, and Daddyji drove around in the tonga with Tika Ram at his side ready to catch the reins and wait whenever Daddyji jumped down for a call. Out in the open, Daddyji let the pony gallop along the rutted roads. The bumpier the tonga ride, the more excited he felt; he was optimistic, young, handsome, and a bachelor, and he was courted by the small official community of British and Indians.

Soon after Daddyji's visit to Lahore, Bhabiji came to stay with him, bringing with her Haru Ram's son Jaswant and Daddyji's brothers Balwant, Raj Kanwar, Romesh, and Krishan, who ranged in age from nineteen to seven. Lalaji remained behind, because he didn't want to go where he would be known merely as his son's father. When Daddyji was at work in the office, Tika Ram would drive the children around in the tonga, or convey them to Topi Park, and when Daddyji came home, he would get Bhabiji to dress up in her best clothes and together they would take the air in the tonga, often taking Krishan with them; he was an intelligent and inquisitive child with artistic leanings, and was a special favorite of Daddyji's. As they rode through the Civil Lines, Daddyji would tell Bhabiji about England, and she would listen to him, sitting very straight and never taking her eyes off his face. Bhaji Ganga Ram and Chhoti Bhabiji were also there, and for a couple of months all of them lived in the house like a family in a village.

When Daddyji was at King Edward Medical College, Bhaji Ganga Ram had begun studying to be a lawyer, for he had become dissatisfied with being superintendent of Quadrangle; the job had a fixed salary of a hundred rupees a month and no prospects for advancement. He had passed the first part of the two-part law examination but failed the second, and, as a partly qualified lawyer, had been able to apply for the position of sub-judge to a panel of High Court judges in Lahore, who made their selection on the basis of the applicants' deportment and dress. Daddyji, who had worn Western clothes for years, had given him a few lessons in how to comport himself like a sahib, and when Bhaji Ganga Ram was going for his interview with the High Court judges, Daddyji had tied his best tie around his uncle's neck and had also given him his best belt to hold up a brand-new pair of Western trousers. Bhaji Ganga Ram, whatever sartorial discomfort he may have felt, had impressed the judges and had got the job. As it happened, he was posted to Rawalpindi. When Daddyji first arrived there, he discovered that Bhaji Ganga Ram and Chhoti Bhabiji were living in a small house in a narrow *gulli*, and he prevailed on them to move in with him and share his bungalow.

They lived together amicably for a time. Then, one evening, Daddyji went to dine at the house of a friend who was an advocate. The advocate told Daddyji that Bhaji Ganga Ram had alienated most of the members of the Rawalpindi Bar Association. "He's upright and fair-minded, but in court he's overbearing and sarcastic," the advocate said. "He's constantly reprimanding the advocates who plead before him at the bench, just as if they were his boarders at Quadrangle—as, indeed, many of them were. He has become one of the most unpopular men in Rawalpindi, and if he doesn't mend his ways we'll petition the High Court for his transfer."

When Daddyji dutifully reported the conversation to Bhaji Ganga Ram, Bhaji Ganga Ram said, in his usual



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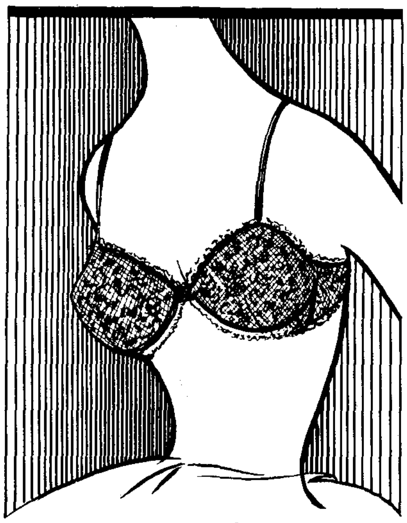

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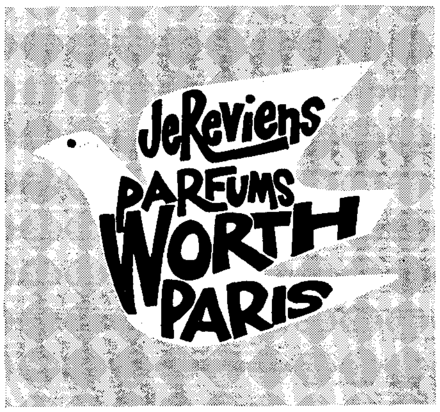

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stiff manner, "People's opinions change like the wind, but principles are founded on bedrock. I have always put my principles above my ambition, and I would advise you to do the same."

A few days later, just after Bhabiji and the children had gone back to Lahore, Daddyji was in his room packing his shoes and tennis whites in a canvas bag for a game at the Pindi Club when he heard Bhaji Ganga Ram declaiming a famous Urdu couplet in the next room: "*Bane is qadar muhazib kabhi ghar ka munh na dekha./ Kati umar hotlon men mare haspital ja kar*" ("He became so very civilized that he never saw the face of home. He spent his life in hotels and died in hospital").

At the time, Daddyji didn't pay much attention, but when he came home from the club he found, to his surprise, that Bhaji Ganga Ram and Chhoti Bhabiji didn't return his greeting. Afterward, however often Daddyji tried to speak to them, they ignored him. Bhaji Ganga Ram would turn his back and walk away, and when Daddyji met Chhoti Bhabiji in a passageway, she would avert her face. Though Daddyji repeatedly invited them to join him at the table, they would not do so. Chhoti Bhabiji set up separate cooking facilities, and they ate in their room. The rupture became family knowledge when Bhaji Ganga Ram pointedly did not ask Daddyji to the wedding of Chhoti Bhabiji's brother Vidya Rattan.

One day, Bhaji Ganga Ram silently handed Daddyji a letter he had received from Daulat Ram, who wrote from London that he had been hospitalized with a severe case of dysentery and that he was short of funds; he asked Bhaji Ganga Ram for a loan of five hundred rupees. Daddyji immediately sold his English microscope and cabled the money to Daulat Ram, scolding him for writing to Bhaji Ganga Ram in the first place. "Your education is my responsibility," he wrote, "and I don't see how you think Bhaji Ganga Ram comes into it."

Since Daddyji found little cheer at home, with Bhaji Ganga Ram and Chhoti Bhabiji living under his roof like strangers, he started spending more and more time at the Pindi Club. It was situated in the Civil Lines and had a large clubhouse, cricket and hockey grounds, and cottages in which members could stay. Every afternoon around four, when Daddyji had finished his work, he would go there, play a few sets of tennis or innings of cricket, bathe, change, and join some English friends for a drink—they would drink whiskey-and-soda while he drank

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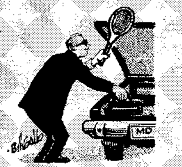

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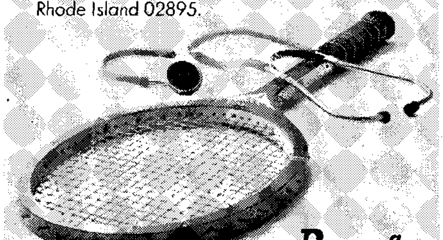

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lemon squash. He would often stay on for dinner, and sometimes, on his way home, he would put in a quick appearance at the City Club, which had been founded by Indians in retaliation for the Pindi Club. (Its constitution prohibited members from even entertaining Europeans as guests.) Here he would listen to stories told at the expense of Englishmen. "I once prosecuted a case in front of one of them," someone would say. "It was a case of camel lifting. The white sahib couldn't even understand what the offense was, and I explained to him that the camel did not belong to the accused but was stolen property. So you know what he said? 'Bring the camel into this court, and show me how the accused—though I grant you he looks like a strong fellow—can possibly lift it.' "

When Daddyji had been in Rawalpindi about a year, Bhaji Ganga Ram was transferred, upon the petition of the Bar Association, and posted to Jagadhri, a small station in the district of Ambala, and Daddyji's own stay in Rawalpindi was cut short as a result of an announcement he saw in the *Tribune*, an English-language daily, advertising an "All-India Competition" for half a dozen Rockefeller Foundation Fellowships in the United States. Here was a chance of going to the New World, he thought, and making up for lost opportunities; he had regretted not having spent more time in the West. But if he applied and was selected, he would have to give up his job and its unheard-of salary, which was the family standby. Balwant, Jaswant, and Raj Kanwar were now all at Government College, Romesh was just about to enter it, and Krishan was doing exceptionally well in school. Daulat Ram had finished his education in England and had returned home some time earlier but had not been able to find a job. Despite all this, Daddyji could not resist the temptation. He applied, and was awarded a fellowship. He resigned his post in Rawalpindi and went to Lahore to say his goodbyes.

—VED MEHTA

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

•

But, when scientists venture in the spiritual world, they are as awkward and inept as a theologian intruding himself into the scientific world.

The old saying, "The proof of the pudding is the broth" applies here.—*Billy Graham in the Portland (Maine) Press-Herald.*

You know—out of the frying pan into the soup.

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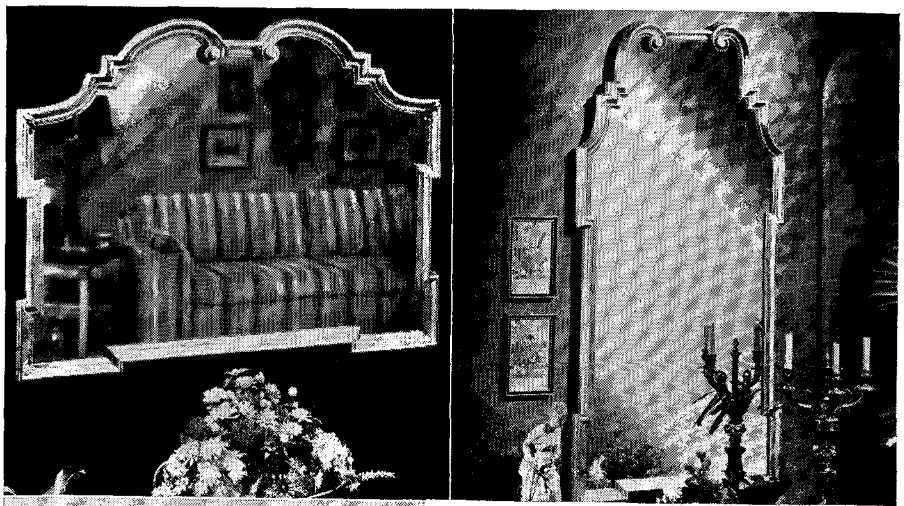

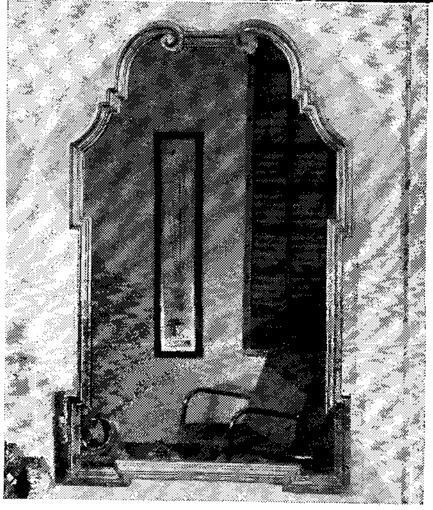

three Queens

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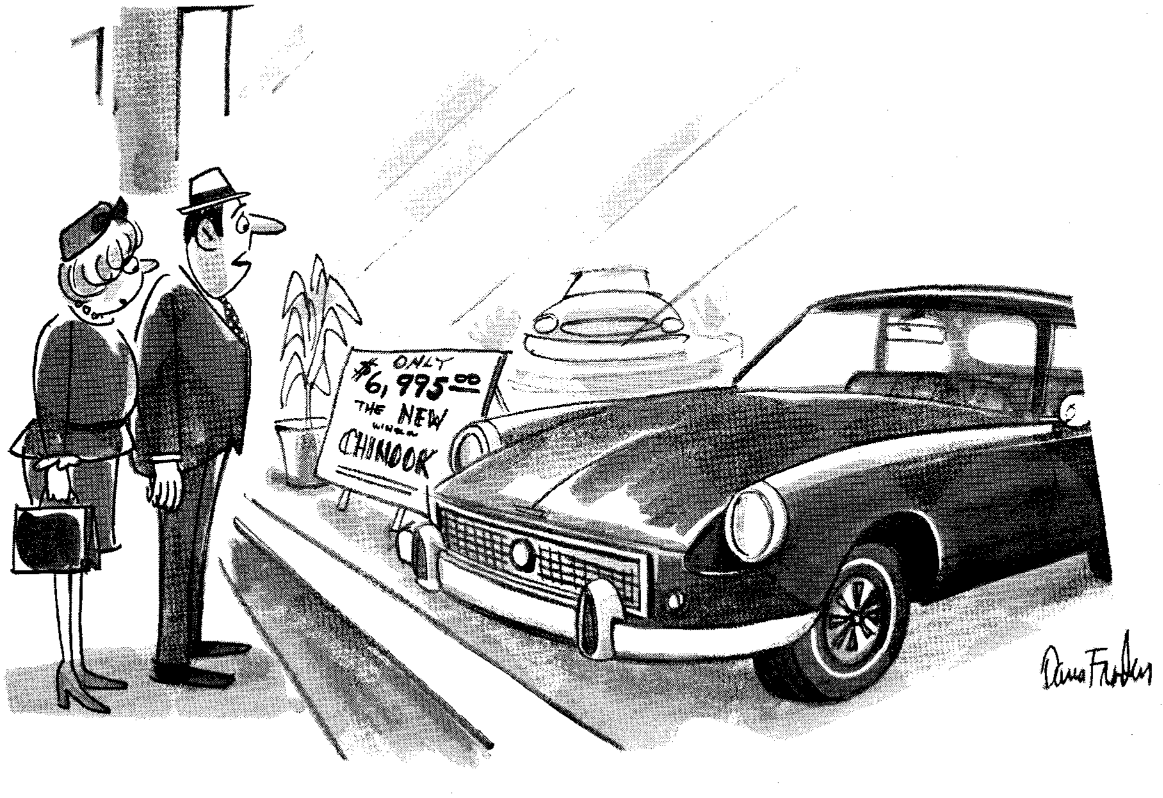
THE THEATRE

DOWN THE YEARS

"PROMENADE, ALL!," at the Alvin, is great fun for the four actors who make up the cast, because each of them gets to play several roles, depicting different generations of the long-lived Huntziger family at one age or another and at one stage or another of extreme mental exacerbation. The many roles mean quick changes of costume and makeup and constant adroit manipulations of voice and posture, and for actors nothing could be more pleasing than to be able thus to display their virtuosity—they are all Lon Chaneys at heart, eager to be billed as "The Man with a Thousand Faces" and to totter about a set under pounds of plastic flesh and false hair, scaring the stagehands. The play is occasionally fun for the audience as well, in part because the actors' delight in themselves is infectious and in part because the author, David V. Robison, has provided situations that are as surefire as they are familiar. We are offered glimpses of the Huntziger family over a period that extends from 1895 to the present, and the total number of generations passing before our eyes is, if my finger-counting arithmetic is correct, six: plenty of room for conflicts between husbands and wives and parents and children as times and customs change and people remain the same. The first Huntziger founded a button factory after making the remarkable discovery at Bull Run that following the battle there were more buttons on the field than there were bodies; the youngest Huntziger, observing that the firm has passed from buttons to zippers to cosmetics to electronics, intends to make a new scene altogether, up in somebody's green pasture, talking to the sun and the moon and the nearer stars. His ninety-three-year-old great-grandfather, who is the grandson of the first, or Bull Run, Huntziger, warns the lad that *his* great-grandson won't hold a very high opinion of such a choice when his time comes, and on that note of rueful circularity the curtain falls.

Mr. Robison makes his points with crude, cartoonlike strokes. He is almost invariably leaden when he should be light, and there is scarcely a tattered and battered old notion about American family and business life that he doesn't embrace and seek to squeeze a laugh from. It is lucky for him that he has a marvellous cast—Hume Cronyn, Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach, and Richard Backus, all in tearing high spirits—and an able director, Arthur Storch. The settings are by David Chapman, and the amusing costumes are by James Berton Harris.

THERE are ideas so wanting in common sense that they attain a certain comic grandeur, but this was not the case with the idea behind "That's Entertainment," which came and went at the Edison with all the celerity of a blown fuse. It was an idea only moderately ill-conceived, and if intelligence and taste had been brought to bear upon it, instead of a multiplicity of obtuse ineptitudes, we might all be saluting a pleasant, though very modest, addition to the Broadway scene. The original intention must have been to gather up out of the immense *œuvre* of those trusty old revue masters, Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, a representative selection of their best songs and have them agreeably sung to us by some contemporary young folk. The songs were assuredly *there*—"Something to Remember You By," "Hottentot Potentate" (I can remember how brilliant I used to think that juxtaposition of syllables, and I still do), "If There Is Someone Lovelier Than You," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," and the like—but some busybody must have felt that the evening wouldn't be substantial enough unless a plot of some sort were provided. Out of this fear, and contrary to the rules of the Better Business Bureau and the truth-in-packaging laws, "That's Entertainment" was announced as a musical, which it wasn't, and a simulacrum of boy-meets-girl musical-comedy activity was introduced with all the bonhomie of a busy day at your friendly crematorium. There were nine people in the cast, and



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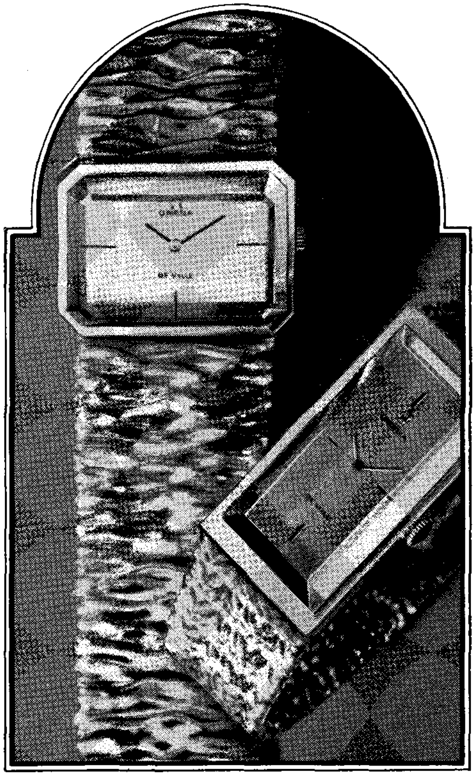

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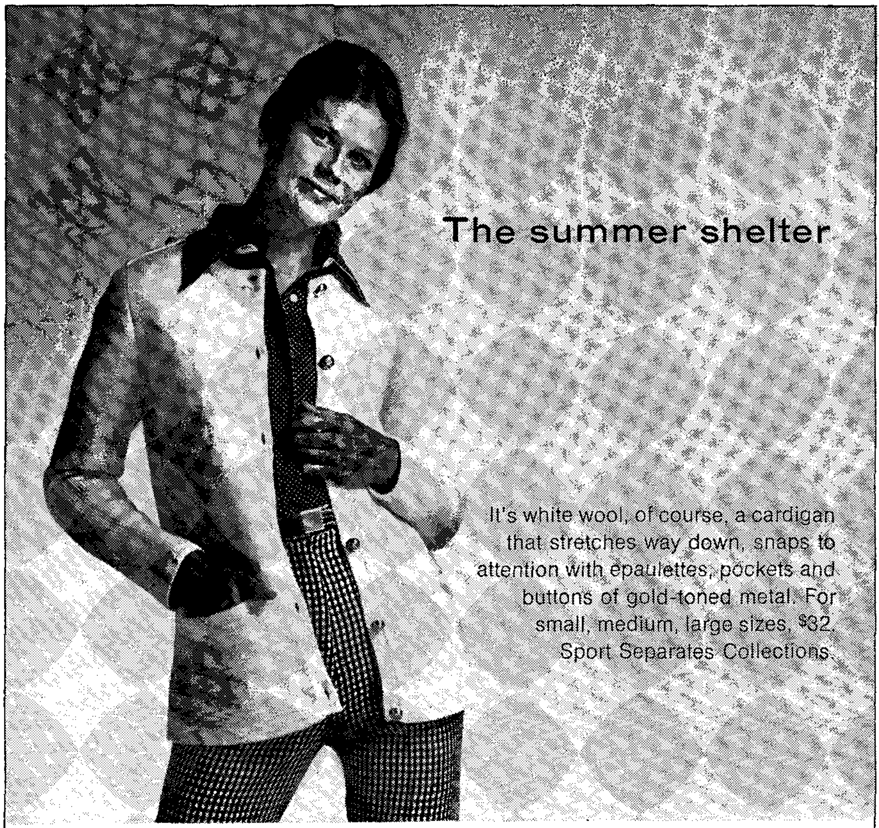

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about half that number in the orchestra that accompanied them. The scenery and lighting were designed by David F. Segal, and the costumes were by Jane Greenwood. The direction, if one cares to call it that, was by Paul Aaron. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Errata

A COUPLE of weeks ago, reviewing "Cop and Blow," one of the four "Black Visions" at the Public, I named the wrong actor as the saloon-keeper. The right actor, who is very good in the part, is Berk Costello.

Another recent error was "The Soft Core Pornographer," late at Stage 73, but this time the mistake was not mine. —EDITH OLIVER

•

TROOPERS SEIZE HASH
AT CORNWALL STORE

WEST CORNWALL—State Police, along with federal narcotics and customs agents, have charged an owner of the Popple Swamp Trading Post in West Cornwall with conspiracy to import hashish.

Robert J. Beecher, 20 of West Cornwall, was arrested Thursday afernoon after agents seized a quantity of hashish at the shop. Troopers at Canaan Barracks reported Beecher is also charged with an additional count of possession of hashish, according to Assistant U.S. Atty. George F. McGunnigle Jr.

McGunnigle, attorney in charge of the case, said two and one-half pounds of the drug were seized, officially valued at $4,000 on the street.

Hashish is a derivative of the marijuana plant.

Beecher was held without bail in Bridgeport Correctional Center, according to troopers.

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Oh, never mind!

•

DEAR STUDENT:

The last mailing of the Landscape Correspondence Course included Parts VI and IX. They were sent out of order. Parts V, VII, VIII and X will be sent out as soon as possible. Part IX was labeled IX and X. Part IX is the correct number, but it is not the final section of the course as stated in the letter.

The part entitled: "Landscape Value of Lawns" should have been called "Landscape Value of Ground Covers." It goes with Part VI.—*Letter from Co-operative Extension, New York State.*

Whaddya say we just plant some red salvia and get it over with?

AROUND CITY HALL

BACK HOME

A SCENE that lingered in the mind long after the television picture had faded was a brief episode in a political documentary of the last decade showing John Kennedy at daybreak in a Wisconsin factory town during that state's 1960 primary, entirely alone (except, of course, for the television crew), prowling along the cold, dark streets in search of a voter willing to shake his hand. Severe political setbacks are often followed by angry claims and counterclaims of malfeasance and nonfeasance between the candidate and his campaign staff, but the withdrawal of John Lindsay from the race for the Democratic Presidential nomination after his poor showing in the Wisconsin primary has, on the whole, been an exception. No one is likely to charge the hard-driving New York Mayor with not getting up as early in the morning to campaign as Kennedy did or of not reaching out for blue-collar support (trying to prove his empathy with this segment of the electorate, he spent one March night stretched out on the living-room couch of a Milwaukee steelworker), and certainly he struck enough poses for the television cameras. He just didn't get very many votes. When, hamming it up a little on the eve of the primary, he said, "I've always known it would be a very lonely fight," he probably didn't realize just how lonely it would seem after the Wisconsin returns came in. That the Wisconsin outcome of a dozen years ago, by proving that a handsome Ivy League Easterner could win in alien territory, dramatically served as one man's taking-off point for the White House, while the vote there this month put a sudden end to another photogenic Easterner's plans, at least for the time being, is, of course, a case of different men and different circumstances—and no doubt buttons will soon appear at City Hall reading "For Lindsay *After* Wisconsin."

Lindsay will probably continue to labor the point that, in any decade, a United States senator seeking national office is in a far different position from a candidate who is mayor of New York. "Maybe it was just too maverick a situation for a mayor, which is unusual, to run for President," he remarked a few hours after he withdrew. "We come from different worlds," he often said of his numerous primary rivals who work out of the Senate Office Building—and who, as it happens, do all come originally from small towns far from what he undoubtedly regrets ever having called Fun City. As Lindsay limped back East, he could at least be reasonably certain that because he had entered the race phrases about "the plight of the cities" would continue to crop up among the Lincoln quotations and the invocations of the Bill of Rights as the primary marathon went on without him. Because he did so poorly at the polls, however, most candidates may let it go at that, at least when they aren't campaigning in the inner cities. After all, though nearly seventy per cent of Americans have now chosen to live in metropolitan regions—as Lindsay kept reminding dwindling crowds in Florida and Wisconsin—ninety-three per cent of the voters in those two states made it clear that they didn't want to hear about the troubles that result from that choice. The picture of an America made up of citizens splashing in the old swimming hole, exchanging box suppers at church socials, and strolling downtown to listen to the band play "Strawberry Blonde" in the square on Saturday night may at last have faded, but that doesn't mean that any substantial number of voters are ready to endorse a candidate who keeps telling them, "The central issue is whether the nation is going to face the urban crisis or let its cities die." ("Part of what he was doing was to see whether the country was ready to face up to that," Lindsay's campaign manager, Richard Aurelio, said of the Mayor's refusal to soft-pedal the issues. "It might pain me from a political manager's standpoint," Aurelio told a *News* reporter, Sam Roberts, "but I suppose that was one of the reasons I was devoted to him.") Hubert Humphrey, who, of course, was also on the Wisconsin primary scene back in 1960, and who in 1972 got three times as many votes in the state as Lindsay did, undoubtedly struck a more welcome note when, with tears in his eyes, he announced last summer to the annual convention of the National Association of Counties, meeting in Milwaukee, that he favored a national-growth policy that would bring "migration back to the countryside so that people can live where God intended them to live."

IN the three months while Lindsay was on the national political circuit playing Urban Leader to the nines, he was also flying back to spend several

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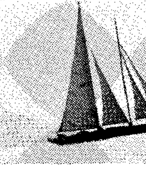

days each week putting on a whirlwind show of coping with the day-to-day chores of running a city—controversial zoning revisions, trade-offs on judgeships with county leaders, slick end runs around the small print in capital funding. For some reason, such labors are usually accorded the dismal adjective "municipal," which by nature seems to ally itself with other dreary terms, as in "municipal budget gap"—terms that no politician would make the mistake of introducing into the magniloquent rhetoric of a national campaign.

* * *

Many of the Mayor's battalions of local critics were, in fact, faced with a troublesome dilemma during the period when he was careering back and forth between the primary wars and his local duties. Those who called loudest for his resignation, sometimes even suggesting that his absenteeism might be grounds for impeachment, were often the same New Yorkers who had had harsh things to say about the deficiencies of his past City Hall performance, so the question naturally arose whether in their view City Hall might not be better off without his bumbling hand at the helm. The *News* eventually answered this question in the affirmative. "Stay West, young man; stay West" was the paper's editorial advice to the Mayor while he was still chasing votes in Wisconsin. "Though the Lindsay face provides pretty pictures for the paper when His Honor is in town," the paper went on, "the city wouldn't suffer otherwise if he never came back permanently. The city might even improve markedly in health, happiness and solvency." The opposite conclusion was reached by another of the Mayor's relentless critics—City Councilman Matthew Troy, the Democratic leader of Queens, whose population of two million causes politicians with national ambitions to treat it, along with the other more populous local boroughs, as respectfully as they treat some states. Troy was chosen county leader last May 6th, and within an hour after his selection he received calls of congratulation from Candidate McGovern, Presumptive Candidates Lindsay and Muskie, and Non-Candidate Kennedy. Troy, who predicted back in December that if Lindsay entered the primaries he would "burn in Florida and freeze in Wisconsin," demanded at regular intervals during the next months that the Mayor return to the city at once on a full-time basis, even though he also said, "I think he has been a terrible mayor." There was some suspicion, however, that the summons home might have less to do with Troy's interest in seeing Lindsay do right by the city than with easing the ordeal of the primaries for another left-of-center Democratic Presidential candidate, Senator McGovern, whom Troy, long a favorite of the local conservative wing of his party, endorsed for the nomination last August, to the astonishment of quite a few people. ("What's in it for Matty? Does he think George will make him Secretary of State?" another local political leader asked, shaking his head.) Troy is, in fact, one of the few McGovern supporters who have said almost nothing about the Senator's foreign policy—particularly his early opposition to the Vietnam war. Troy's first notable clash with Lindsay took place after the Mayor ordered the City Hall flag flown at half-staff during the October, 1969, Vietnam Moratorium, in memory of the dead in Southeast Asia. A short while later, a large crowd in front of City Hall watched as Troy, a stout young man, clung to the railing of the catwalk on the cupola, eighty feet above the street, and, fighting a strong wind, hoisted the flag to the top of the pole, righting Lindsay's affront to American patriotism. In recent months, he has said that this action "may have been hasty."

Whatever Troy's reasons for urging Lindsay to leave the primary race during the weeks before the voting in Wisconsin, other commentators who urged his withdrawal, including Tom Wicker, writing in the *Times*, did cite the beneficial effect it would have on McGovern's chances and on the Democratic Party generally. In the long run, Wicker argued, a withdrawal would establish Lindsay's shaky Democratic credentials and thus increase his national stature. However, when Meade Esposito, the Democratic leader of Brooklyn (pop., 2,700,000), urged Lindsay to withdraw a few days before the Wisconsin primary, the reasons he gave had nothing to do with either the Party's or the Mayor's national prospects. The unwelcome advice—it moved the Mayor to describe Esposito, previously considered an ally, as a politician who is part of the "old machine in New York City" ("which," Lindsay grandly added, "I have destroyed")—seemed to reflect the old-machine, or Tammany, tradition of treating all politics outside New York City as a waste of a good Democrat's time. (According to one story, when Richard Croker, the Tammany boss at the turn of the century, was urged to name a young friend as county clerk of Manhattan, he responded, "He's a good boy, but that job requires brains and experience. He'll have to be satisfied with going to Congress.") Esposito's message was: "The city is in trouble. Little Sheba better come home." Little Sheba is the dead puppy in William Inge's "Come Back, Little Sheba," whose name the middle-aged couple in the play constantly invoke as a symbol of their promising youth. A non-theatregoer, Esposito reportedly did not intend to imply that in the realm of national politics Lindsay was a dead dog, but there is little question that this is a judgment that the Mayor will be trying to dispel in the months to come.

WHATEVER Lindsay's national future, the Mayor did spend a good part of his first few days back in town going to funerals. He also got involved in another dispute over the level of city flags. Twenty hours after his return, he was in Flatbush, at the services for the Mets' manager, Gil Hodges, dead at forty-seven. Coinciding as it did with the week of the Mayor's major political defeat, this melancholy event had a special irony, since many New Yorkers, including Lindsay, had often recalled the city's euphoria over the Mets' remarkable World Series victory in October, 1969, after what the *Post*, reviewing the team's record, labelled "The 7 Years of Suffering," and had given it some credit for Lindsay's upset victory in the mayoral election three weeks later—after what his opponents, of course, looked upon as four years of suffering. In Hodges' honor, Lindsay ordered that all flags on city buildings in Brooklyn, Hodges' home borough, be flown at half-staff. Three days after Hodges' funeral, the Mayor was in Harlem for the funeral of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., who, in a second striking example of symmetry, had died on the anniversary of the assassination of another black leader, Martin Luther King, Jr., in 1968. Aware that some of the former Representative's Harlem constituents had been of two minds about him, Lindsay put out a cautious statement describing him as "a controversial but significant figure in our political and social history," and specified that flags at City Hall and on all city buildings in his congressional district fly at half-staff. Percy Sutton, the Manhattan Borough President and the only black member of the Board of Estimate, took instant exception. Having referred to the arrangements honoring Hodges, he said, "I'm certain Mayor Lindsay does not intend to discriminate as between heroes," pronouncing the word "dis-

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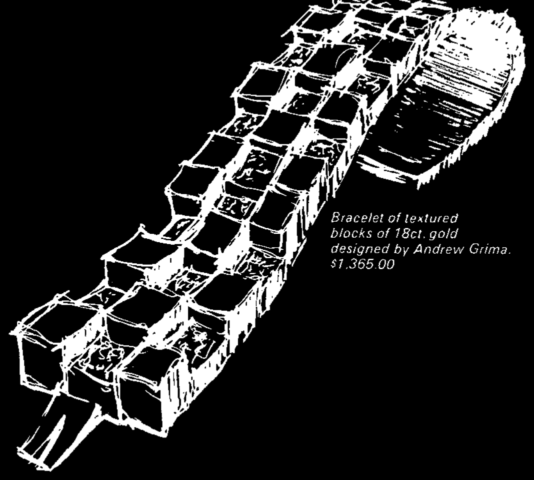

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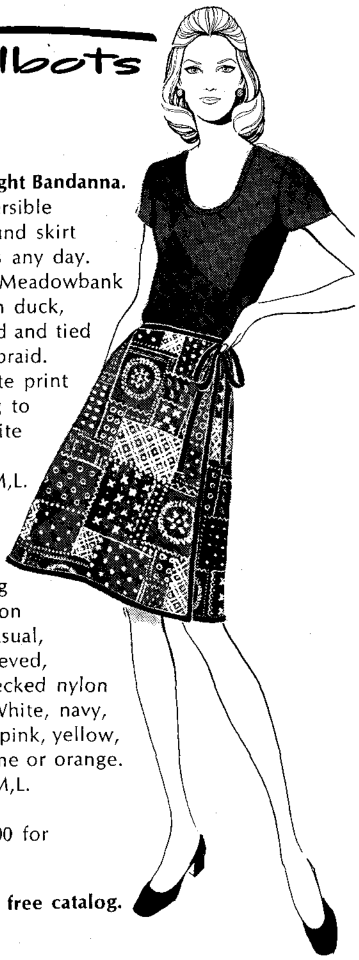

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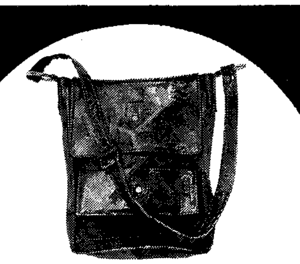

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criminate" distinctly. This time, it was the Mayor who decided he must have been hasty, and within the hour flags on city buildings all over Manhattan were at half-staff. At the Powell services, Lindsay was an unscheduled speaker, hailing Powell as "a fighter for America."

Between the Hodges and Powell services, the Mayor attended another Harlem funeral—that of a city detective, William R. Capers, who had been killed earlier in the week. He was the fourth local policeman to die in the line of duty this year, but his death hardly supported the legend of a black militants' conspiracy to kill white policemen which is popular in police circles, particularly among leaders of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union. Capers, a black plainclothesman with nineteen years' service on the force, had been disarming a man at a Queens shoe store when a young white patrolman came on the scene. Misjudging the situation—an error that the *Amsterdam News* suggested was routine white-cop practice where blacks are concerned—the patrolman neither asked questions nor fired a warning shot but killed the detective with one shot. Late in January, two young foot patrolmen, one black and one Italian, were riddled with bullets as they emerged from an East Village luncheonette, and in mid-March an off-duty black patrolman was killed as he tried to stop a holdup in a Brooklyn meat market. Of the four policemen killed in the line of duty this year, then, three have been black, although blacks make up less than eight per cent of the force. Countering the legend of another kind of racial vendetta, however, is the fact that all the civilian police-killers have also been described as black (only one has been apprehended), and a few weeks ago Mr. 125 Street, the columnist for the *Amsterdam News*, began his weekly stint with some depressing statistics from Harlem precincts. "More than 50 murders by Blacks against Blacks have been recorded in the 28, 25 and 32nd Precincts in the first two and a half months of 1972 and more than 100 in the city," he wrote. "Do you call that brotherly?"

The incidence of violent crime is, in fact, on the increase not just in Harlem but all over the city (although when this is mentioned, Lindsay, in a candidate's conditioned reflex, quickly notes that the over-all crime rate here is lower than that in fifteen other American cities). A few days after the Mayor's return, Police Commissioner Patrick Murphy, after a long con-

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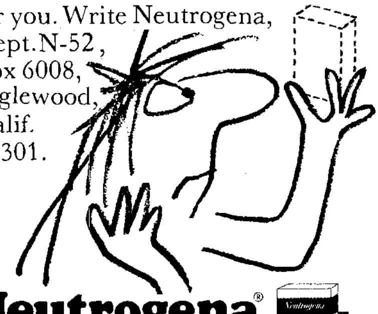

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ference at City Hall, arranged to pull a thousand policemen off precinct-housekeeping and similar duties and put them on the streets in high-crime areas during the hours from dusk to 2 A.M., when crimes are most frequent. P.B.A. leaders had argued that such reassignments were illegal, and the city prepared contingency plans in the face of the threat of a new police strike. The often turbulent city labor scene had, as it happened, been rather quiet during the period of the Mayor's recurrent absences, but the day after he got back to town the union that represents the operators of the city's twenty-nine drawbridges also threatened a strike. Barry Feinstein, the union leader, is already under indictment for his part in last June's job action by the drawbridge operators, which cut off a large share of Manhattan's six hundred thousand daily commuters from their source of livelihood. Asked if the new move wouldn't complicate his legal defense, Feinstein was reported to have answered, "We'll raise that bridge when we come to it." As the municipal problems crowded in, the former Presidential candidate presumably took some comfort from now being able to apply himself to them without at the same time having to keep in mind that at the next day's first campaign stop he must say something helpful about chicken farming or refer to the rally chairman (whom he would probably never see again) as "my friend Big Ernie" or be ready, as was necessary in rural Florida, to answer questions about whether he believes in God. "Yes, I do, but I believe in Him sometimes more than others" was his answer on one occasion.

FOR a few weeks, at least, the hostilities between the Mayor's office and nearly everybody else in City Hall's crowded corridors may be somewhat less intense than they have been in recent years. Political opponents and other resident critics who considered the Mayor insufferably arrogant when he was riding high will presumably respond favorably to his newly chastened air. Some of them may even admit that during his intervals on the road City Hall was often a pretty boring place. Day after day, hearings would drone on in the upstairs legislative chambers while downstairs city councilmen, commissioners, and assemblymen with serious plans for running for mayor in 1973 (the number has already reached thirteen, according to one tally) paced about the rotunda trying to draw a crowd by passing out press releases at-

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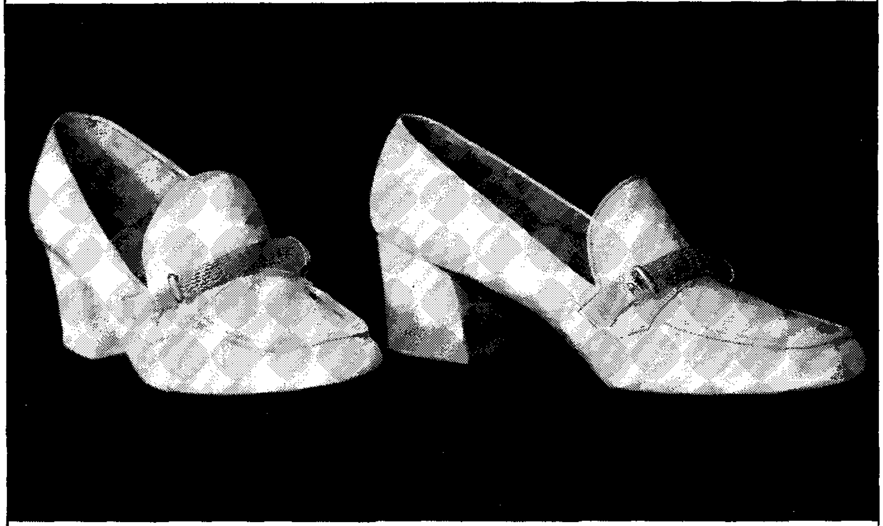

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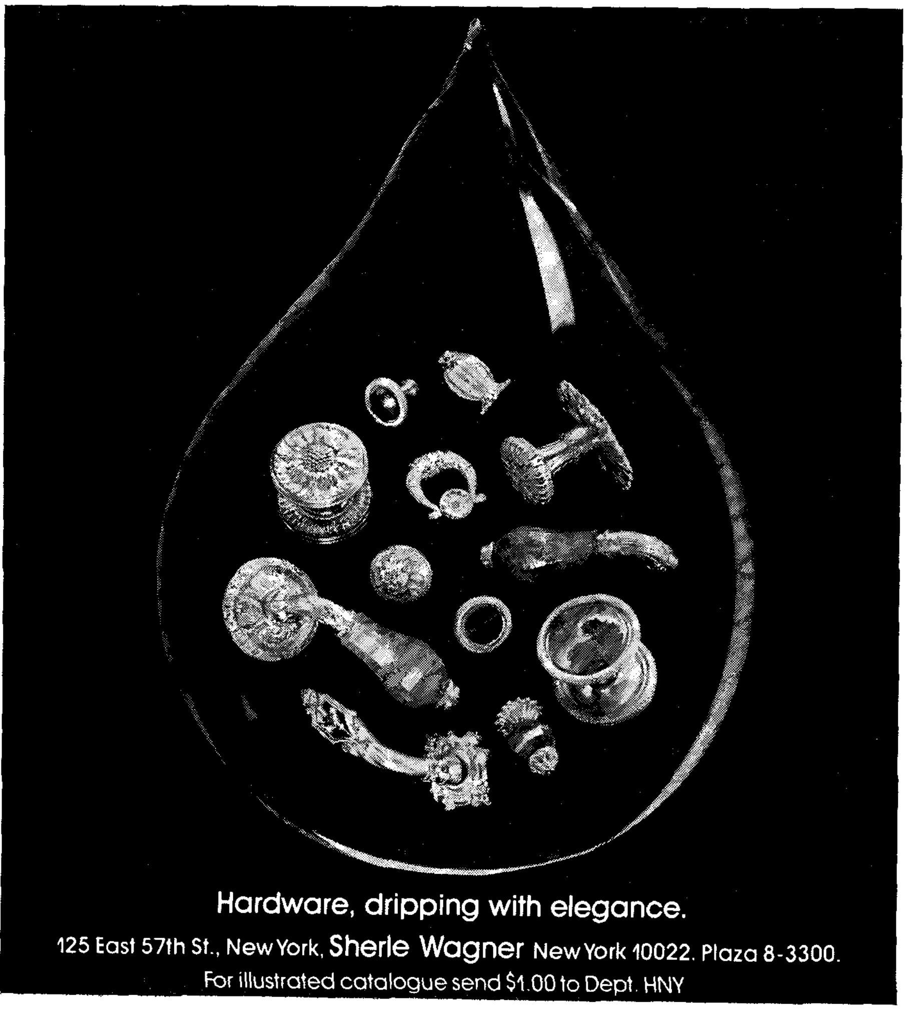

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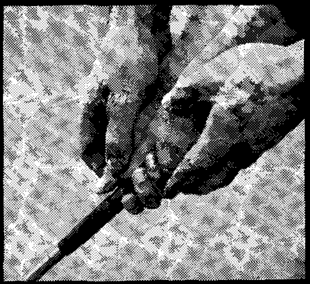

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tacking each other, and, of course, the incumbent. On one occasion, the spectacular of the day featured Councilman Troy behind a table spread with a dozen different cuts of meat, each marked with its price in 1967 and its price on that day. His statement for the television cameras was “I don’t know how my wife, Dolores, manages. She must be a genius.” In desperation, as the Mayor took off for Florida one evening, a *Post* reporter lifted a piece of paper from the Mayoral desk, took it to a handwriting expert, and printed as news the judgment that Lindsay was “a man of many moods”—determined, ambitious, bright, strong, and imaginative, and also ruthless, defensive, devious, manipulative, narcissistic, and insecure. Another diversion during a Lindsay absence was the appearance on the newsstands of “The Mr. Charisma Campaign Coloring Book,” featuring the unidentified mayor of an unidentified city of eight million people. A caption on one of its twenty-four pages read, “My jaw is square. My brow is noble. My form is perfect. Color me Golden.” A caption under a picture of a collapsing tenement was “This is a building in my city. It has been restored under the Municipal Loan Program. Please turn the page quickly.” A line on one of the book’s pages, “Color me Presidential,” is now, of course, out of date, and Lindsay has called it “most unlikely” that he will be among the already crowded field of candidates in next spring’s mayoral primaries. A respectful delegation of state Democratic leaders was on hand to greet him on his first full day back at City Hall, however. Their message seemed to be that when the time comes, and with a far larger supply of political luck than he has had recently, he’ll have to be satisfied with going to Albany.

—ANDY LOGAN

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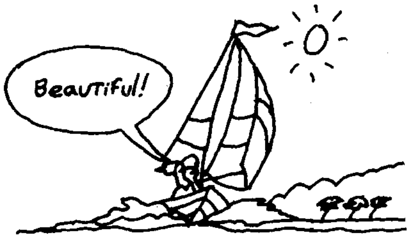

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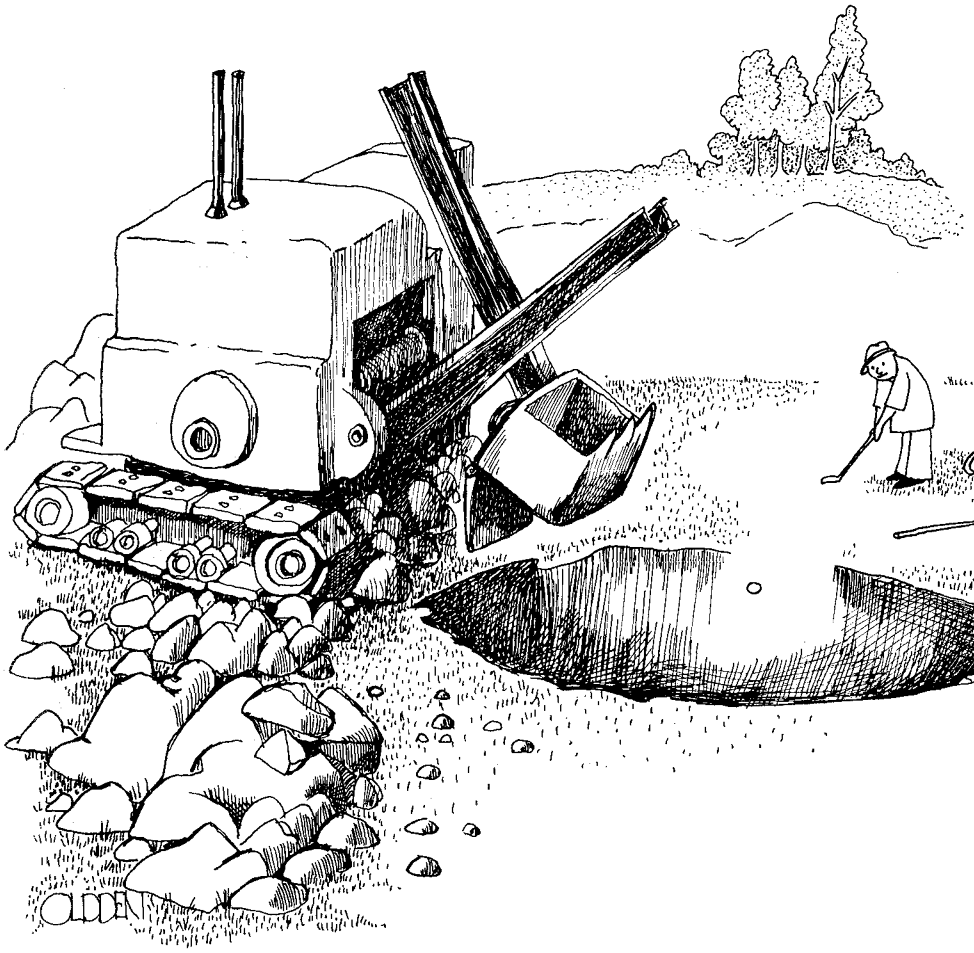
U.S. JOURNAL: CLOVERDALE, CALIFORNIA

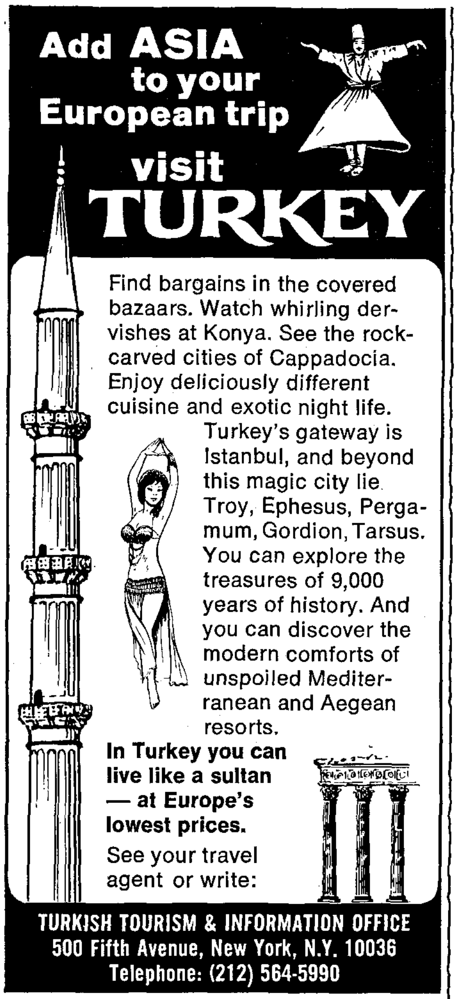
BUCK AND BARATTA

IN Cloverdale, everyone calls the chief of police Buck—even the people who have been saying that he should not be the chief of police. Cloverdale, a small town in the Russian River Valley ninety miles north of San Francisco, has had a year-long argument about who ought to be its police chief, and the partisans of Arthur (Buck) Boehm, as he is referred to formally by the Cloverdale *Reveille*, think it's important that he is the friendly sort of man people would just naturally call Buck. Elderly women in Cloverdale have sometimes found themselves being helped across the main street by Buck—a welcome piece of assistance, since the main street is also Highway 101. According to all witnesses, the crossing is always made with some style. The old-fashioned way for a small American town to choose a chief of police was to select the biggest man who was willing, and anyone familiar with that system could probably recognize Buck Boehm as the police chief of Cloverdale even if he happened to be out of uniform. He has a thick neck and a bulging stomach. He carries a tin of snuff. He is, his supporters and detractors agree, a flexible man. Buck says that if an Italian grape rancher who has had reason to call on his services offers him a glass of wine, he would not think of insulting the man's hospitality. On Saturday nights, Buck's most common reaction to seeing a citizen stagger from a tavern to the driver's seat of a car has been not to arrest him but to drive him home. Even a stranger about to embark on a similar misadventure, Buck claims, might not be tossed in jail (a process the chief calls "making the bucket") without warning unless he happened to be a smart-aleck stranger. According to a Cloverdale police officer who has sometimes worked the night shift, a drunk arrested after the chief had gone home might use the telephone call he was permitted not to call his lawyer or his wife but to call Buck.

On St. Patrick's Day of 1971, the Cloverdale City Council fired Buck Boehm—or, as people usually say in Cloverdale, terminated him. The vote was five to zero. One councilman, a businessman named Russell Kinsey, had started trying to persuade his colleagues that Buck was unqualified not long after coming on the Council, in 1968, and had finally won his point after three new councilmen were elected in April of 1970. Relations between the chief and the new Council had been strained almost from the start. But to the public—which includes many old friends of Buck Boehm—the firing seemed sudden and arbitrary. Although there was no doubt that the Council had a legal right to fire the police chief, most people thought that Buck Boehm, a man who had served in the department for fourteen years in one capacity or another, deserved better treatment than an abrupt request for his resignation and a vague statement about lack of communication. So many angry citizens turned out for the next Council meeting that it had to be moved from City Hall to the grounds of the Citrus Fair—a widely known annual event that was started some years ago to draw attention to the fact that Cloverdale, despite being in the northern part of the state, has a climate mild enough to permit the raising of citrus fruit, although not mild enough, as it turns out, for anybody to risk doing so commercially. There were demands that Buck be given a public hearing and counter-demands that he ask for one if he wanted one and hours of argument about whether he had asked for one or not. A number of citizens were sufficiently aroused to start circulating petitions asking that a recall election be held to replace the entire Council. They distributed bumper stickers that said "We Want Buck."

Within two weeks of the firing, the Council had named a new police chief—Richard A. Baratta, a former lieutenant in the Police Department of Monrovia, California, a town in Los Angeles County. At forty-one, Baratta is only eight years younger than Buck Boehm, but they are usually spoken of as belonging to different eras. For years, southern California has been in the forefront of the movement to give modern training and education to police officers. The various college courses or police-training sessions Baratta had completed filled practically a column in the *Reveille*. Baratta is trim and artic-

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ulate. The only way he might be identified as a police chief if out of uniform is that he might very well be heard talking about police professionalization or the necessity of having a personnel policy that permits lateral entry or the way complaints have to be presented to correspond to the latest Supreme Court decisions. Baratta had been chosen after interviews with an impressive selection of highly trained sergeants and lieutenants and captains who had all been recommended by the Commission on Police Officer Standards and Training—a state agency that distributes funds for police training and evaluates local departments and publishes pamphlets by such students of police science as Richard A. Baratta.

Baratta turned out to be precisely what the City Council had in mind—an energetic and imaginative professional. He immediately started holding training sessions for the eight men on the force and redesigning the record-keeping system (paperwork, it is generally acknowledged, has never been Buck Boehm's strong point) and establishing a system of property control and writing policy manuals. Almost from the start, he displayed what is generally considered the mark of a sophisticated professional in any area of local government these days—the ability to obtain state and federal grants. With the aid of a state grant, he established the post of community-relations officer and hired as its first incumbent an erect and straightforward young man named Lyle Gray, who had served on the Monrovia force but impressed a lot of Cloverdale citizens as having materialized directly from a modern police-recruitment film. To solve the constant problem of animal control within the city limits, Baratta recruited high-school boys into a kind of cadet program—and then expanded the cadet program into safety projects with another grant. Hardly a week passed in which the *Reveille* failed to publish some notice from the Police Department on the wonders Baratta had performed—statistics showing the decrease in burglaries, an item about the drug-education program in the high school, a story about the organization of a voluntary mothers' patrol to look after safety at school-bus stops.

All of these wonders, though, did not slow up the recall campaign. While Buck Boehm caught up with some work on his grape ranch outside of town, a lot of citizens continued to collect signatures. Eventually, a recall election was scheduled for September. The people who ran against the in-

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cumbent councilmen charged that Buck Boehm had been treated unfairly and that the public had been deprived of its right to know what was going on. The incumbents defended their manner of firing Buck and pointed to the six-month regime of the new police chief as an example of what law enforcement in Cloverdale could be like under a properly trained professional. Four out of the five incumbents were defeated. The new councilmen coexisted for a few months with Baratta—a truce caused mainly by the possibility that they might be bound by the contract the old Council had given him—and then they fired him and rehired Buck Boehm. The pro-Baratta forces decided to try regaining control of the Council by contesting the two seats due to expire at the regular elections in April. Baratta remained in Cloverdale to await the outcome.

AS the Council elections approached this month, a lot of Cloverdale citizens who were asked what the issues were would say, "Just personalities." The supporters of Buck Boehm constantly said that Russell Kinsey had been out to get Buck because of some sort of personal grudge; the pro-Baratta side said that a lot of sentiment for Buck had been engineered by people who just happened to be his personal friends and knew they could count on him to show them favoritism if they needed it. A lot of mean and bitter things were said about the people involved on either side. After more than a year of arguing, though, the issue was not merely who should be police chief but what kind of police chief Cloverdale ought to have—and the answer depended partly on a person's view of what kind of town Cloverdale is. The Buck Boehm side, of course, has always operated on the premise that Cloverdale is a quiet place, far removed from the kind of problems its citizens associate with big cities. "It's a peaceful little town," one of Boehm's supporters said just before the election. "And Buck has kept the peace."

About thirty-five hundred people live in Cloverdale. A lot of them work in the stores that serve the town and the nearby prune and grape and sheep ranches. Some of them work in the lumber mills that are still left from a lumbering boom that came to the area in the fifties, and some of them are people who came to work in logging or farming and remained to work in a mobile-home plant or a brake factory. A few of them are descendants of Italians who came to the area in the

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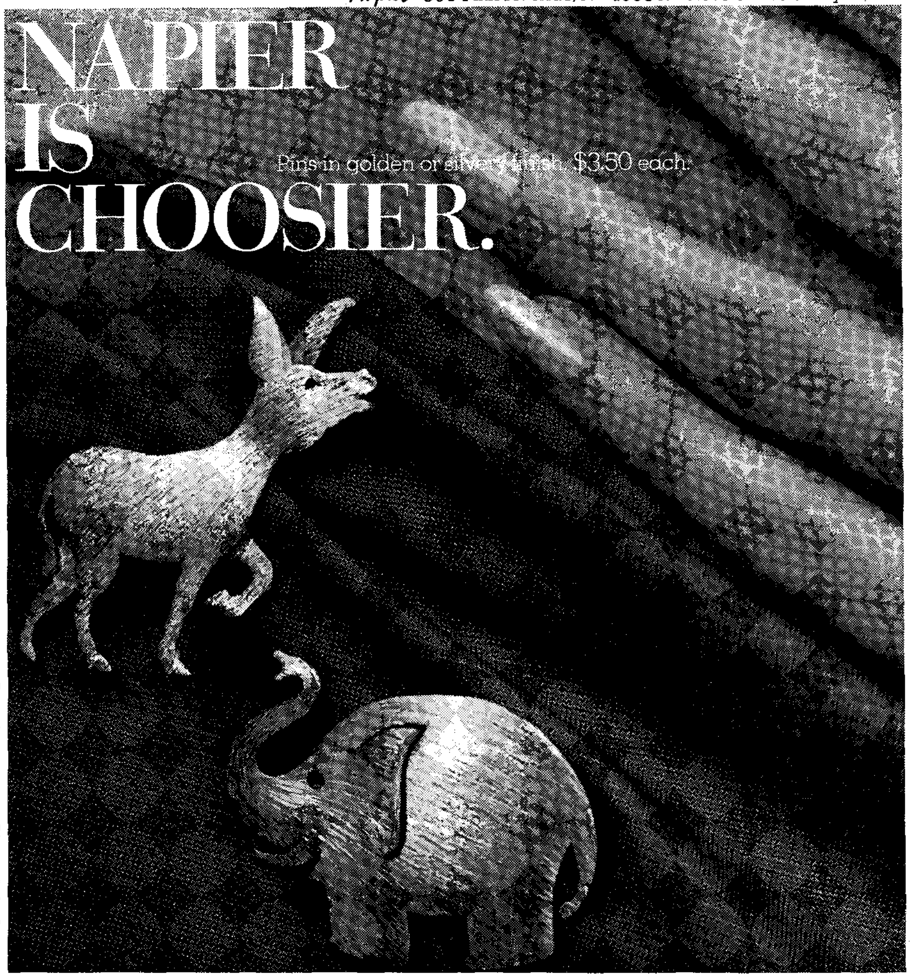

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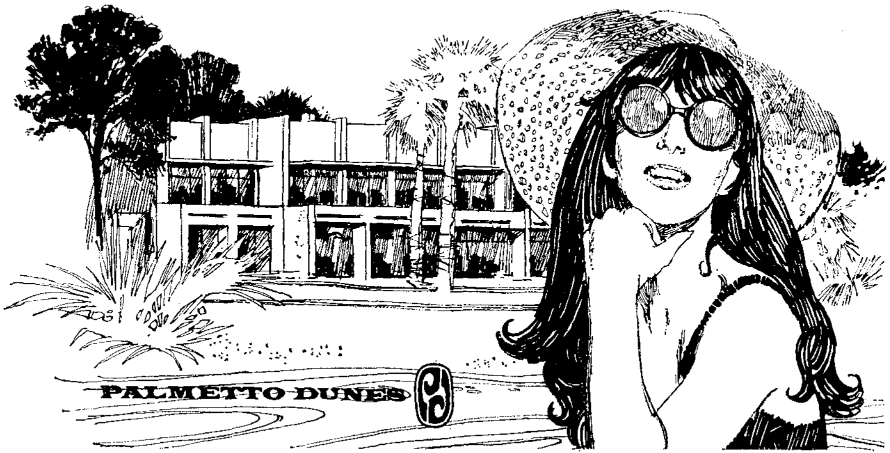

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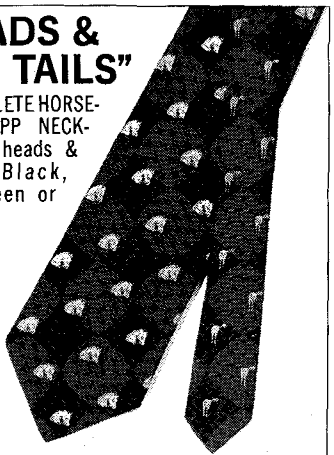

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nineteenth century carrying grape cuttings from the old country; Asti, the place where the Italian-Swiss colony was founded, is only four or five miles to the south. There are a few weekenders from San Francisco, but the lovely green hills around Cloverdale have never been considered an obvious vacation area, like the beach to the west or the lake country to the east. Saturday-night drinking is not as lively as it was during the logging boom, but there are still a number of citizens who enjoy using up part of their weekly paychecks in a bar. Buck Boehm sees the police problem as the weekend drunks, some vandalism, an occasional car theft, a little pot in the high school, some burglary done by teen-agers, and, most of all, the traffic on Highway 101. "This is a farm area," he said recently. "They're nice people here, common working people. Not John Dillinger."

The citizens who were displaying "Baratta in April" bumper stickers have a different vision of the town. They point out that it has just about quadrupled in population since the war. They feel the big city drawing near—physically and culturally—and they believe that change is bound to come and should be controlled. They are concerned about the drug problem in the high school—much less of a problem, they claim, after Baratta and Lyle Gray had been on the job for a while. (The recall Council, after some discussion, decided not to fire Gray.) They talk about the increasing number of drifters coming through town on the way to Oregon or Canada, and about the summer-weekend visits of the Hell's Angels. A lot of big-city problems, they say, have already arrived. Not long after Baratta took over, he published a statement claiming that according to proper reporting methods Cloverdale had suffered fifty-one burglaries in the year before he assumed office. (Buck's supporters said that statistics can be made to show anything.) A town like Cloverdale still doesn't have much violent crime, but these days people in small towns who like to say they never bother to lock their doors when they leave the house are probably either being untruthful or being robbed.

Some pro-Buck people claimed that Boehm's way of policing the town was actually more effective than Baratta's way. Citizens do take comfort in the knowledge that the principal figure of authority is a friend. A lot of police work in a small town can depend on the kind of informal diplomacy that even the pro-Baratta forces acknowl-

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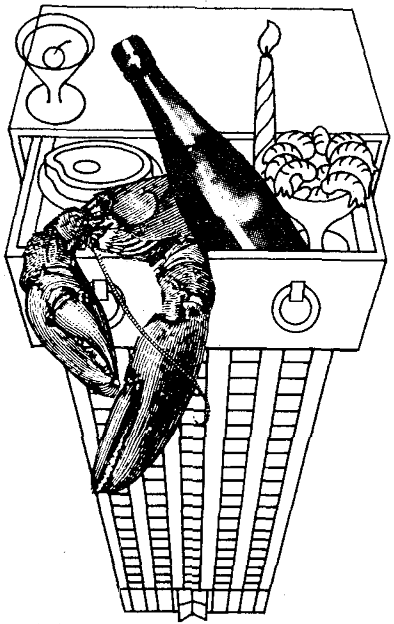

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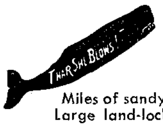
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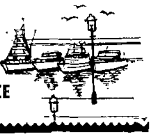

edge Buck practices with considerable skill. The pro-Buck people have argued that Baratta wants to police Cloverdale "by the book"—an accusation he has always denied—and only succeeds in antagonizing everybody. "People didn't get a chance to know Mr. Baratta," one of Buck's supporters said recently. "But then I don't think people would ever get to know Mr. Baratta."

Buck's support, though, has never been based on the contention that he is an extraordinary police chief. Asked not long ago what kind of police chief Buck Boehm had been, one of his supporters said, in a voice filled with enthusiasm, "Very, very adequate." Buck's most powerful political ally in Cloverdale is Al Gambetta, who runs the B. & B. Sport Shop, across the street from City Hall. (Gambetta does have fishing tackle in stock, but he is better known as a dispenser of cigarettes and candy and magazines and opinions on local politics.) Gambetta came out of political retirement to run for a Council seat in the recall election, and is considered the most influential member of the Council that rehired Buck. He has said that a lot of Baratta's achievements were based merely on the willingness of the former Council to give him more money than Buck Boehm had available. Gambetta's assessment of Buck's performance

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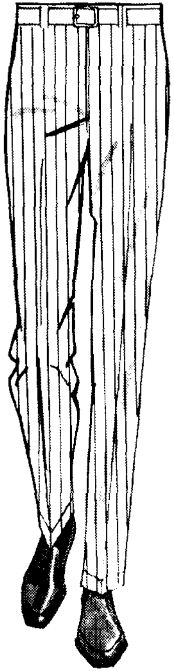

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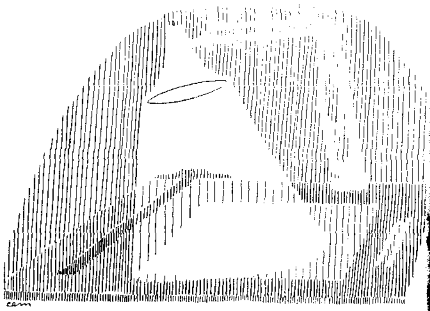
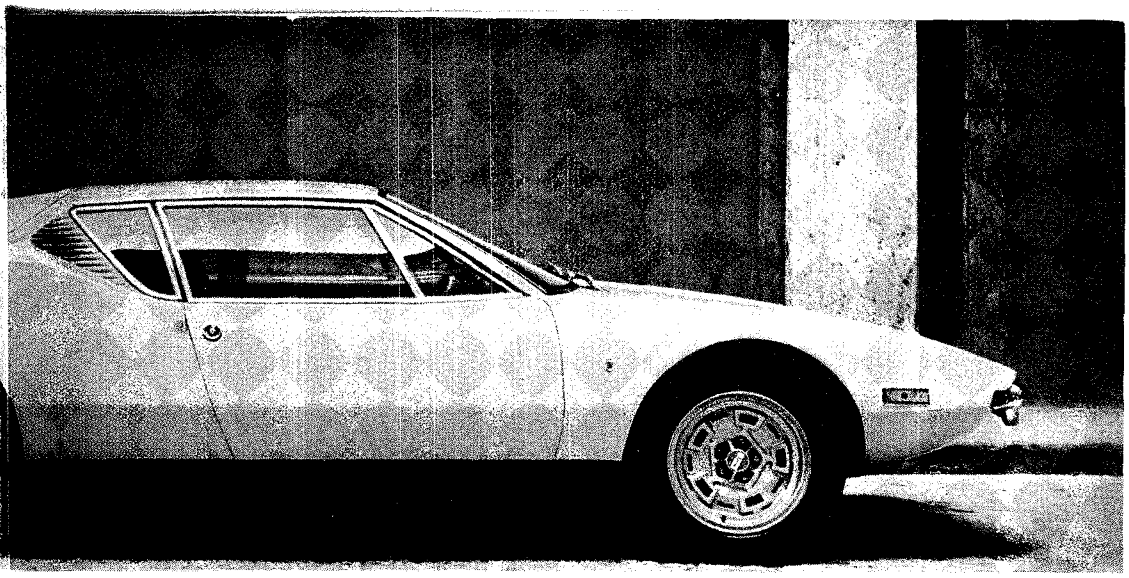
suit of excellence is a big-city notion. One of the arguments against Baratta was that he might just use Cloverdale as a stepping stone—that he might want to do an extraordinary job in order to become police chief of a larger city. He has been accused of being sufficiently qualified to get a job anywhere.

WHEN asked about which groups in town have supported which side, people in Cloverdale tend to start out by saying that there has been no pattern at all. Some families are split. Some clubs have had to make an unspoken policy of not discussing the issue. It might be possible to choose a side according to the ideological implications of each position, but practically nobody in Cloverdale has done that. One of the most politically conservative men in town was a leader of the recall movement, but the prominent John Birch Society members in town are with Baratta. It is acknowledged that the tavern dwellers in Cloverdale have been for Buck, a fact that the pro-Baratta forces repeated with great satisfaction. The high-school students and the schoolteachers and even the school administrators have generally been for Baratta, partly because of the impressive performance of Lyle Gray, the

word: élitism. The people who talk about a changing town that must prepare for the future tend to be the people with the most education. When pressed for a definition of who was leading the other side, a Buck Boehm partisan eventually might say, "The social climbers," or, "The people who think they're better than anyone else." There are people in town who say that Russell Kinsey, a successful businessman, thinks he is smarter than anyone else—the accusation was made with increased bitterness after Kinsey adjourned a City Council meeting while three or four citizens were still waiting to take the floor—and Baratta, with all of his expertise, has been easily included in the same category. "He called me ignorant," Gambetta said of Baratta recently. "On December 8th, he called me ignorant."

Last week, in a close election, the Baratta forces won back the two contested seats and regained control of the City Council. The difference, some people thought, was an improvement in the pro-Baratta campaign organization and the support of the police association and the fact that the issue of unfairness to Buck had receded (or been neutralized by the firing of Baratta). The two winning candidates had not specifically was unfair thought so partly because they don't believe that one man should have another man's job merely because he happens to be better at it. The pu





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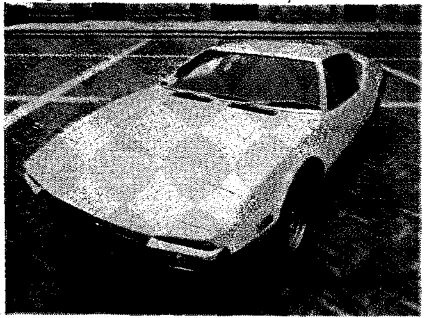

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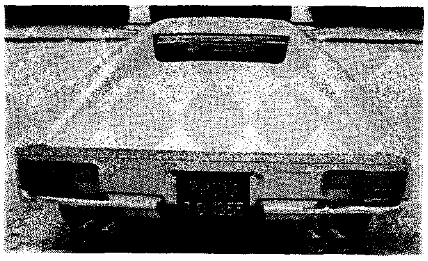

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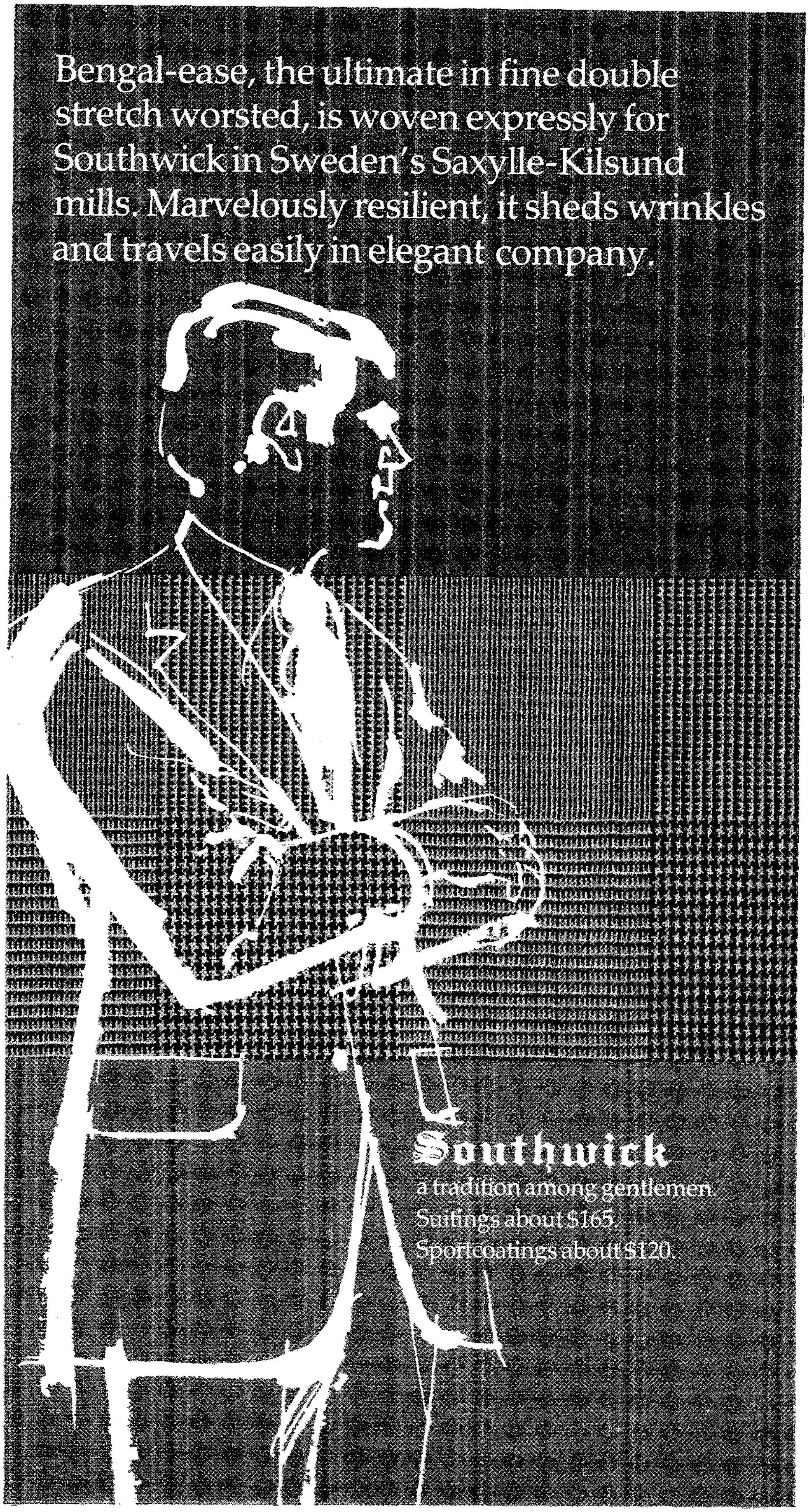

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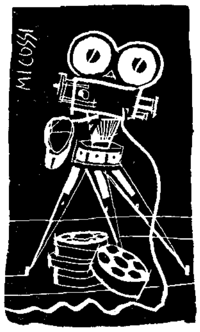
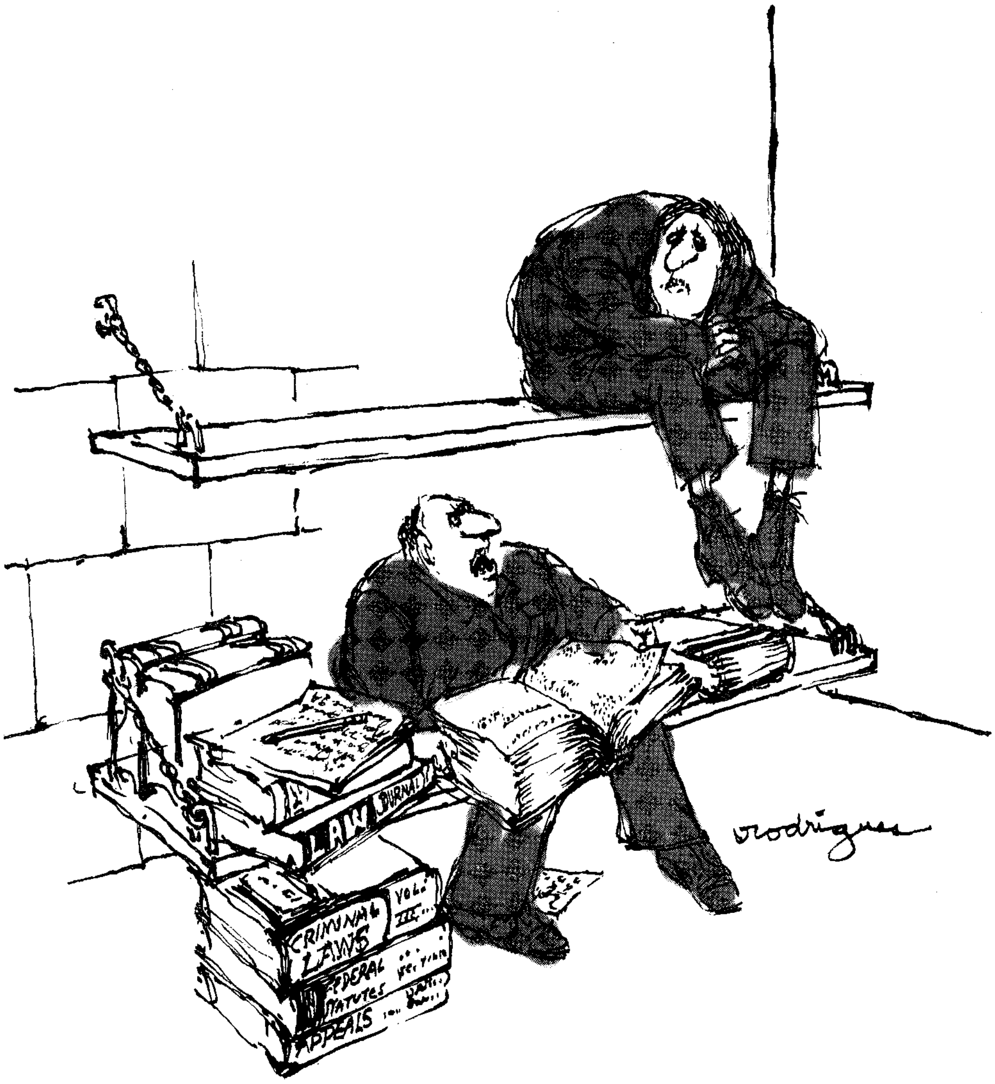


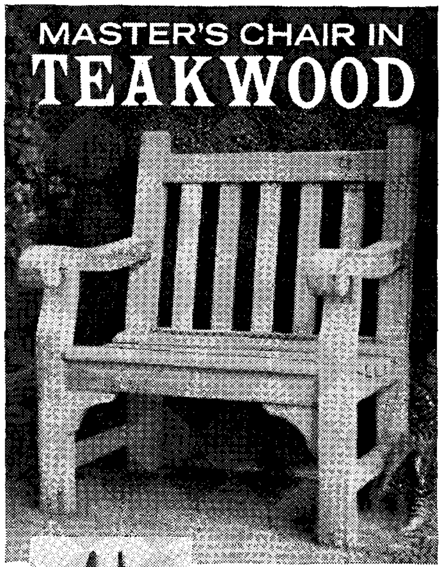
IN Claude Jutra's "My Uncle Antoine," we are in country Quebec at Christmas, among people wearing earmuffs and tartan wool overshirts, where a sleigh makes navy-blue shadows on the snow and the gossip is like Jane Austen. Who is to marry whom? How many yards of ribbon, for what dress, for what occasion? Whispers, giggles, children spying, a sense of small-town society which is accurately serious and funny. Pride in prowess. *Amour-propre* has an important place. A thin and aging man comes into the general store to buy a pair of trousers. They would fit someone twice his size. They buckle at the knees, like the legs of an elephant. Merely a matter of a belt, he is told firmly, and you're holding your stomach in. The rebuke is accepted. It is certainly just a matter of a belt. And is your wife pregnant, he is asked. Because everyone says so, including your wife. He glows.

On December 24th, the store gets decorated. Young Benoît (Jacques Gagnon), proxy child and real nephew of Uncle Antoine, arranges paper roses around a lamp. His young foster sister slyly tucks one of the roses into the bosom of her dress while he isn't looking from his place on top of a ladder, and they flirt until the adults catch them at it. The Christmas Eve unveiling of the decorated store comes off with panache. You could say that the whole thing was a success, that the holiday had been launched in high style. At other times an iron discontent reigns, but there is also a constant vivacity, bestowed partly by the nature of the picture.

This is very poor French Canada, where the English-speaking are the boss-class enemies. A lot of men here earn their living in asbestos mines run by English-speaking Canadians. The first character in the film—a red-herring figure to open with, but still—is a mine-lorry driver called Poulin who says he's sick of the English and the undertaker and the whole bunch. He has quit the mine too often already, but this time it's for good. What to do instead, though? Logging camp, he decides. The undertaker he was lamming into is the Antoine of the title, a grumpy old boozer with a gregarious spirit and an emphatic sense of dignity, who is storekeeper as well as undertaker to a far-flung community. A heavy man, somehow not at home in his life. You sense restiveness in him, and a form of drunk's decorum that makes him sweetly tentative with his wife, Cécile (Olivette Thibault). At the same time, he seems to be harboring some raging germ of wishing to become someone different—a wish that takes form in drinking and in keeping a certain distance from the locals. While Benoît throws snowballs on Christmas Eve at a boss figure, who drives through the village tossing seigneurial trinkets to people instead of giving them a raise, Antoine is masking a wish to be a hotelier in a city. He loathes this hard, beautiful country, and the corpses he has to deal with frighten him. He takes refuge in regular nips of Bols. The Bols is his downfall. On a long trip with Benoît to take a coffin to a distant house where the eldest child has died, and where he alone pretends to have stomach for the pork that the heartbroken mother has resolutely cooked for the undertakers against the cold, he drinks himself into a coma of misery and has to lean on Benoît and his horse for the stamina to get back to the village with the body in the middle of a snowstorm. The coffin is too small for the body. When the dead child is laid in it, his head has to be turned to one side like a fallen bird's. On the long journey back, the coffin slides off the sleigh into the snow. Uncle Antoine, by now outside two bottles of Bols, is not rousable enough to help to lift it. He sits there quite stoned, within layers of fur, and abuses his nephew suddenly for all the things his life lacks. What it might have held! A town job. Children of his own. The ones his wife denied him: not foster children and



"If you must know, Sullivan, I'm working on your case with the faint hope of getting you and your incessant babble out of this cell."



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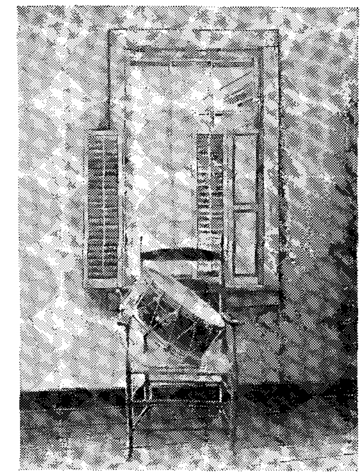
proxies. Mme. Cécile is famed as the local songbird, and at moments of festivity she leads events—by whispering an order for a bride's veil from the warehouse when a couple announces an engagement, for instance—but without the help of a little Bols with her husband she is a repressive spirit.

"My Uncle Antoine" is very fine. It could have been made by a poetic Catholic Dubliner with a vagrant mind and an antipathy to Protestant hedonism. Claude Jutra is actually a poetic French Canadian with the same mind and the same antipathy. In this film, the world we call new is composed once again of believers and infidels. The boy Benoît, a wide-mouthed, watchful lad with deep-set eyes that look like the ends of field glasses, is as much a heretic as his uncle. Antoine's sin in leaving the coffin there in the snow is made to seem tantamount to Benoît's sin in peeking at a local beauty, the notary's wife, when she is trying on a black merry-widow corset ordered by mail. For Antoine and Benoît both, their flurries of discontent are much exacerbated by Catholic shame. The parsimonious grip of guilt bites on the bone of this film. Sexuality is always linked with death, and license is a form of heresy. Benoît is ambushed by the primitiveness of the world he lives in and sabotaged by the slow time scale of a superstitious community. He was played, correctly, by an actor then sixteen, but he looks thirteen and behaves like it, because his world is shriven by a form of Catholic remorse that holds him back. So is the world of his Aunt Cécile, a pinch-faced woman whose hankerings take root in fitting out plain girls for weddings, in twisting her hands to lead the customers in a song—this is a marvellous scene, suddenly alight with conviviality—and in going guiltily to bed with a store clerk whom she doesn't really think fit to fill her husband's boots, even if Antoine is fast boozing himself into a nonentity. The clerk is played by Claude Jutra, no less; it is a wonderful study in sheepishness tinged with truculence.

The film goes on to be a brilliant and true piece of fiction, though it begins in a muddle, when only the title makes one remember that the view is Benoît's of his bogus parent. There is something wrong with the movie formally in that it begins by fixing on the mine-lorry driver character—father of the boy who is later to die—even though there is eloquence and point in his railings against the Protestant English and the boredom of work. He is being made to mend something in the innards of a



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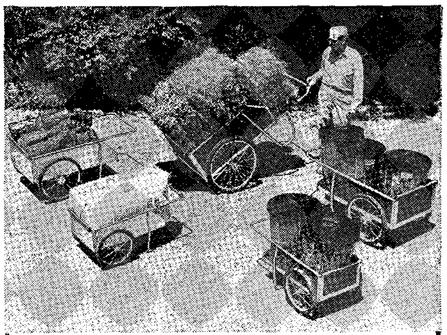

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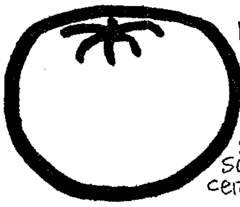

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lorry. The lorry stands red there, looking pretty against a huge cone of gray leavings from the asbestos mine, but the man hates all of it—cheery lorry and drab hill. The lorry as much represents subjugation to him as the pile of dross rock. We soon move on to the characters we should probably have begun with. We are in a world of real poverty, of roofs to hope that close down on people's heads like the slowly moving ceilings in those diabolically conceived political torture cells that crush a man to death by inches. The boy Benoît would not be a child in another society, but here the poorness of his chances retards him enough to edge him into gorging holy wafers behind a priest's back as if they were chocolate biscuits, and into sneaking a swig of the priest's personally sanctified wine out of a bottle that the priest himself later discreetly glugs from. Even the Church here is not that rich. The chief wreath at a funeral is pushed back into the priest's case after the rites for the next time. Everything seems to be for second and third and hundredth use. Black beads are unloosed in private from the stiff blue-gray fingers of a corpse to save waste. The altar boy Benoît, assisting the priest, looks ill about such things and wriggles about on his knees at the altar before jumping over the backs of the pews for the pleasure of getting out. Mischief helps in this dank air. He makes the sign of the cross over the priest when he catches the man having his own secret swig.

The film's topic is resentment, but its quality is sunny, because of the calibre of its observation, which notices people's moments of hesitation and gaiety with a charmed and singular eye. It is much more expansive than its guilt-ridden subject suggests, and in the last two-thirds it has the generosity of a very purely detailed piece of work. The screenplay is by Clément Perron. It sets a tone of pungency and breadth, with a dash of the strange.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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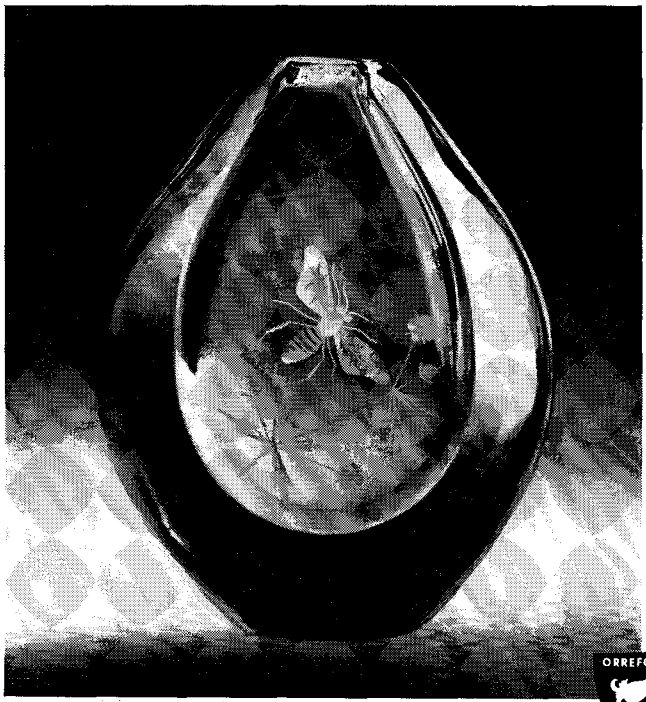
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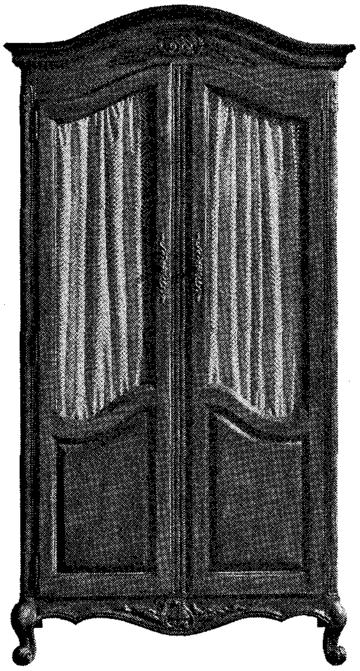

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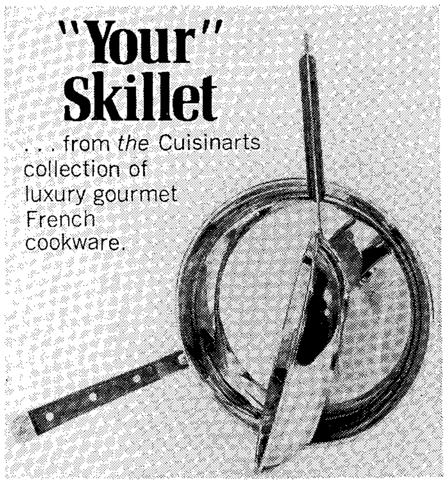

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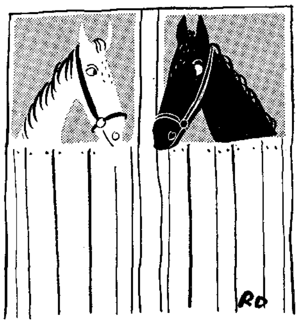
THE RACE TRACK

Up-and-Comer

THE weather at Aqueduct last Saturday was hardly the sort you'd dream of for an afternoon of racing, but it would have taken more than gray rain clouds to dim the brilliance of Autobiography's performance in the Excelsior Handicap. He carried 123 pounds (four more than he carried when he won the Westchester Handicap a fortnight before), he gave chunks of weight to the ten other runners, he was never far behind the leaders, and when Cordero called on him to make his run on the turn into the stretch, he went on to pass the post a length and a half ahead of Native Royalty, Urgent Message, and Loud, who finished heads apart. From now on, I'd say, he will be one of the high weights in the pitifully small handicap division. I might add that Pancho Martin has performed a fine training feat with him since Sigmund Sommer bought him from the Wheatley Stable last autumn. Native Royalty, who ran third in the Westchester, and who had a seven-pound weight advantage over their last meeting, was in close quarters on the turn for home, and that may have hampered him, but he was never a serious threat to the winner. Urgent Message, who took over from His Majesty, the early leader, held on well. The track was slow, and so was the pace for the mile and a furlong—0:24⅘, 0:49, 1:12⅘, 1:36⅘, 1:49.



The Wood Memorial Stakes, one of the stepping-stones to the Kentucky Derby, comes up at the Big A this weekend, and it is likely to bring out all the three-year-olds the track can hold. In a public trial for it last Friday, Quill Gordon won his third start of the meeting, beating Second Bar, also a Wood eligible. Quill Gordon is trained by Lucien Laurin, who ranks the colt right up there with his stablemates Riva Ridge and Upper Case. Behind Quill Gordon and Second Bar were Lester's Jester and Hassi's Image, both trained by Juan Arias, who developed and saddled Canonero II for the Derby and the Preakness last year. In another prep gallop, on Saturday, Traffic Cop and Daring Young Man (he won twice in succession at Santa Anita this winter) ran one, two. The former is owned by Mrs. Adele Rand and trained by Jim Conway, and the latter is owned by Ogden Phipps and trained by Roger Laurin. Among those champing in their barns are Freetex, winner of the Gotham; Head of the River, a half brother of Run the Gantlet; and Great Bear Lake, on whom there's a tip every time he runs, though I don't know why. Colonel Martingale says, "Too many horses. No selections."

ONE thing I miss is the Caliente future book on the Derby. Not that I have any intention of taking a flutter on anything, but the odds offered were always interesting. As you know, the Caliente track burned down some time ago, and the Alessios, who operated the future book, are out of business. I'm told, though, that the boys in Reno can give you a little action. For openers, they quoted Riva Ridge at 3–1 and Royal Owl at 9–2, "subject to change without notice." This suggestion is respectfully submitted to the Off-Track Betting Corporation: Why not make a future book on the Kentucky Derby? After all, OTB took in more than a million dollars in bets a few days before the race last year and paid off a lot more on Canonero II than the mutuels at the track did. There's millions in it!

LAST Saturday, for the second time in two years, C. V. Whitney's colors flashed home in front in the Columbiana Handicap at Hialeah. A year ago, Watch Fob did the trick. This time it was Inca Queen, under 108 pounds the lightest-weighted of the lot, who won by three lengths. Kittiwake was second, heading Alma North in the last couple of strides. Alma, who had led well into the stretch, carried 123 pounds.

YOUR correspondent, along with many other race-trackers, regrets the passing of the *Morning Telegraph*.

—AUDAX MINOR

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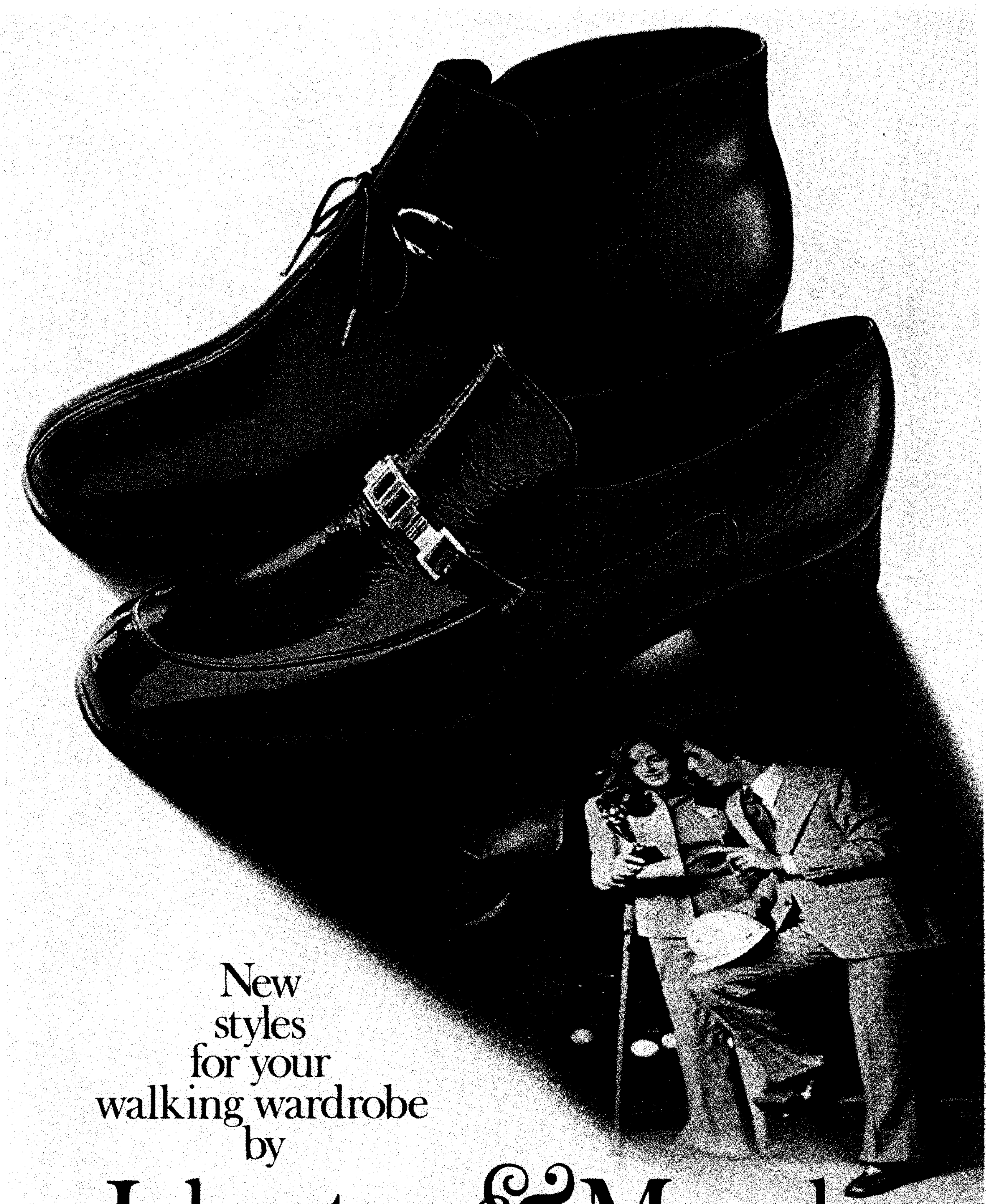
Two types of persons are generally interested in the National Guard—the prior-service enlistee and the non prior-service enlistee.—*Fort Smith (Ark.) Southwest Times Record.*

Noted.



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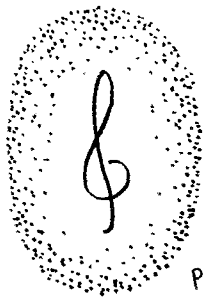
MUSICAL EVENTS

Mellow and Melancholy



I HAVE always thought Lorin Maazel to be a variable conductor, sometimes very good, sometimes less good. But at last Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall he performed something of a miracle. The miracle was the tone he drew from the orchestra, which that night sounded like a Middle European one—mellow and as smooth as velvet. If this is the Maazel tone—and every conductor has his own kind of tone—the Cleveland Orchestra, whose direction he is taking over, is lucky indeed. Never before have I heard the Philharmonic sound quite this way, and there was not only smoothness to recommend the performances but style and extraordinary accuracy. No horn missed a note, and the ensemble was perfectly coördinated. Mr. Maazel first presented Schubert's Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major. It is a lovely work, and it was performed with exquisite polish. Then, after the intermission, came the inevitable Liszt composition—the Missa Solemnis for the Consecration of the Basilica of Gran, a large and generally pompous affair in Liszt's serious, religious vein, which has a few beautiful passages in it (the Benedictus in particular) but which on the whole was a disappointment. The performance, however, was excellent, and again the Philharmonic sounded unusually suave and rounded in tone. This work calls for a huge chorus—on this occasion, the skillfully trained Westminster Choir—and four vocal soloists. These were Heather Harper, soprano; Anna Reynolds, mezzo-soprano; Werner Hollweg, tenor; and Franz Mazura, bass-baritone. With the exception of Miss Harper, they were all unfamiliar to me. Miss Reynolds disclosed a rich mezzo voice and considerable finish in phrasing; Mr. Hollweg is one of those typical German tenors, but a fine specimen of the type; and Mr. Mazura coped well with the bass part, which often ran rather high for the usual bass voice. Miss Harper is, as I have remarked before, a model of a concert singer, with limpid tone and a cultivated style.

LAST Friday night, the Toronto Symphony came to Carnegie Hall under its able maestro, Karel Ancerl, and it, too, made a striking impression. Mr. Ancerl is a mature veteran in the art of conducting, and in my opinion one of the best conductors now appearing on this continent. His orchestra is an exceedingly well-trained one, and his program was interesting. It started off conventionally, with Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, done to near-perfection. Then came a new work, "From the Diary of Anne Frank," by Oskar Morawetz. This is a setting of a few paragraphs taken from the diary—and touching words they are. Mr. Morawetz's music is atonal for the most part, resolving to common chords or tonal centers only at the end of episodes. Perhaps this is the one type of music suited to such a subject, as the diary is, in a sense, beyond tragedy, having a quality of emotion that is terrifying and infuriating as well as sad. At any rate, Mr. Morawetz's way of using atonality is deft indeed. The words, in English, are sung by a soprano voice, and the vocal line is beautifully laid out. Moreover, Mr. Morawetz is a master of orchestration, and his treatment of the underlying orchestral fabric is highly original, being largely quite light and translucent, and quite distinct from the vocal part. I do not know whether any setting can improve on the simple words of the diary. They speak so much for themselves. But the Morawetz composition has a certain claim to distinction. The vocal part was sung by Lois Marshall, a magnificent Canadian soprano, whom I had not heard in some time. She has excellent enunciation as well as a voice of great power and extraordinary emotional potential. No one could have sung the work better. Mr. Ancerl handled the intricacies of Mr. Morawetz's instrumentation with remarkable insight, and the audience responded with considerable feeling. Following the intermission, Mahler's First Symphony was presented. It is not my favorite Mahler symphony, being somewhat diffuse in spots. But Mr. Ancerl and his orchestra performed it as sensitively as I have ever heard it performed, and the effect was quite out of the ordinary.

ON Tuesday night of last week, the American Symphony Orchestra appeared in Carnegie Hall under Ainslee Cox, with Earle Brown helping to conduct a new composition of his own. It was not the most fascinating of pro-

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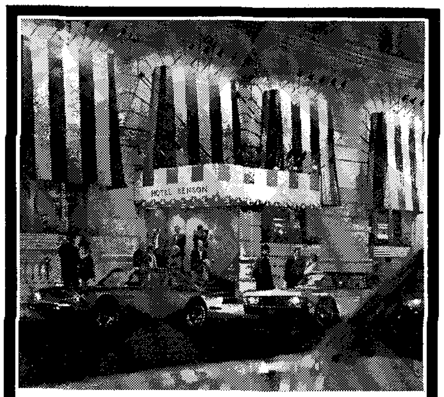

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grams, but Mr. Cox is, as I have previously remarked, a maestro of sterling talents, and what was played was played well. The evening started out with Emmanuel Chabrier's "España," a delightful and wonderfully orchestrated tone poem that used to be frequently heard but has lately, and unfortunately, been relegated to the pop repertoire. Then came Florent Schmitt's "La Tragédie de Salomé," a symphonic poem consisting of dance movements, recalling at times the style of Debussy, yet too definite in structure to be termed "impressionist." It was once fairly popular here, but it has fallen out of fashion, and the reasons are not far to seek. It is essentially a weak composition with a minimum of melodic inspiration, and it goes on and on without enough real substance to sustain its length. The mezzo-soprano Linn Maxwell sang the role assigned to the "voice from the abyss" reasonably well, and the American Symphony Chorus filled in the small episodes of choral writing. But I cannot say that I was overwhelmed by the beauty of the work, and I am not really eager to hear it again. After the intermission, Mr. Cox and Mr. Brown together conducted Mr. Brown's composition. It is called Modules I and II, but that doesn't mean that it is in two parts. I and II were performed simultaneously, which probably didn't make much difference, since a good deal of it is aleatoric, or chance, music, in which the performers improvise. The rest of it consists of overlapping blocks of sound, one block ceasing only after the next was already set in motion. To my mind, all aleatoric music is a composer's cop-out, and I am not much interested in mere sound as opposed to music. So for me the affair fell flat. This concert was brought to a close by a very good performance of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, which is perhaps his most adventurous and at the same time his least satisfactory one.

AND, speaking of Mendelssohn, I should like to draw your attention to a new biography, "Gentle Genius: The Story of Felix Mendelssohn," by George R. Marek (Funk & Wagnalls). The book is by far the best-written biography of its sort that I have read in recent years, and Mr. Marek, being a man of great all-round culture, has placed his subject within the philosophical and sociological atmosphere of Mendelssohn's time. Felix's grandfather, the great German Jewish philosopher Moses Mendels-

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sohn, is placed among the trends of philosophical thought that included the Enlightenment, Alexander Pope in England and Lessing in Germany, men with whose work he was familiar. His son Abraham, who became a Protestant and brought up his family in the Lutheran Church, was, as most people know, a highly successful banker and son of the industrial revolution, and young Felix grew up in luxury. Mr. Marek does not overstress Mendelssohn's genius. Although he was an extraordinary prodigy, who had composed thirteen little symphonies, several cantatas, a couple of piano concertos, and many organ pieces, and had mastered the piano, violin, viola, and organ at the age of fourteen, he was no Mozart. He remained all his life a composer of "polite" music, and was himself a polite gentleman, admired by everybody he came in contact with, fastidious about his appearance, deeply cultured, and cultivated in his tastes. He did not like Liszt's music or that of Berlioz, and he died too early (at the age of thirty-eight) to hear any of Wagner's representative scores. He was a friend of Goethe, who was much older than he was. He was a great admirer of the music of Bach, and though Marek explodes the myth that he "rediscovered" that composer, he did rediscover the long-neglected "St. Matthew Passion" and set the style for the performance of some other big works, such as the B-Minor Mass and the "St. John Passion." He became internationally celebrated, lived in England at times, and was Queen Victoria's favorite composer. His temperament was that of a classicist rather than of a Romantic, and his workmanship was refined and elegant. Marek, looking for the evidences of strain that are to be found in the lives of most great musical artists, finds them in Mendelssohn's incessant preoccupation with travel. Since his era, his works have had their ups and downs. But there remains a certain magic about some of them, and he will never be forgotten.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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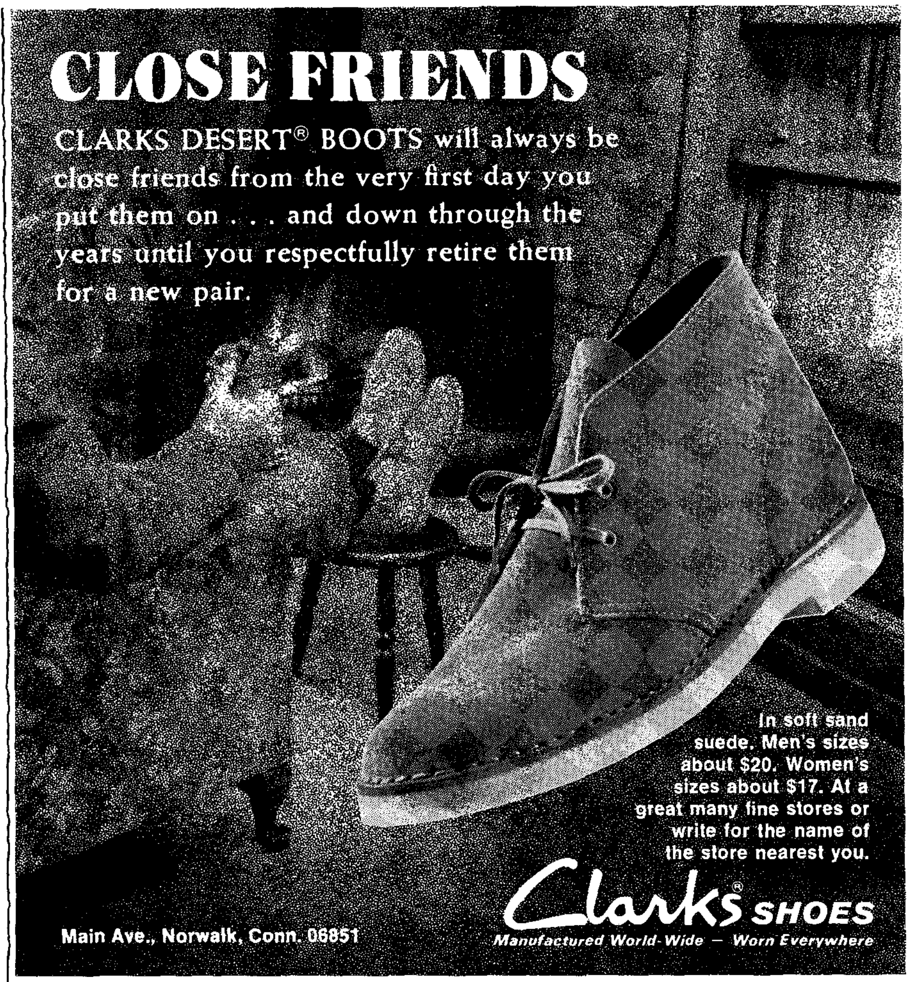
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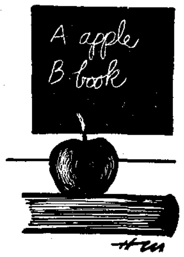
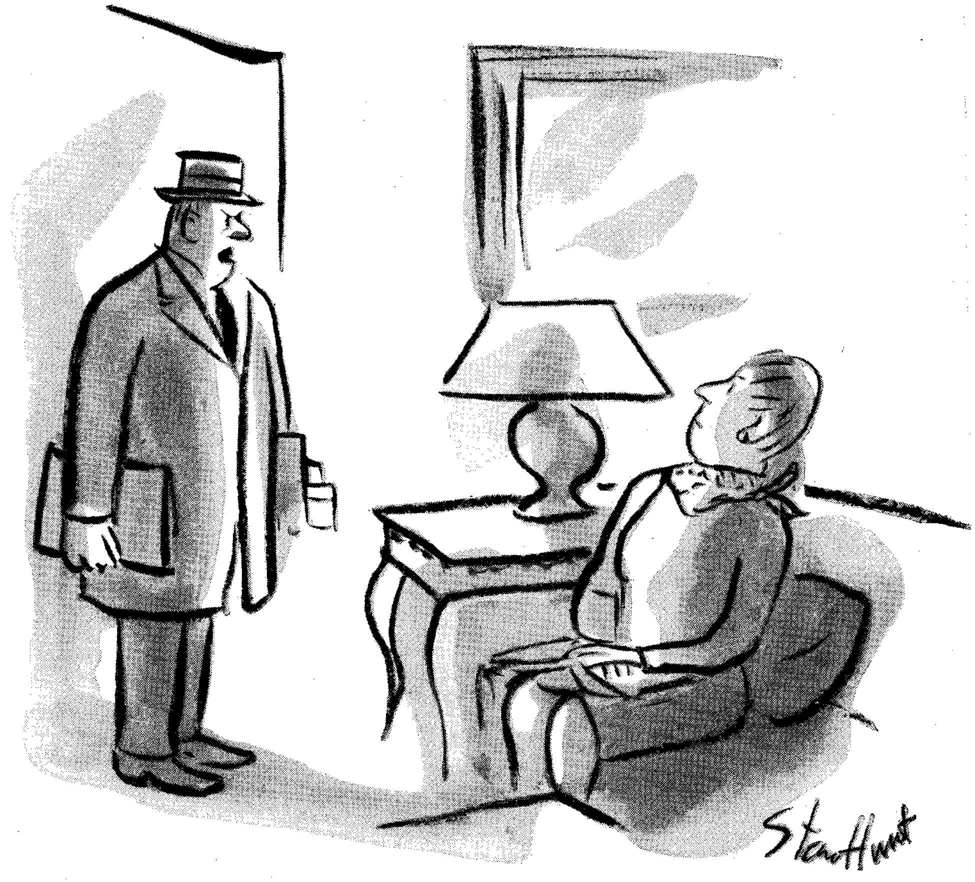
The Cruellest Months

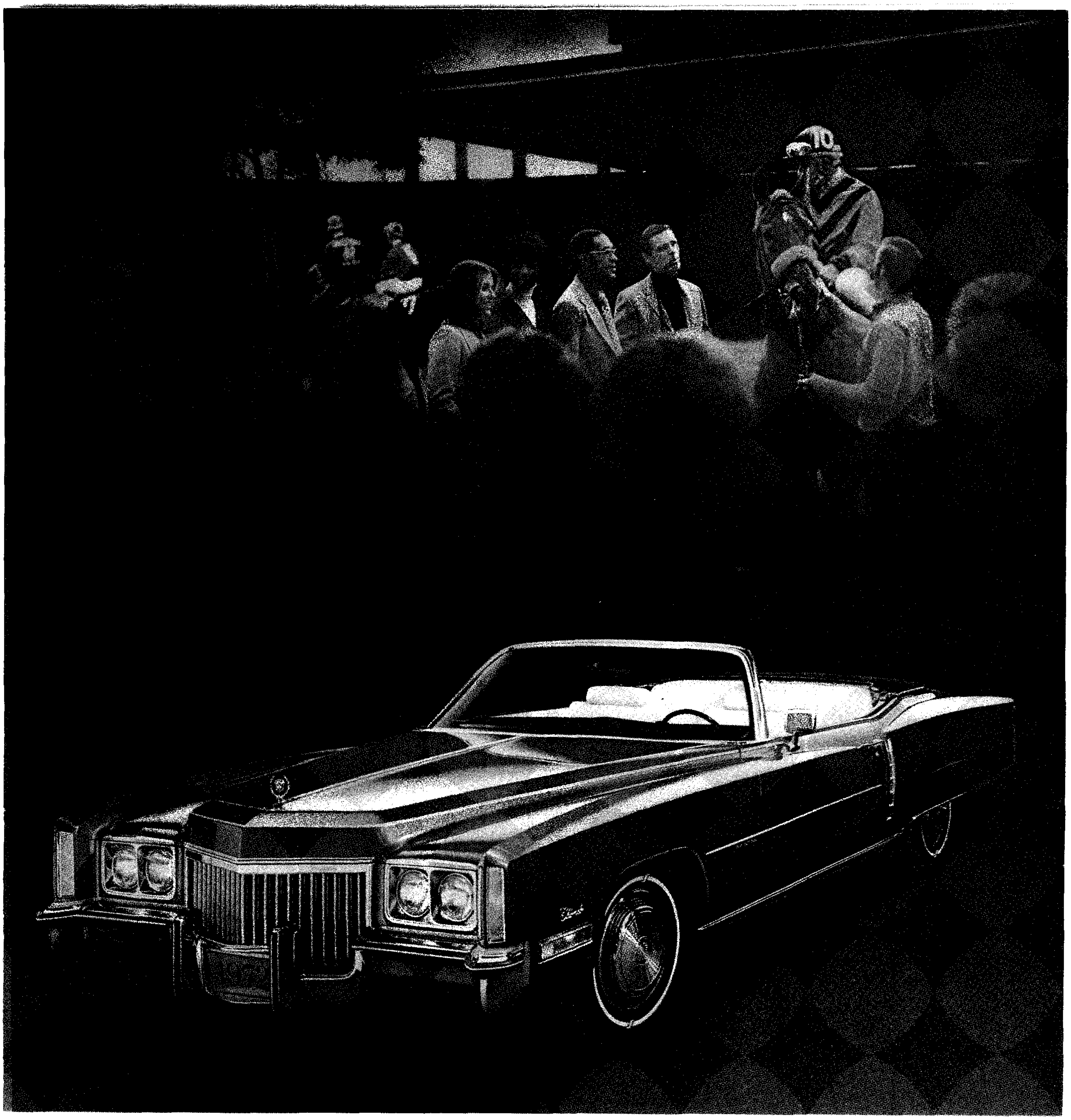


WHETHER we will or not, the simple fact of time plays decisive tricks on our judgments of art and literature. When they were producing their major work, in the years 1910 to 1940, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, and James Joyce impressed their audience as iconoclasts, as demolition experts bent on blowing up traditional literary and linguistic forms in the name of esoteric modernism. They were the radicals, sacking the Victorian citadel from outside, coming from Idaho, Missouri, and Ireland to display their wild wares in London and Paris. Today, this picture looks all wrong. What seems to us obvious in the genius of "Personae" and the "Cantos," in "The Waste Land" and Eliot's essays, in "Ulysses" is the overwhelming force of tradition, the explicit recourse to a body of epic and lyric poetry that goes back to Homer and Catullus. Pound's travelogue through history and civilization, Eliot's constant reference to Aeschylus, Dante, the Elizabethans, and Baudelaire, Joyce's variations on the themes of Homer now appear to us like the very opposite of iconoclasm. They are deliberate acts of conservation, of inventory. They are a nostalgic, obsessed voyage through the museum of high culture just before closing time, or—in Eliot's own famous phrase—"fragments shored" against the impending ruin of classical and European values. Seen in this way, the marginal origins of Pound, Eliot, and Joyce, their upbringing on the frontier of the declining cultural imperium, make beautiful sense: *only a man from Idaho or St. Louis* would bring such indefatigable zest, such "tourist-passion" to the job of discovering and cataloguing the old splendors of Latin and Christian Europe. The Baedeker guidebooks to which Eliot referred scathingly in his poetry were, in fact, his own, diligently disguised, yet visible almost to the end, under his remarkable powers of social assimilation. It is now clear that the great masters of the first half of the twentieth century—Picasso, Stravinsky, Pound, Eliot, and Joyce—were the last classicists. Their works are crammed with quotations from, allusions to, pastiches and parodies of the best art, music, and literature of the previous two thousand years. They were not destroyers but custodians of tradition. This is exactly why so much of Picasso's painting, of Stravinsky's music, of the "Cantos" and "The Waste Land" is collage, the cunning juxtaposition and kaleidoscoping of bits and pieces from the masters of the past: Velázquez, Ingres, Mozart, Vergil, Donne. Collage is another way of saying "anthology."

A great part of what is most characteristic in the "modernist" movement now looks like inspired anthologizing and editing. The famous string of allusions in the last twenty-six lines of "The Waste Land"—to Webster's "White Devil," the "Inferno," the "Purgatorio," the "Pervigilium Veneris," Nerval, Thomas Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," and the Upanishads—strikes one nowadays as the manifesto of all archivists and graduate students, a final race through the stacks before the illiterates and the book burners take over. This view, obviously, is in its way as distorted as was that of the contemporary public, which regarded Eliot's verse and Joyce's prose as the last word in avant-garde extravagance and subversion. Pound's "Mauberley," Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "Ulysses" clearly *were* revolutionary acts that knocked feeling into new shapes, that rearranged the inner landscape just as explosively as did "The Rite of Spring" or Picasso's "Demoiselles d'Avignon." The question is, how did they do it? What was radical and new about works so explicitly grounded in classical myths and the poetry and fiction of the past? Can there be a kind of iconoclastic academicism, a strategy that keeps tradition vital by often violent appropriation and distortion? This, in fact, was what happened. A good deal of what is alive of Homer and the epic manner for us today belongs to Joyce. To the degree that they are a "present past"—certainly in the Anglo-American context—Dante, the Jacobean dramatists, and the French Symbolists come to us via Eliot's readings and citations. But just because these readings have themselves taken on a certain classic authority, we find it hard to reimagine what was modern—indeed, shocking—in the techniques of "Gerontion" or "The Waste Land." They have themselves become a part of that long legacy of echo that has controlled



"I'll tell you what's the matter. Someone suddenly decides I've lost my goddam charisma and I'm the hell out. That's what's the matter!"



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Western literature from the Romans to at least the nineteen-forties. This dilemma of ambiguous distance is especially acute with regard to Eliot, now seven years gone. A sudden dip of reputation, a bit of limbo, usually ensues immediately after the death of a great writer. Shaw and Gide are in such a limbo now. But the case of Eliot is more complicated. His influence as a critic remains formidable in the academic world; much of the current syllabus in the study of English literature is the direct product of his essays and pronouncements, a good many of them occasional and opaque. A number of his poems are probably all that the high-school student and layman will ever be forced to meet of modern, "difficult" verse. Yet at other levels they are curiously inert (and all but one of the plays, "Murder in the Cathedral," are dead). If Eliot's poetic influence is ubiquitous, it is also hard to pin down. Is there today an important poet besides Robert Lowell who is really continuing in Eliot's vein? Pound's actual role in shaping modern literature, in enforcing the values of style that we have until very recently felt to be right, seems more important than that of Eliot, more disinterested and comprehensive. There are now moments in which Yeats looks a greater poet than Eliot—*not* the more influential, not the more critically significant, but simply the writer of more poems absolutely of the first rank. And the taut marvel of Yeats' late, experimental plays still waits for general discovery. If anything, those Victorian and *fin-de-siècle* tastes that Eliot sought to demolish but that both Yeats and Pound partly incorporated in their own modernism are coming back into the light. There are aspects of the early Eliot, and even of "Four Quartets," that now appear to us more dated than Tennyson and certainly less urgent than the best poems of Hardy. Time is an odd mirror.

Such uncertainties have added particular excitement to the publication of a facsimile and transcript of the original drafts of "The Waste Land." The fate of Eliot's original typescript had long been one of the celebrated puzzles in twentieth-century literature. The story can now be reconstructed more or less completely, though a number of questions remain. The poem was written during 1921 and shown, in its first version, to Ezra Pound in Paris early in January, 1922. Eliot's and Pound's patron, John Quinn, a New York lawyer, art collector, and backer of new poetry, was instrumental in the publication of "The Waste Land"—first in magazine form, in October, 1922, then as a book, in December. He also arranged for Eliot to obtain the annual *Dial* award of two thousand dollars for 1922. Profoundly grateful, the poet asked Quinn to take the fifty-four leaves of the manuscript typescript as a gift. Quinn offered instead to buy it. Eliot insisted: "I certainly cannot accept your proposal to purchase the manuscript at your own price, and if you will not accept it in recognition of what you have done for me lately and in the past, it will not be any pleasure to me to sell it to you." Quinn received "The Waste Land," together with some other early manuscript material, for which he did pay, in mid-January of 1923. Eliot had written to Richard Aldington, the previous November, "As for 'The Waste Land,' that is a thing of the past so far as I am concerned and I am now feeling toward a new form and style." There matters seemed to rest. John Quinn died in 1924, and the original of the most influential poem of the century, together with Ezra Pound's annotations and revisions, about the extent of which rumors had begun circulating, was generally thought to have vanished. In fact, though, the papers formed part of Quinn's estate and were rediscovered by his niece, Mrs. Thomas F. Conroy, in the early nineteen-fifties. Somewhat mysteriously, she seems to have mentioned this momentous find to no one—certainly not to Eliot. In April of 1958, she sold the material to the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library for eighteen thousand dollars. Even more mysteriously, the curator, the late Dr. John D. Gordan, said nothing of his acquisition to either Eliot or Pound. He made one indecisive attempt to reach Eliot (not a difficult move) and then pursued the matter no further. Mrs. Eliot's comments, in an interview in the London *Observer* for February 20, 1972, reflect her own bafflement:

> We were in New York a number of times between 1958 and 1965, and my husband could have seen his manuscript. Part of me is angry that he was never told about it, and part of me feels that it was merciful. The years of "The Waste Land" were a terrible nightmare to him, and I did not want him to relive them: if he had seen these drafts, they might have brought back all the horror. In the last months of his life there was a persistent rumour that the University of Texas had acquired the manuscript for a considerable sum. We never thought it

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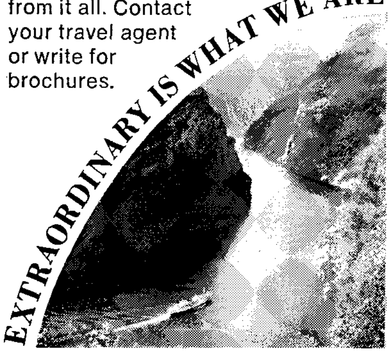

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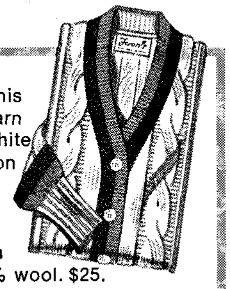

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—See Page 104.

would turn up, but Tom told me that if it did I was to publish it. "It won't do me any good," he added, "but I would like people to realise the extent of my debt to Ezra."

If Dr. Gordan's behavior remains inexplicable, and casts little credit on the New York Public Library, that of Eliot now makes more sense. He resisted all inquiries about the whereabouts of the manuscript, even at times when its rediscovery would have been of dramatic help to an imprisoned Pound, because memories of past pain were too acute. As the years passed, Eliot must have come to believe that his gift to Quinn had in actual fact been lost. A small piece of contributory evidence turns up in the spring of 1960, when the poet wrote out by hand what he then regarded as the only "manuscript" of "The Waste Land" for an auction sale in support of the London Library. Valerie Eliot was informed of the rediscovery in the summer of 1968, and a public announcement followed, on October 25th, to coincide with the publication of Professor B. L. Reid's "The Man from New York: John Quinn and His Friends."

MRS. ELIOT's edition of "The Waste Land" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; twenty-two dollars and fifty cents) is a model of scholarly tact and presentation. It includes a photographic facsimile of the original material in the Berg Collection, a well-annotated transcript, an exact reprint of the first edition, by Boni & Liveright in New York in 1922, and an introduction setting the poem in its biographical context. By the use of different colors and fonts, Mrs. Eliot allows the reader to distinguish between the poet's own cancellations and revisions, the marginalia of Ezra Pound, and the important comments and objections from the hand of Eliot's first wife, Vivien. The resulting mosaic is so fascinating, and gives so unusual a look into the workshop of a great writer, that the student of poetry and of psychology will want to live patiently with this extraordinary text, much of whose importance lies in minute details.

Some general points can nevertheless be made. Under Pound's criticism, Eliot reduced his original draft by more than half. He excised an opening section of fifty-four lines of a strongly Irish-American flavor, which included a reference to George M. Cohan's musical "Fifty Miles from Boston" (1907). "The Fire Sermon" originally began with a forty-one-line pastiche of Pope and Dryden on the vanity of women

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(the last lines being, in fact, a version of Dryden's brilliant translation of Juvenal's Sixth Satire "On Women"). Before Pound had reduced it to the ten magical lines we now know, "Death by Water" was a long section narrating a night of near-shipwreck off the New England coast:

We ate slept drank
Hot coffee, and kept watch, and no one
  dared
To look into anothers face, or speak
In the horror of the illimitable scream
Of a whole world about us.

The original "Waste Land" included at least three lyric poems almost separate in their completeness: "Song," "Exequy," and a "Dirge," which begins

  Full fathom five your Bleistein lies
  Under the flatfish and the squids.

These lyrics either appeared separately (one in a French version) or were cannibalized for use elsewhere in Eliot's poetry. But the fact that "The Waste Land" ends as we know it seems due directly to Pound's stringency. In addition to his large-scale editorial interventions, there are very many local touches, corrections of metre, excisions of a line or of a word, queries as to exact meaning and intention. Pound's bite is characteristic and creative. "Across her brain one half-formed thought may pass," said Eliot of the lady who "turns and looks a moment in the glass." Pound circles and strikes out "may," commenting, "make up yr. mind you Tiresias if you know know damn well or else you dont." As we run down the margin of the page in the typescript that begins "The typist home at teatime" we find almost every facet of Pound's critical genius. He objects to "inversions not warranted by any real exigence of metre," he throws out a phrase on "crawling bugs" as "too easy," he damns the use of "perhaps" where decisiveness is called for, he quotes Verlaine to show up the weakness of a rhyme. Frequently Pound's contribution is a minute but vital alteration: "Under the brown fog of your winter dawn," in the great London passage, becomes "Under the brown fog of a winter noon"—an example of particular interest because it was Pound's dissatisfaction with the pronoun that led to the improvement of the whole line. Responding to the marginal note "Too tum-pum at a stretch," Eliot excised a single adjective from line 2 of the "A Game of Chess" section and gave the opening its now familiar tautness.

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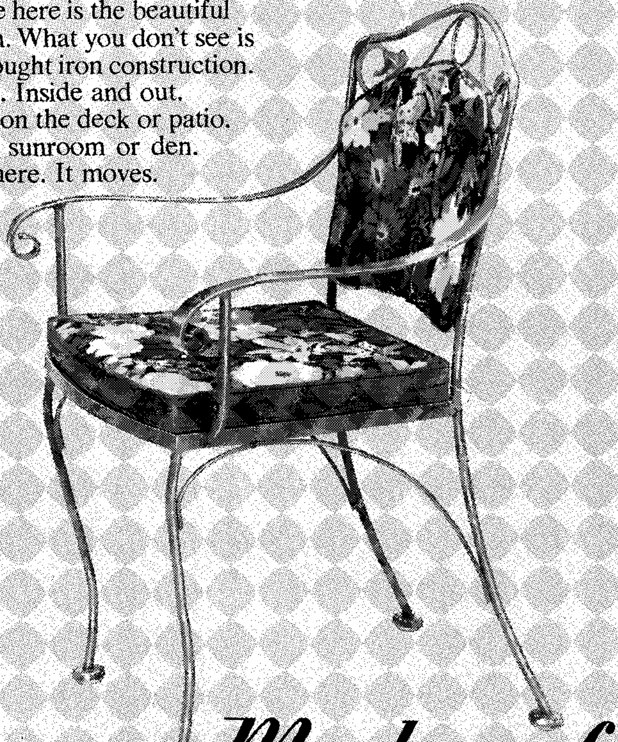

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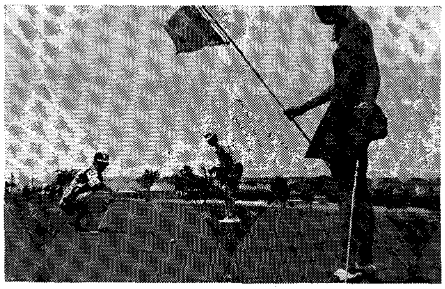

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drafts, the more difficult it is to arrive at a clear view of Pound's responsibility in the final product. On the one hand, he is indeed "the better craftsman" of Eliot's famous tribute. His ear for rhythm is surer, his demand for absolute tightness is emphatic and grounded in precisely the feeling for dramatic proportion that Eliot so often lacked. The heavy cuts Pound makes, giving "The Waste Land" the subtle unbalance, the close meshing via sudden leaps that we now know, suggest that he understood the poem better than did Eliot. Or, more precisely, that he understood a certain poem—the one we have. The drafts show us another possible poem—much looser, more personal, more local. But this is probably an oversimplification. A number of major excisions, among them a remarkable passage,

> Highbury bore me. Highbury's children
> Played under green trees and in the
> dusty Park,

were made by Eliot himself. These may have come as a direct result of conversation with Pound. We simply don't know. In other crucial instances, Eliot accepts Pound's criticism but recasts the text entirely in his own way, and finds a powerful improvement where Pound had only called for adjustment. In short, Pound's role seems to have been in the strictest sense maieutic: he elicited from Eliot excellences that were latent in Eliot himself—in himself alone and in his vision of the poem. Pound has never claimed more. And it may well be that Eliot's deep sense of indebtedness to Pound in regard to "The Waste Land" lay less in the improvement of the poem—though Pound *was* a reader and objector of genius—than in the fact that Pound found even the first draft so prodigiously exciting and inspired ("About enough, Eliot's poem, to make the rest of us shut up shop," he wrote to Quinn a month after he had seen the text). Confidence was what Eliot, at that moment in his life, desperately needed.

It is the private misery behind the public poem that emerges most clearly from Valerie Eliot's preface, reticent as it is. She chooses as motto to her edition a remark by Eliot disclaiming any social import for "The Waste Land": "To me it was only the relief of a personal and wholly insignificant grouse against life; it is just a piece of rhythmical grumbling." That "grouse" had, nevertheless, brought the poet to the edge of suicide. Though Mrs. Eliot quotes generously from her husband's

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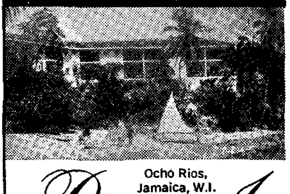

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letters, she also leaves a great deal in twilight. It is clear that the period from 1917 to 1922 was, for the young Eliot, one of almost constant nervous and financial strain. His health was at several points on the verge of complete collapse. Much of "The Waste Land" appears to have been written at a sanatorium in Lausanne, and the poem can be understood, in some part at least, as a therapeutic act, the working out of a "logic in disorder" without which Eliot's mental and physical stability might have broken down utterly. Valerie Eliot and the literary establishment have taken violent exception to the speculations about the master's private life that have been revived by this edition of "The Waste Land" and by the wholly unauthorized "T. S. Eliot: A Memoir," by Robert Sencourt (Dodd, Mead). As it happens, the late Mr. Sencourt's attempt at biography offends less through its indiscretion and inaccuracies than through the sickening snobbery and vulgar adulation of its tone. But whatever one's respect for the rights of privacy, the position is more complicated than Valerie Eliot was at first prepared to allow. (She is now, one understands, inclining to the view that Eliot's own wishes will have to be overruled, and that a serious biography is inevitable.)

Eliot's first marriage, to Vivien Haigh-Wood, had been problematic almost from the very beginning (June, 1915). This lively, gifted young Englishwoman seems to have suffered from recurrent bouts of mental disequilibrium. Soon a good part of Eliot's life became nightmarish, and it was rendered bearable only by frequent separations, made definitive in 1933, during his stay at Harvard. But if there was grave illness on Vivien's side, there seems to have been mental and or physical ailment on Eliot's side as well. Eliot himself wrote of "aboulie and emotional derangement which has been a lifelong affliction." Just what was wrong?

One inquires not in a spirit of prying impertinence but because our full understanding of "The Waste Land," and of the special pilgrimage that took Eliot to Anglo-Catholicism and the "Four Quartets," does in significant degree depend on the answer. Nothing is more tragic and, in the valid, necessary sense, indiscreet than the publication by Valerie Eliot of the marginal interjections that Vivien pencilled across early pages of the poem, among them the tart rejoinder "If you don't like it you can get on with it" to the line "Others can pick and choose if

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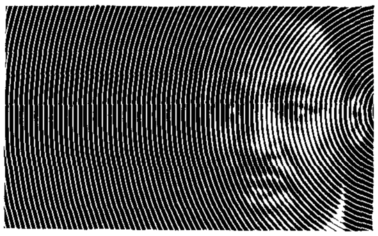

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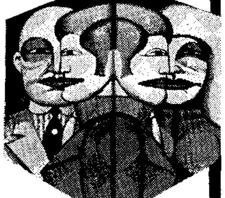

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you can't," and the stark "What you get married for if you don't want to have children," near the close of "A Game of Chess" (originally entitled "In the Cage," for reasons less literary, it seems to me, than those indicated by the distinguished editor). Early readers of the poem, as well as such critics as I. A. Richards and Randall Jarrell, have pointed to a pervasive fear and even loathing of sexuality. These come out savagely in the cancelled heroic couplets. The world view of "The Waste Land" is dark, and often nauseated, in a very special way. It differs sharply from the public, zestful gloom of Pound's "Mauberley" and the final, life-enhancing "Yes" of "Ulysses." The cold fog, the vision of hollowness stem immediately from the worn nerves of the poet, exactly as Eliot says in his later, ironically dismissive judgment. Indeed, the sexual ambiguity or "erotic absence" of the poem makes for much of its haunting strength. We know and do not know just what it is telling us—about men and women, about Gentile and Jew, about the need to go beyond sex toward love.

The poem thus remains as difficult as is the place of Eliot's work as a whole between tradition and modernism. By producing a text that tells so much and yet leaves so much unsaid, Valerie Eliot has enriched not only our experience of T. S. Eliot but our experience of poetry as such. This does not happen very often.

—GEORGE STEINER

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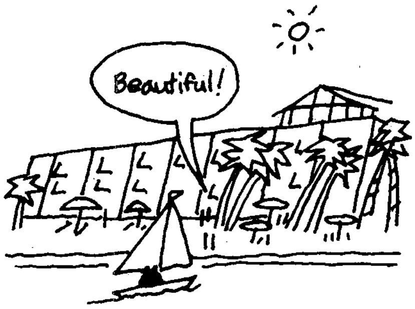

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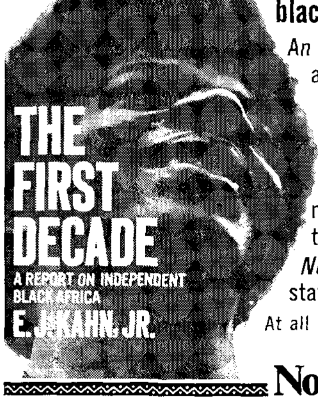

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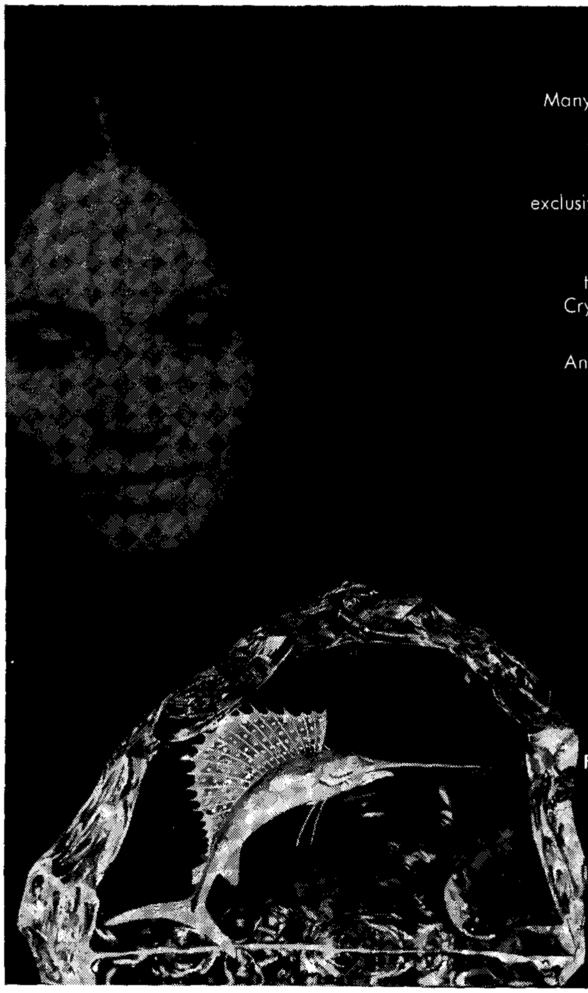
TWO PLAYS
The Garden God and The Rest I'll Whistle
BY ANTHONY POWELL
author of the "incalculably brilliant"* novel sequence The Music of Time.
*Time Magazine $7.95 Little, Brown

public life, he conceived of himself as a moderate and progressive leader, unifying and incorruptible. The tragedy lies, if one can narrow it, in the man's mistaking insensitivity for incorruptibility: his resentment of what he thought of as corrupting pressure evolved into a lack of discrimination among the different kinds of human demands and anxieties. Mr. Witcover's book is an achievement in understanding; it also, quite remarkably, makes a comparatively colorless figure interesting.

THE VICTORIAN WOMAN, by Duncan Crow (Stein & Day). An agreeably written survey of the condition of women in nineteenth-century England and, more cursorily, America. From almost any viewpoint, the ordained lot of the Victorian woman was not much fun: rich or middle-class or poor, she was considered "a relative creature," whose brain was too small to permit her to reason or pursue a connected line of thought; her duty as a girl was to obey the males of her household, and as a wife her lord and literal master. (In case there was any doubt about this, it was spelled out in the legal codes of both Britain and the United States.) Mr. Crow is aware that any generalization he makes must apply to half the human population of the period, and that there were many exceptions. In assembling his particulars, however, he leaves us in no doubt that the women of that time—from countesses and merchants' daughters to spinster aunts, factory girls, and prostitutes—were subject to the most arbitrary and crippling kinds of discrimination. As counterpoint, he interweaves brief biographical sketches of the women who rebelled—Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler, Beatrice Webb, and those like them.

AN AMERICAN DEATH, by Gerold Frank (Doubleday). A long, heavy-breathing, sonorously written account of the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., apparently intended to serve as a final catharsis. It is the product, we are told, of more than three years of research, and we can well believe it, for the research appears to have been dumped whole into the book: we are given the case histories of people only remotely connected with the crime, we are informed of the amount of small change stolen from the school-lunch fund by James Earl Ray when he was fifteen years old, and so on. Such trivia aside, this literary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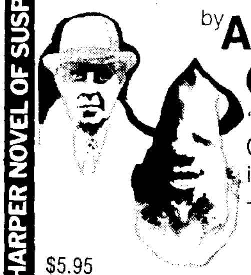
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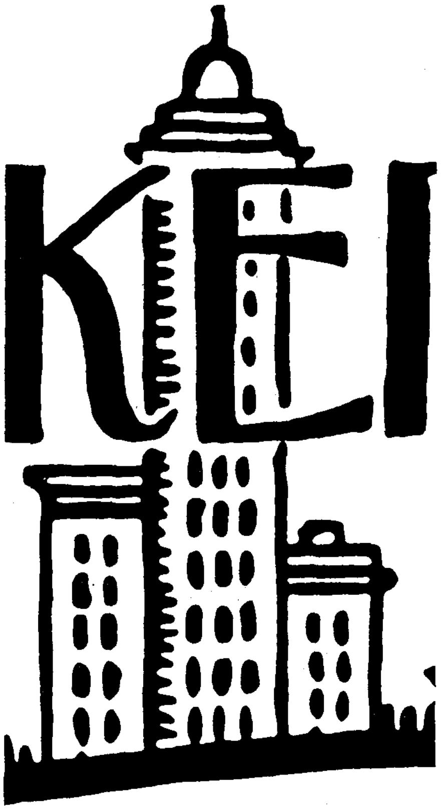

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autopsy tells us nothing we did not already know. The author's considered opinion, after his years on the case, is that James Earl Ray shot and killed Dr. King; that he acted on his own, for unfathomed reasons; and that there was no conspiracy. This is also the opinion of just about everybody else. Photographs.

The Age of Illusion: Manners and Morals 1750-1848, by James Laver (McKay). Mr. Laver, the English authority on costume and customs, has never written a dull work, and this one, as expected, is wonderfully diverting. It does go faster than it goes deep, because Western Europe and the United States during the Industrial, American, and French Revolutions is a whopping topic. Still, the author has some plummy observations, and the book has plenty of fine illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Squaw Point, by R. H. Shimer (Harper & Row). The setting is Kodiak Island and the Aleutians, and the people are the familiars of that last frontier—fishermen, cannery girls, government sealers, Coast Guard patrolmen, storekeepers, smugglers, madams, fundamentalist preachers, schoolteachers. It is a scene that is part of Mrs. Shimer's own experience—a natural environment of fog and storm, and a cultural environment of well-meaning Americans and withdrawn Aleuts—and it is the essence of her story. As a thriller it is mild (a smuggler drowned, a preacher stabbed), but as an adventure in raw country it is a model of strength. It should be added that Mrs. Shimer has chosen as her heroine and leading character a young spinster schoolteacher whose mind and manners are all her own.

•

Burlington, Vt. (AP)—Energy Sciences, Inc., a Burlington laboratory, has signed an agreement with the Soviet Union to produce and sell Russian-designed election accelerators in the United States.—*Albuquerque Journal.*

It's a simple device: you just have one guy *running against himself.* That speeds it up.

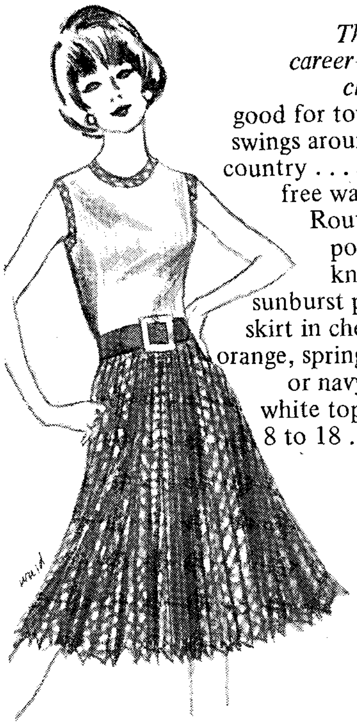
•

STRAIGHT THINKING DEPT.

[*From the Chicago Tribune TV Week*]

8:25—Dr. Joyce Brothers 44
"The Importance of Birth in the Development of Personality."

JOHN BALDWIN
Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.



The career-girls' check—good for town, or swings around the country . . . a care-free washable Route-One polyester knit with sunburst pleated skirt in checks of orange, spring green or navy, with white top. Sizes 8 to 18 . . . $28.

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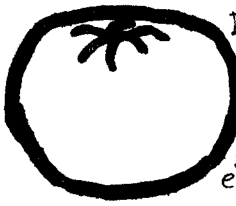

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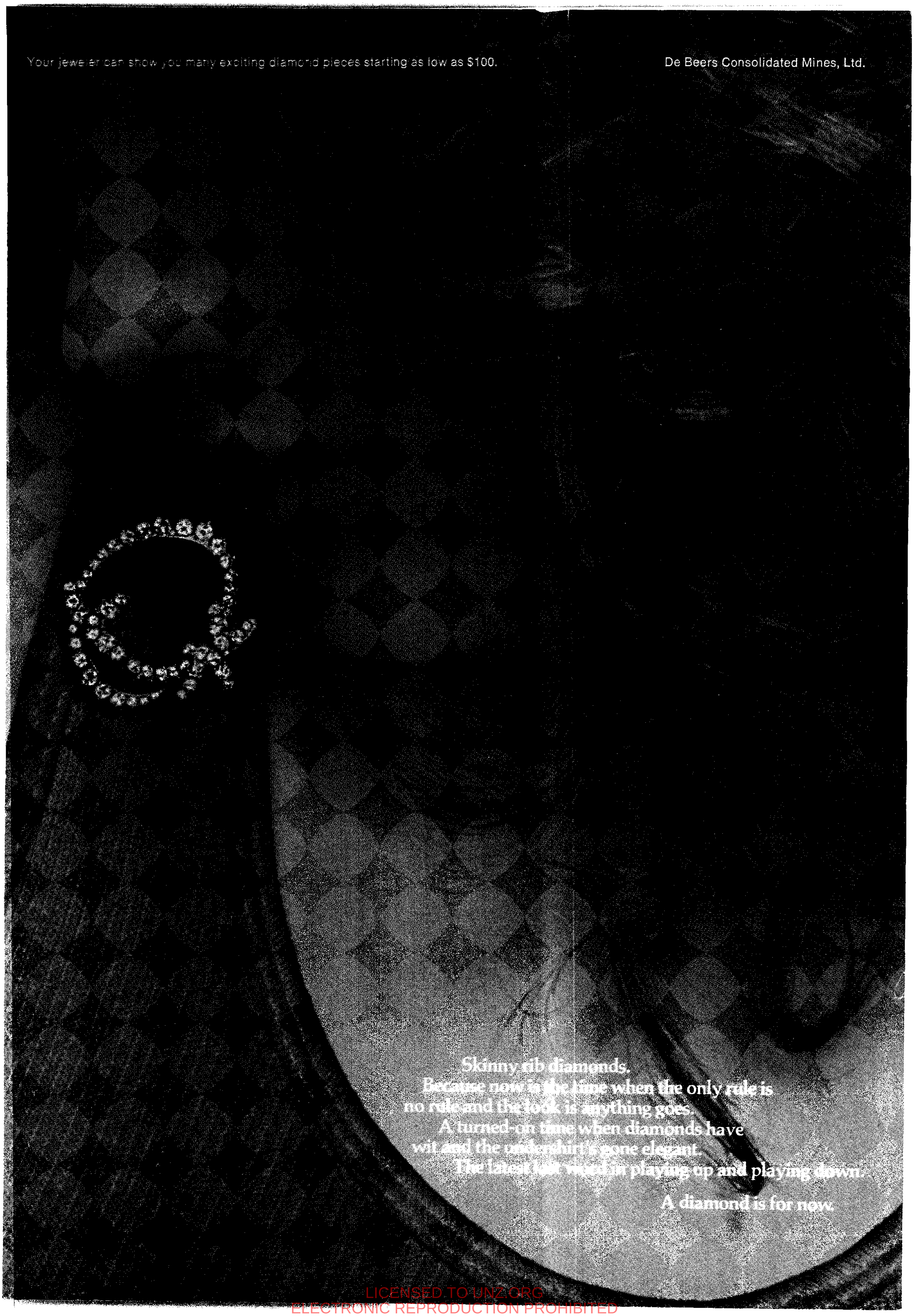

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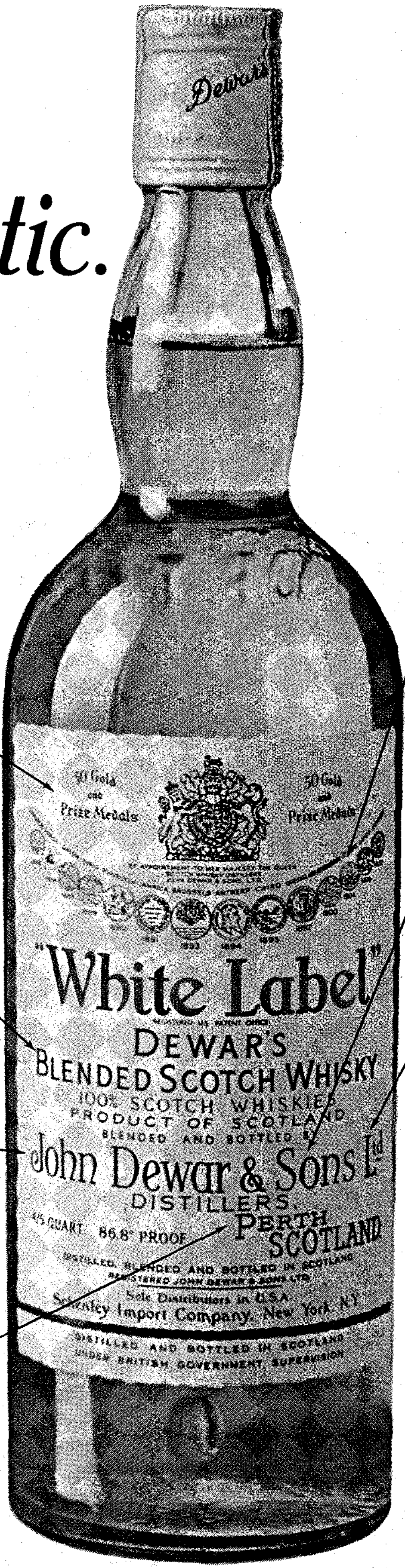
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Instead of shocking the single whiskies by dumping them all together at once, we let them rest quietly. Only then do we bring them together. Result? Greater uniformity and more dependable consistency to the blends. That's why Dewar's never varies.

In 1846, John Dewar, 40 years old, went into business for himself as a spirit merchant at 111 High Street, Perth, Scotland

The Scottish city of 40,000 people on the Banks of the River Tay. Nothing much has changed. The castle is still there. And every year from January to December, when the air is chill and pure and the water is cold, the people of Perth make Dewar's "White Label."

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Dewar's never varies.

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland